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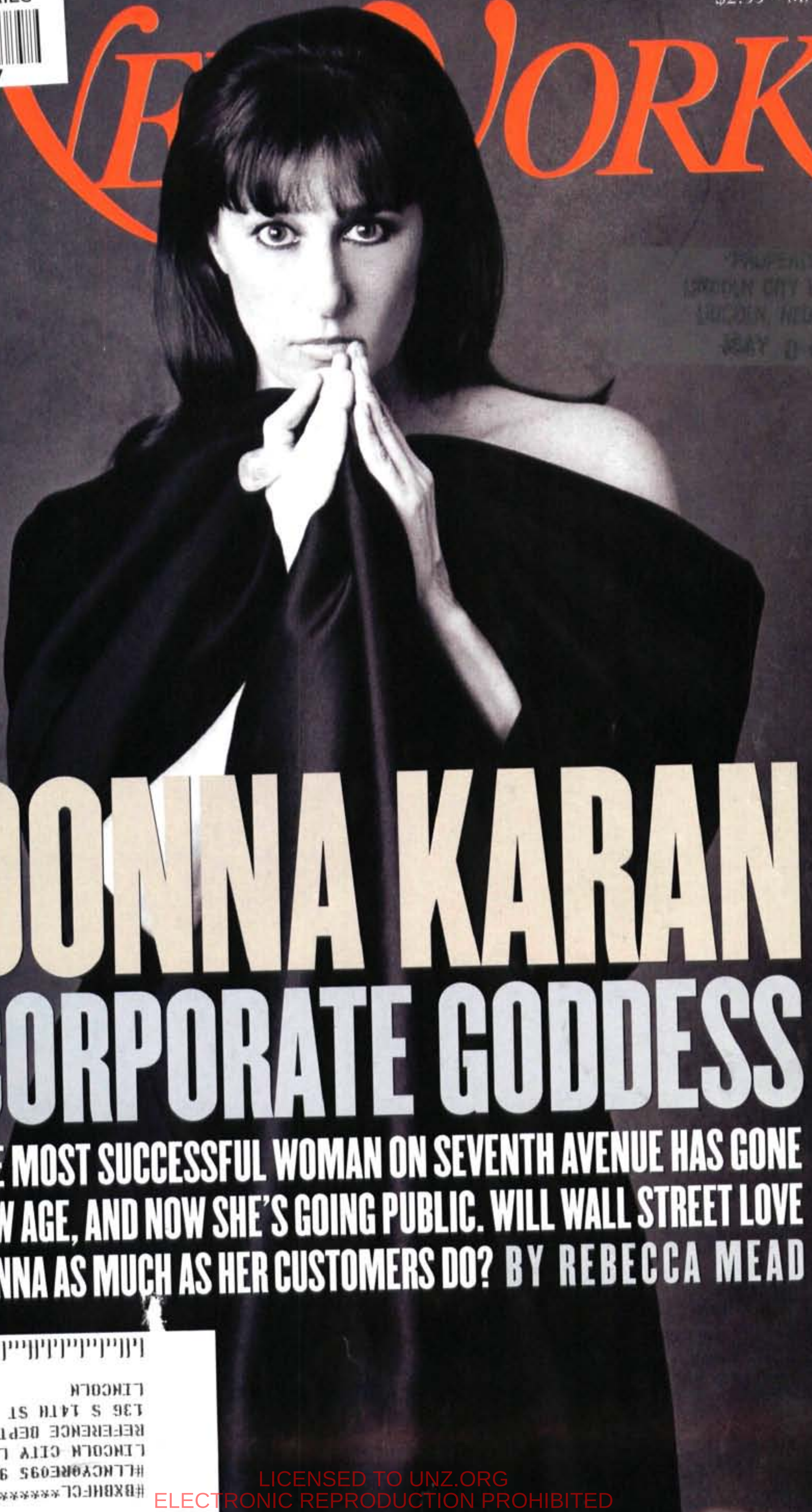

DONNA KARAN
CORPORATE GODDESS

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL WOMAN ON SEVENTH AVENUE HAS GONE NEW AGE, AND NOW SHE'S GOING PUBLIC. WILL WALL STREET LOVE DONNA AS MUCH AS HER CUSTOMERS DO? BY REBECCA MEAD

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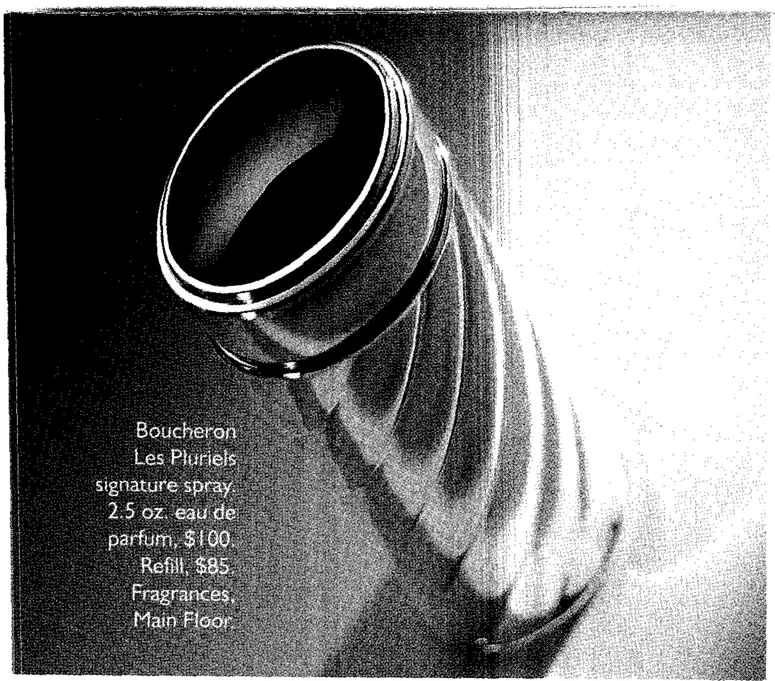
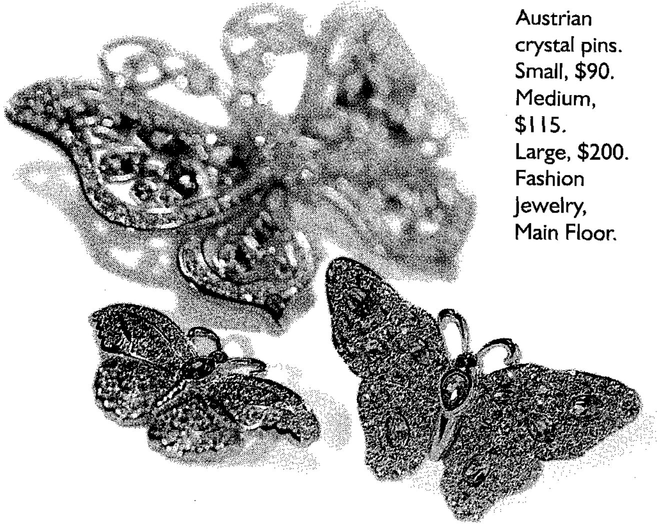
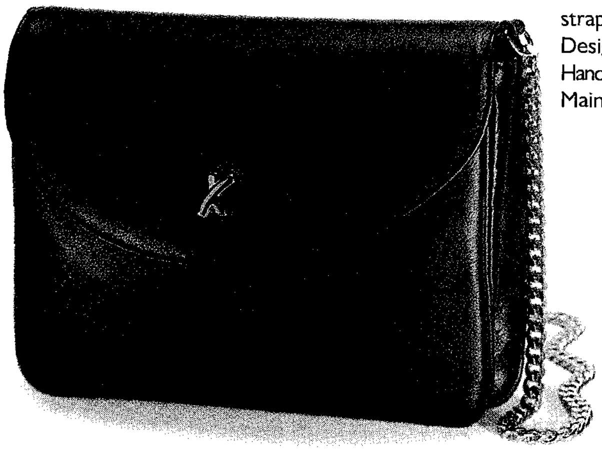


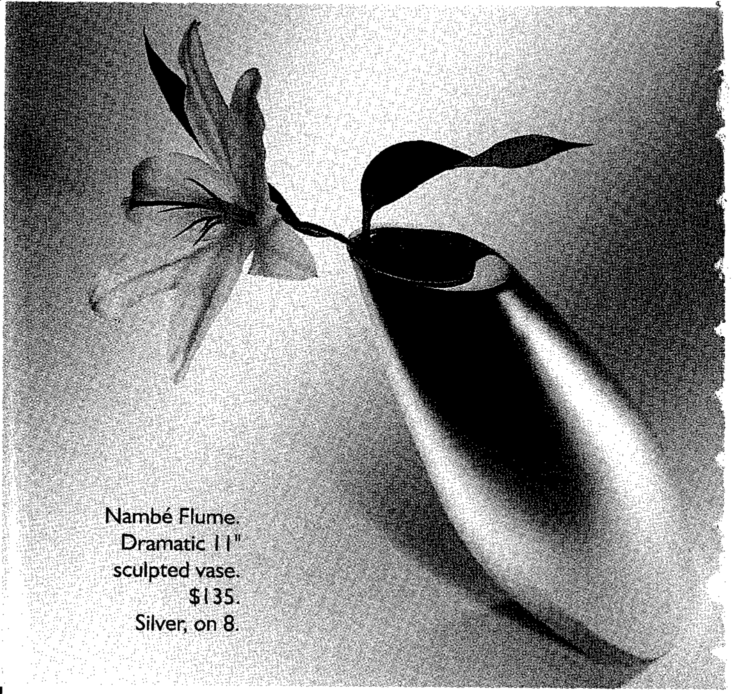
Boucheron
Les Pluriels
signature spray.
2.5 oz. eau de
parfum. $100.
Refill, $85.
Fragrances,
Main Floor.



Swarovski
Jewelers
Collection.
Austrian
crystal pins.
Small, $90.
Medium,
$115.
Large, $200.
Fashion
Jewelry,
Main Floor.



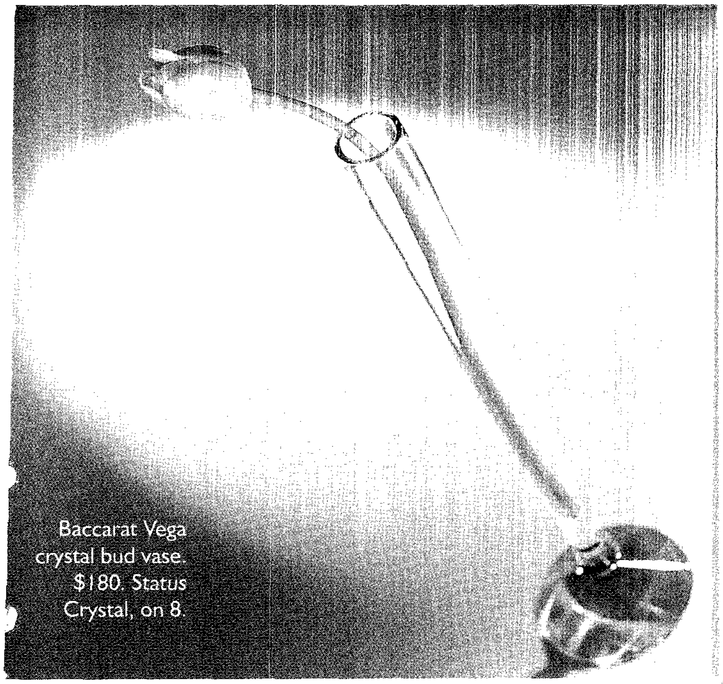
By Paloma
Picasso.
Signature
leather flapbag
with chain
strap. $150.
Designer
Handbags,
Main Floor.



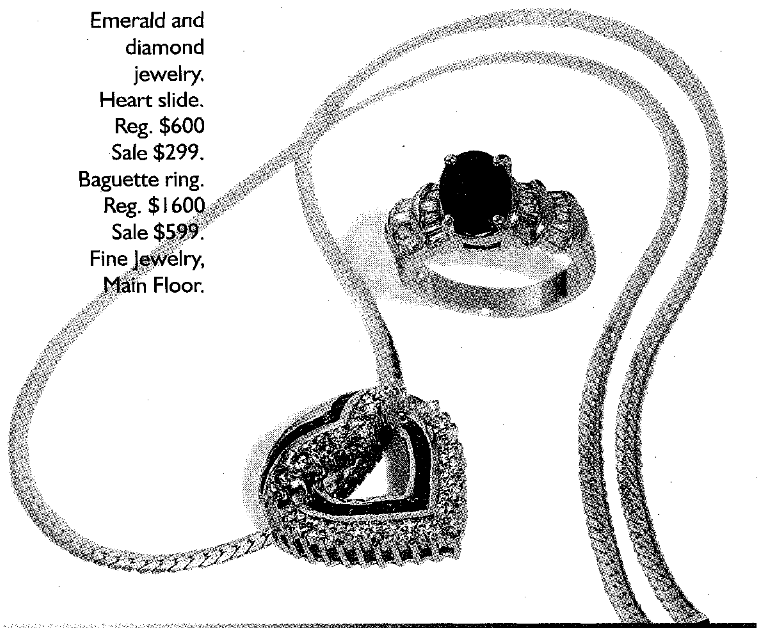
Nambé Flume.
Dramatic 11"
sculpted vase.
$135.
Silver, on 8.

Godiva boxed
chocolates. Classic
gold ballotins
include milk, dark
and ivory chocolates.
¼ lb. $8. ½ lb. $15.
1 lb. $29.
The Cellar.

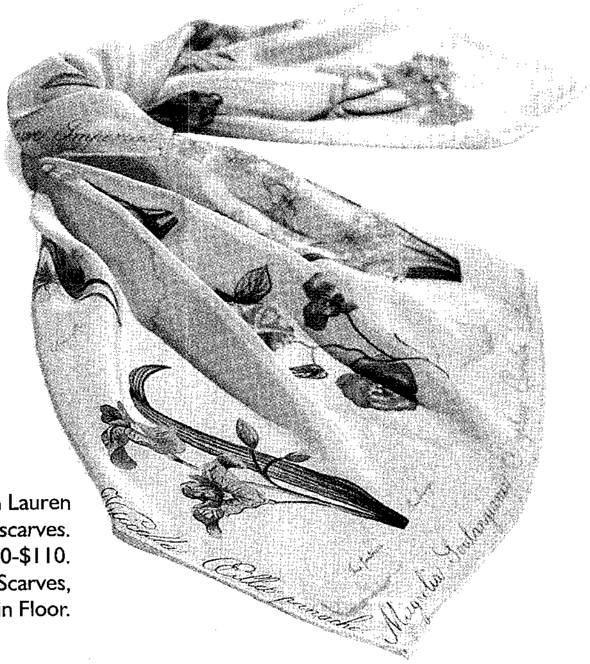
Spode
Blue Room
jumbo cup and
saucer set. $65.
Fine China, on 8.



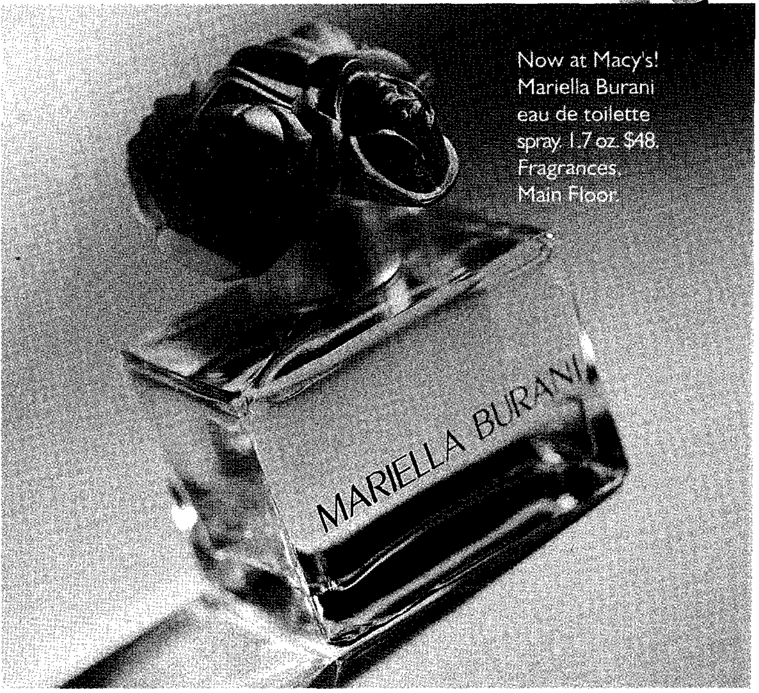
Baccarat Vega
crystal bud vase.
$180. Status
Crystal, on 8.



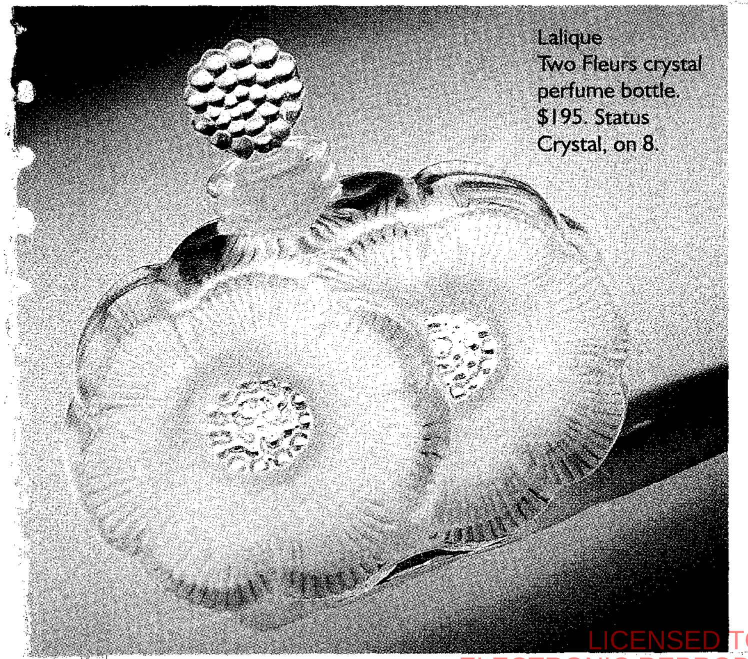
Emerald and
diamond
jewelry.
Heart slide.
Reg. $600
Sale $299.
Baguette ring.
Reg. $1600
Sale $599.
Fine Jewelry,
Main Floor.



Ralph Lauren
silk scarves.
$80-$110.
Scarves,
Main Floor.



Now at Macy's!
Mariella Burani
eau de toilette
spray. 1.7 oz. $48.
Fragrances,
Main Floor.



Lalique
Two Fleurs crystal
perfume bottle.
$195. Status
Crystal, on 8.

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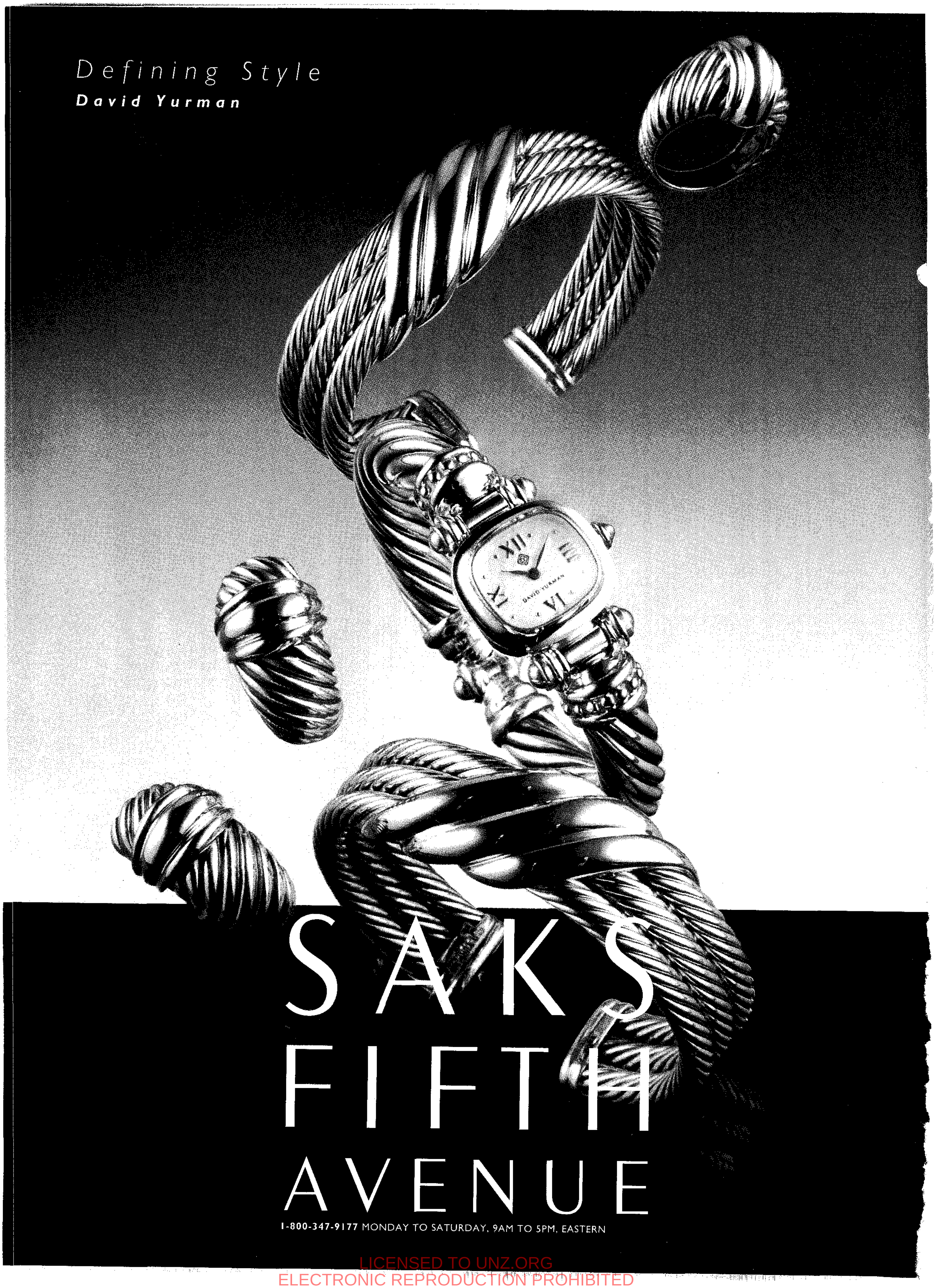
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"I am here, you know, to hold creativity together. . . . It's like, it's not about me doing it, but holding the space so that people can create."

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30 Selling Donna

By Rebecca Mead

Donna Karan used to talk incessantly about how her company had been created to provide a sexy, high-end working wardrobe for professional women without model-perfect figures—like, for example, Karan and her girlfriends. But things have changed. As she prepares to take the company public, her rhetoric has shifted from fashion practicality to mysticism: the designer as New Age corporate shaman.

38 Passion Narrative

By Chris Norris

The life story of João Carlos Martins is nearly as dazzling as his piano playing: a Capraesque saga of fame, heartbreak, boxing, and hand trauma leading triumphantly to his brilliant recording of the complete Bach keyboard works. On the eve of a Carnegie Hall concert, the Brazilian virtuoso reminisces on three decades spent finding fire in the Baroque and hope in dire circumstances.

40 Charles in Charge

By Maura Sheehy

Rubbed raw by man's inhumanity to man as well as by the slightest of criticism, movie star turned cable host Charles Grodin may be the angriest man in America. On his CNBC talk show, Grodin vents his free-form rage at just about anyone who will listen. Is it shtick? Or is he just, you know, crazy?

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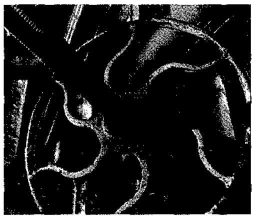
By David White

Photographs by Warren Salowe

On a peak day, the New York area requires nearly 11 million kilowatts of power to feed the floodlights at Rockefeller Center, the canyons of Wall Street, and your toaster. Much of it comes from an overgrown Queens furnace called Big Allis. An illustrated essay.



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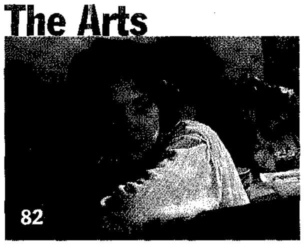
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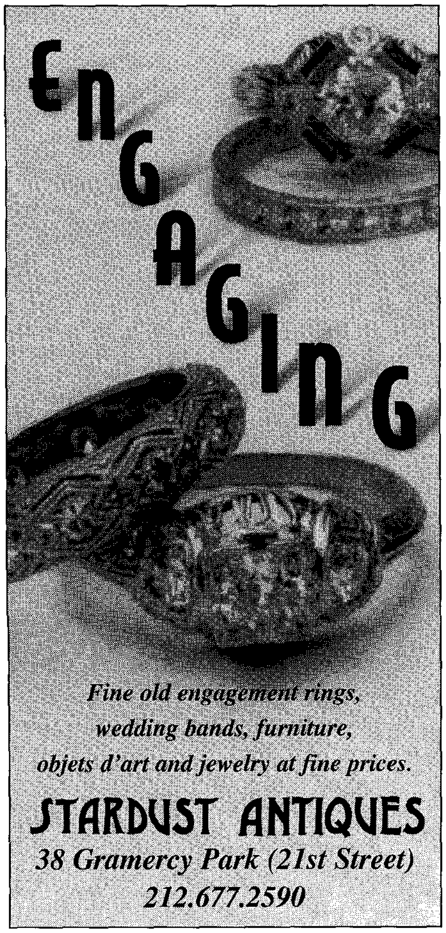

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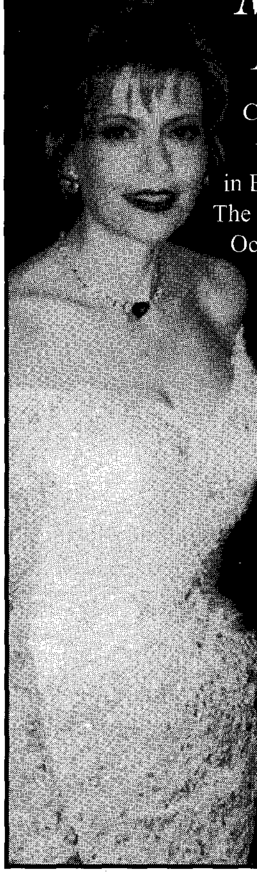

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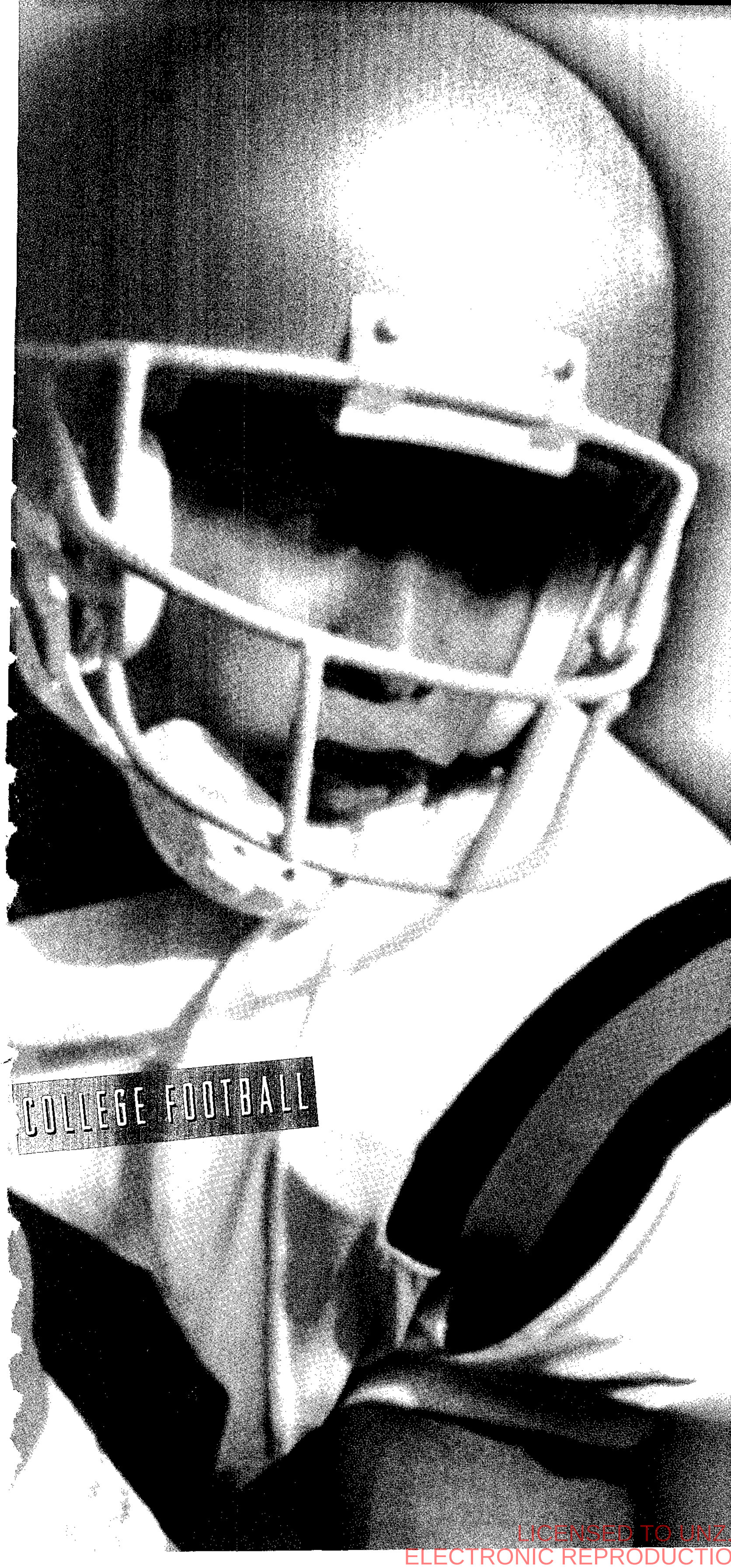

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Checklist Celebrity

New nominees for most-diversified entertainer; more private-school angst, at home and on the island; who's afraid of lesbian fashion?

ALEXANDRA LANGE'S NAME-DROPPING article on "celebrity multitasking" was a fun read ["The New Renaissance People," April 8]. However, she neglected a huge sector of the entertainment world. Country-music artists have been transmogrifying for years. Hank Williams owned a Western-wear store in downtown Nashville; Tex Ritter ran for the Senate in Tennessee; Roy Acuff founded one of the most successful music-publishing companies ever.

Today we have Naomi Judd, her singing career sidelined by hepatitis C, now a best-selling author, restaurateur, and motivational speaker; Dolly Parton, successful theme-park operator, executive, actor, and author; George Strait, actor, rancher, and Wrangler-jeans model; Dwight Yoakam, actor and Sharon Stone ex; the list goes on and on.

With country music's explosive growth, its stars have been branching out all over. New Yorkers are totally cosmo-centric.

Janet Byron
WASHINGTON, D.C.

IN "THE NEW RENAISSANCE PEOPLE," ALexandra Lange mentions philanthropist Brooke Astor, "who must have felt so vindicated to see her poem appear in *The New Yorker* last month." Ms. Lange must not be aware of the beautifully written book by Mrs. Astor chronicling her fascinating childhood, *Patchwork Child: Early Memories,* published in 1962 by Harper & Row. She also wrote *The Last Blossom on the Plum Tree; Footprints: An Autobiography;* and *The Bluebird Is at Home.* Mrs. Astor, a lady of fine character, kindness, and great talent, was elected a fellow of the extremely prestigious American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1992 and counts among her awards the Presidential Citizen's Medal for outstanding participation and dedication to philanthropic activities. In view of the above, I find Ms. Lange's comment about Brooke Astor quite inappropriate.

Jeanne Lawler
FAYETTEVILLE, N.Y.

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I ENJOYED YOUR ARTICLE ABOUT HOW noncelebrities "rarely get a chance to penetrate the nation's cultural consciousness." But you left someone out of your list of celebrities who are "taking up all the space": actress–AIDS activist Sharon Stone, your cover girl for that issue.

Allen Barra
SOUTH ORANGE, N.J.

IT WAS SO NICE TO READ THAT BEN STEIN made his first important Hollywood connection while at William Safire's Yom Kippur break fast in 1973 ["O Lucky Man," April 8]. I'm sure that most people there were discussing the war in Israel, which had just broken out that day. Luckily, Mr. Stein was able to distinguish himself from the crowd of other guests (who were probably more concerned about a 25-year-old nation being attacked on its most sacred day) and discuss more interesting matters, such as why *Rebel Without a Cause* had never been made into a TV movie.

Daniel R. Marcus
MANHATTAN

Smart Kids, Foolish Choices

IN "POOR LITTLE SMART KIDS [BY RALPH Gardner Jr., March 18]," you virtually ignored Riverdale Country School, one of New York City's elite schools, and portrayed its perceived athletic prowess as an indication that it is an institution inferior to Horace Mann. By your logic, Horace Mann could not compare itself to Riverdale academically. Horace Mann spends far more on athletics than Riverdale. Additionally, Horace Mann students are guilty of far more than trash talking during athletic events between the two schools, as has been acknowledged by some of their alumni.

As for Mr. Barnaby Kendall, captain of the Horace Mann football team, how can you take the word of an envious football player whose team has not beaten Riverdale's in 22 years? Horace Mann has been favored to win these games no more than 10 percent of the time. Is there an academic difference between Horace Mann's being a baseball and basketball power and Riverdale's doing the same in football?

What school produced a president of the United States? Riverdale!

James A. Kobal
RIVERDALE, N.Y.

AS AN SAT TUTOR AND HEAD OF A TUTORing company, I found most of your cover story "Poor Little Smart Kids" to be painfully accurate. Having worked with hundreds of private-school students, I have seen the pressure firsthand. Unfortunately, your article may only have added fuel to the fire. Every one of my current students mentioned your reference to "a senior with perfect 1600 SATs [who] got shot down." Highlighting such an unusual occurrence only exacerbates students' fears. That particular line sent many wonderful, gifted, creative students into a state of panic.

In addition, you did a great disservice to parents with your description of SAT tutors who charge "as much as $500 an hour." Parents are willing to make incredible sacrifices to do what is best for their children, and your article seemed to imply that such a staggering sum was required. The vast majority of tutors charge substantially less and produce similar or superior results.

John J. Sheehan
MANHATTAN

Special Ed

YOUR "INTELLIGENCER" PIECE ON THE Hampton Day School and the trustees who left to form what is known locally as the "spite school" was somewhat misinformed ["School Daze in the Hamptons," March 25]. Toni Ross was not a trustee. Only two faculty members have been hired away from HDS, and one of them would not have been hired back. Hardly top faculty! The third person you referred to, Tinka Topping's son-in-law, was the summer-camp director, not a faculty member, and has already been replaced. The real issue here was control, something the people who left could not contemplate sharing.

Joanna Steichen
Trustee, The Hampton Day School
MONTAUK, N.Y.

Sex and Shoes

I READ "BROGUES' GALLERY" ["THE GOODS," by Rene Chun, April 1] with a certain bemusement, noting the arrival of yet another mainstream fashion trend that lesbians have been practicing for ages—look at Paris in the twenties, for example. What a shame no reference was made to this obvious link in the chain of fashion evolution. Not only that, the article concluded with an unfortunate homophobic quote from a young woman hoping that wearing men's shoes will not "make me look like a lesbian . . . not that there's anything wrong with that, of course." Of course.

What negative, stereotyped image does this young woman hope not to project? Does she truly know what a lesbian "looks like"? Does anybody? After all, we "look like" doctors, designers, attorneys, runway models, subway riders, carpenters, mothers, Oscar- and Tony-winning actors, comedians, judges, and entrepreneurs . . . not that there's anything wrong with that either, of course.

Rachel Kueny
BROOKLYN

Lazard Life

KUDOS TO SUZANNA ANDREWS FOR ACCURATELY capturing the prevailing atmosphere at Lazard Frères ["A Nasty Little War on Wall Street," March 11]. I spent four years at Lazard Frères asset management in New York. I well remember three things my boss told me: To understand the company, I should read John Grisham's *The Firm;* I should find out whose "shoes to lick"; and the best way to manage people is to keep them off balance at all times. The cutthroat politics, loose ethics, and lack of moral standards couched in the Lazard "mystique" were disturbing and disheartening to say the least.

Pavlos M. Alexandrakis
MANHATTAN

Bible Study

"GOTHAM" ["THE FRONT PAGE," APRIL 8] needs to learn Hebrew. The Bible does not say "Thou shalt not kill" ("*Lo Taharog*" in Hebrew). It does say "Thou shalt not murder" ("*Lo Tirtzach*" in Hebrew). It then goes on to specify in detail how a murderer should be tried and executed. Argue against the death penalty if you wish, but don't smugly quote the Bible supporting your position. It doesn't.

Isaac Steven Herschkopf, M.D.
MANHATTAN

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BY BETH LANDMAN AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

REWRITING HISTORY AT *AMSTERDAM NEWS*

Wilbert Tatum: News-maker

When a jury ruled that **Wilbert Tatum,** editor of the *Amsterdam News*, had wrongly diverted more than $1 million of the paper's money into his own pinstriped pockets, the weekly's editors were faced with a messy P.R. debacle. Luckily, however, they had a perfect perch from which to whitewash the unfortunate episode. On April 20, the weekly published an upbeat front-page article covering the trial under the headline JUDGE RULES TATUM WILL RETAIN FULL CONTROL OF *AMSTERDAM NEWS*. Problem is, the article not only neglected to mention that Tatum *lost* the case; it also asserted that Judge **Ira Gammerman** had issued a ruling giving Tatum full control of the paper, an issue that, according to the judge, was never even in dispute. "That's ridiculous, totally false—there's been no such ruling at all," says a bewildered Judge Gammerman, adding, "I hope this is not typical of the *Amsterdam News*." How did the story make it into print? Seems that folks at the *Amsterdam News* march to the beat of their own drum. "I was told to write an article based on what Mr. Tatum and [Tatum's lawyer] **Victor Kovner** told me," admits a shaky **Cathy Connors,** the reporter assigned to the story. "They told me not to call anyone and to just write what they said. It's very interesting that it's not true." Interesting indeed, and though Kovner maintains that neither he nor Tatum issued any such directive to the reporter, Kovner admits that the lack of reporting "raises an eyebrow . . . But it was deadline day, at night. [The reporter] understood that she could get all she needed from me." The story, he insists, was a "fair characterization."

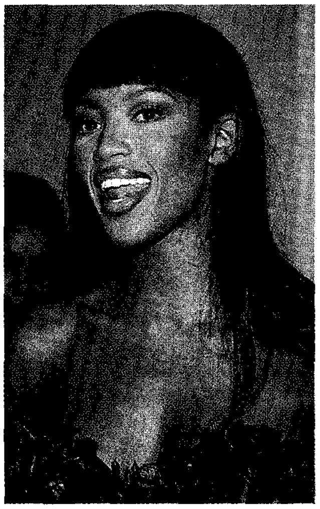
STUPID REAL-ESTATE-BROKER TRICKS

Is **David Letterman** looking for an apartment or for a cheap laugh? That's the question that's been eating up real-estate agents all over town. A few months ago, Dave began making appointments with various high-end brokers, claiming he's looking for a pad in the city. But while viewing one Stribling & Associates listing, Letterman acted "like such a creep," as one source put it, that everyone wondered what was up. Walking into the kitchen and seeing food cooking on the stove, Letterman dipped in a spoon and began tasting away. During the same visit, he also insisted on talking directly to the owner—even though he was on the phone with someone else at the time. "Let's just say it was non-board-approved behavior," says the source. Then it all became clear: One of the "friends" accompanying Letterman was carrying a hidden camera. But, proving that not *all* real-estate agents are out to cut the throats of the competition, word of Stribling's *Late Show* experience circulated quickly among rival brokers. Letterman had already seen several exclusives from Corcoran and Halstead, but agents at Brown Harris Stevens canceled his appointments in time to keep their clients' homes safely off the *Late Show*. A spokeswoman for the show says the segment has been shelved.

David Letterman: ***Making house calls***

NAOMI GOES UNDERCOVER AT *VOGUE*

Superstar author-model-actress **Naomi Campbell** is crying foul over her positioning in the latest issue of *Vogue*, which consigns the black beauty to the magazine's gatefold while fresh-faced Florida blonde **Niki Taylor** graces the cover. Naomi, it seems, was under the impression that *she* was to be May's cover girl, and considers her abrupt relocation to the magazine's inner cover a suspicious dis. "She's highly insulted," says a pal of Naomi's. According to the source, the seething supermodel took her complaint straight to the office of *Vogue* editor **Anna Wintour.** "She twisted Anna's arm until she agreed to put her on the cover in July," says the source. Campbell isn't the only mannequin miffed at the magazine. Other models of color have long complained about the scarcity of their kind at *Vogue*, which hasn't featured a black model on its cover in more than two years. "I'm conditioned to this," says **Bethann Hardison,** a modeling agent and founder of the Black Girl's Coalition. "They're not going to put the black girl on the front and the blonde girl inside. But they've promised to give her July." Well, *maybe*. "We love Naomi, but we may end up putting a celebrity on the July cover," says *Vogue* spokesman Paul Wilmot. As for the Black Girl's Coalition, he says: "They're a string of fabulous-looking women, but they're not exactly a major political organization."

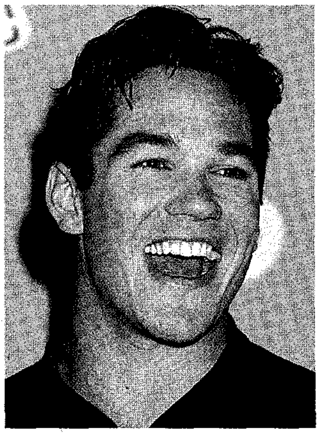


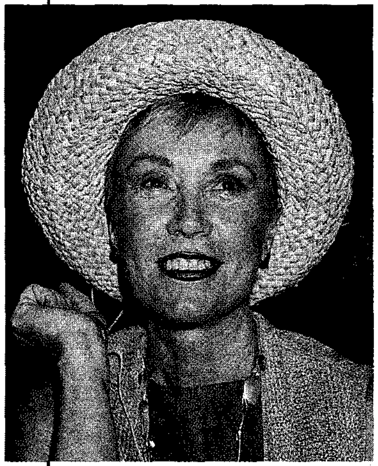
Naomi Campbell: **Out of *Vogue*?**

TIME INC. HONCHO'S LUSTY GIRL FRIDAY

Time Inc. editor-in-chief **Norm Pearlstine** is by all appearances a serious, quiet, cerebral fellow. But if you believe his wife, **Nancy Friday,** he's also a mucho-macho sex machine. In her upcoming nonfiction book *The Power of Beauty*, due from HarperCollins in June, Friday breathlessly re-

Photographs: left, Walter Weissman/Globe Photos; top right, M. Gerber/LGI; center right, Kwame Brathwaite/Globe Photos.


Dean Cain:
Super man


Nancy Friday:
Opening up

counts her unfulfilling years prior to marrying Pearlstine in 1988. “I lived on oral sex and the teeniest, weeniest bit of penile entry,” she writes of her first year in New York City. When she finally met her future “prince,” Friday recalls, the couple had to keep their affair secret until her divorce was final. Friday touchingly recalls Pearlstine’s frustration: “ ‘I want to hire an airplane,’ he used to lament, ‘and write NORM LOVES NANCY across the sky.’ ”

CRITICS THROW THE BOOK AT ROMANO

The 650 or so book reviewers and editors who constitute the National Book Critics Circle are a naturally contentious lot, but when it came to voting on a new president, their board of directors was shockingly unanimous. The election pitted incumbent **Carlin Romano** of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* against *The Nation’s* **Art Winslow.** First, the critics debated whether the candidates should stay in the room during a pre-vote discussion. Though Romano angrily insisted that they should, both candidates were exiled to await their fate. Then, while the contenders watched through a glass wall, the board embarked on a savage critique of Romano, likening him to a highfalutin, disorganized Tammany Hall boss. A major bone of contention: Most of the board hadn’t been invited to a tony party Knopf editor-in-chief **Sonny Mehta** threw last month for NBCC Award–nominated authors, a slight many blamed on Romano. (“I was their *lobbyist,* not their opponent,” insists Carlin, who says he persuaded a reluctant Knopf to invite at least some board members.) The final tally was 17 to 1 for Winslow. But when the results were announced, Romano misheard “one”as “won” and thought he’d come out victorious. But the closed proceedings rankled him more: “Critics shouldn’t be cowards, and I’m afraid a lot of the so-called critics on the board are.”

D.C.’S BABY RUTH; ANKA’S RAISING CAIN

PARAMOUNT IMPORT: Now that controversial restaurateur **Pino Luongo** and his former partner, Barneys New York boss **Gene Pressman,** have gone their separate ways, the enterprising chef has hitched his stove to a different star: hotelier **Ian Schrager.** Luongo, who is buying out the Pressmans’ interest in Coco Pazzo and Le Madri after a long period of mutual unhappiness, is taking his pasta and pans to the Paramount Hotel, where he plans to open a casual version of Coco Pazzo this fall.

PEDDLING PATAKI: Even in this era of crisscrossed political allegiances, **Howard Rubenstein’s** warm endorsement of Governor **George Pataki** is raising eyebrows all over town. The P.R. power-guru has been a prominent Democrat since the Hugh Carey days and is a close friend of **Mario Cuomo’s**. But on May 23, he’s co-hosting a $1,000-a-person cocktail party for Pataki. “If Mario Cuomo called and said, ‘Howard, I’m running again for governor,’ that would pose a problem for me,” Rubenstein acknowledges with a laugh. “For now, I certainly like what I see with Governor Pataki—and I’m not lobbying for anything.”

TINY *DETAILS*: Playing Superman has apparently done wonders for actor **Dean Cain’s** imagination. At a recent *Details*/Guess? party in Los Angeles celebrating photographers **Albert Watson** and **Ellen von Unwerth,** the TV superhero, who had evidently ingested a few with some of his Princeton buddies, pushed his way over to *Details* sex columnist **Anka Radakovich** and regaled her with a brief, glowing description of his penis, claiming it had grown in recent years. Surprised but unbowed, the Munsterish sex columnist rose to the occasion. “Maybe it’s the kryptonite,” she coolly replied. Cain is on vacation, but his spokesman calls the report “the most offensive thing I’ve heard in my entire life.”

ALL IN THE FAMILIES: Is Washington ready for another Shalit? No sooner did bright young *New Republic* plagiarist **Ruth Shalit** bust out of the Beltway than her youngest sister, **Wendy Shalit,** popped up to take her place. Wendy, 20, is still a junior at Williams College, but she’s already a star baby-con. A favorite of neoconservative godfather **Irving Kristol,** Wendy has already written for *Commentary* and for *The Weekly Standard,* edited by Kristol’s son **Bill.** Coincidentally, she’s also dating the *Standard’s* 35-year-old deputy editor, **John Podhoretz.** For spring break, the portly Podhoretz took his young paramour on a romantic jaunt to a health spa in Utah.

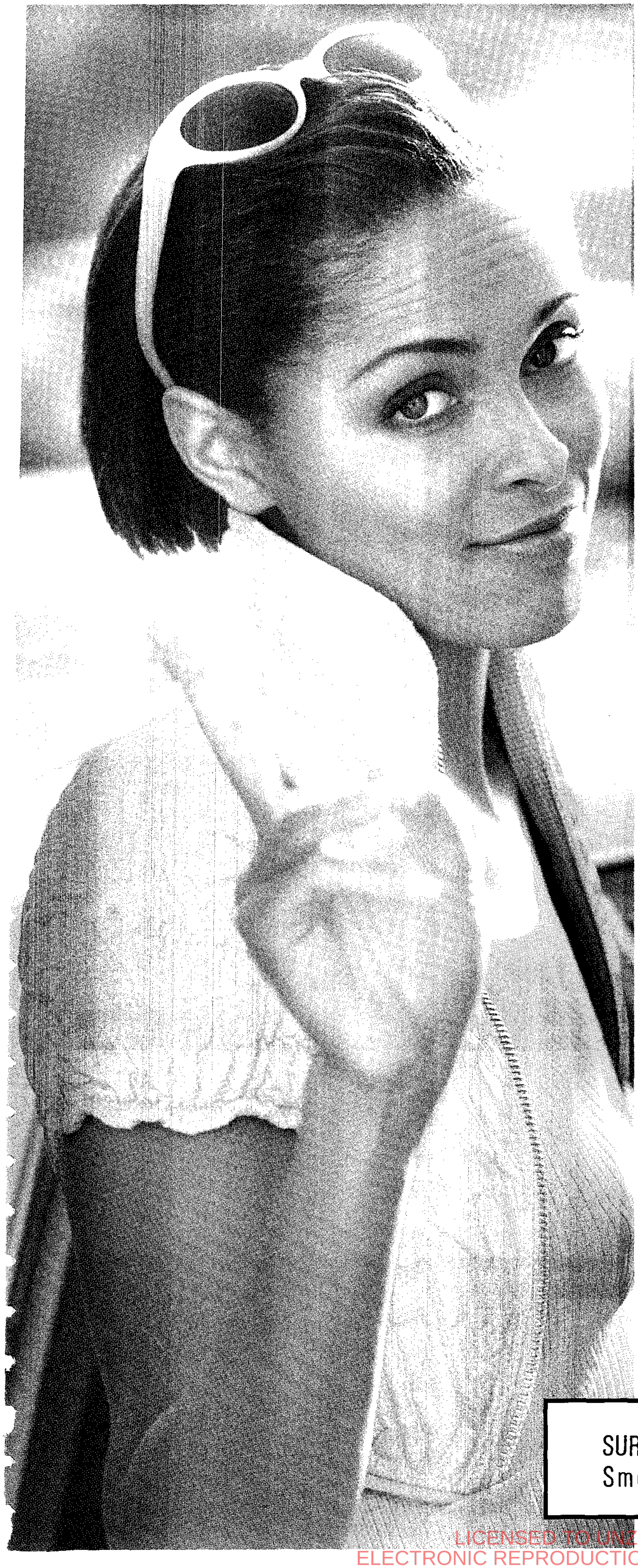
Additional reporting by Matt Pincus and Maria Ricapito.

FOURTH STRIKE AND ROXANNE’S OUT

One might conclude from Palm Beach’s most recent drama that trumpet-loving demi-socialite **Roxanne Pulitzer** may not be the world’s best judge of character. Last September, the thrice-married author somewhat loosely tied the knot for a fourth time with the amusingly named German developer **Harold Dude.** But two weeks ago, Pulitzer came home from lunch with a friend to find she had been cleaned out by her putatively rich new husband, who had packed her belongings, and much of her wardrobe, into a truck. “He asked her not to work, he borrowed all her savings to help an ailing business, and now he’s taken everything,” claims one friend of Pulitzer’s. “Even the jeweler came knocking at her door, demanding that she return her wedding ring because Harold hadn’t paid for it.” While Dude maintains that there is no problem with the marriage, saying “This is all so funny, but I cannot comment further about this,” Pulitzer spokesman **Richard Pollman** insists she is devastated. “She was totally floored by this. She didn’t have one red flag to indicate the marriage was in trouble.”

Roxanne:
Sur-Prize!

Photographs: top to bottom, Barry King/Gamma-Liaison; Stephen Trupp/Globe Photos; Rose Hartman/Globe Photos.



If we liked being
called "Sweetie Pie,"
we'd change our names.

VIRGINIA SLIMS

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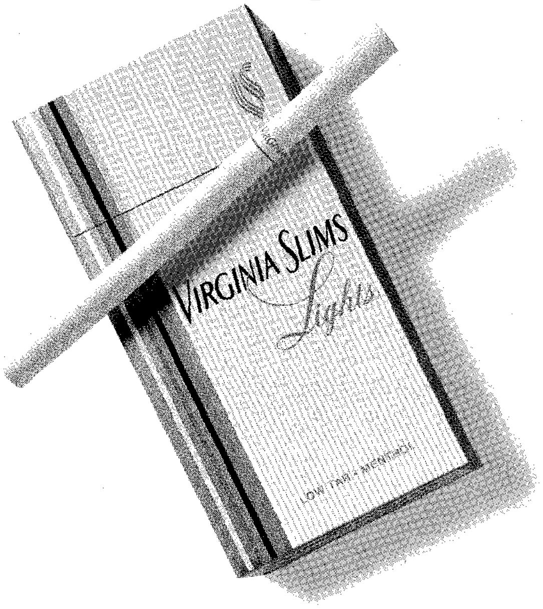
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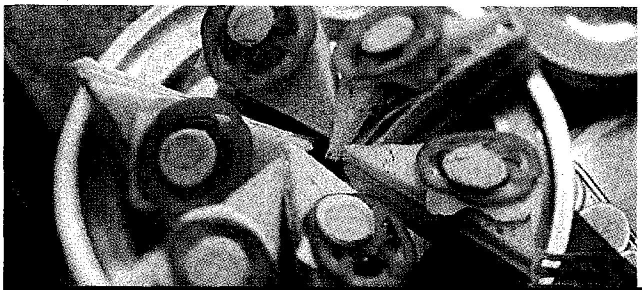

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GOTHAM

Where everyone mutinies and no one deserts—*Harry Hirschfield*

THE FRONT PAGE

The Goetz Within

Real heroes are never paranoid, hateful, pathetic little jerks.

December 22, 1984, was not the first time Bernhard Goetz shot up a bunch of black punks on a train. Every day on that No. 2 train, Goetz sat quietly in the corner shooting black punks, Hispanic punks, whatever punks happened to pop into his head. Then one unseasonably warm Saturday afternoon, some actual black punks materialized before him, and he happened to have a .38 cradled in his jacket pocket, and in the twitch of a young black man's smile, Bernhard Goetz's rich fantasy life became reality:

You want five dollars? These bullets cost about a dollar apiece: Here, have some. Hey, you, punk: "You don't look so bad—here's another."

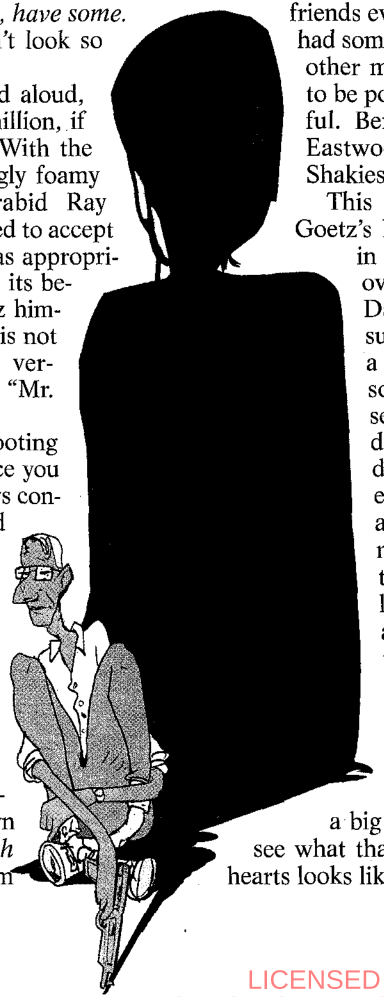
That last part Goetz said aloud, and it will cost him $43 million, if he ever gets $43 million. With the exception of the increasingly foamy *Post*—and its long-past-rabid Ray Kerrison—New York seemed to accept last week's civil judgment as appropriate, despite (or because of) its being merely symbolic. Goetz himself didn't complain. "This is not a completely unexpected verdict," his attorney said. "Mr. Goetz is very realistic."

Times do change. Shooting black teenagers who menace you on the subway wasn't always considered "so shocking and outrageous that it exceeded all reasonable bounds of decency," as the Bronx jury decided. Back in scary 1984, more than a few New Yorkers, not all of them white, sat on trains or walked home along dark streets, their hands gripping guns, real and imagined, playing out their own Charles Bronson *Death Wishes*, taking out phantom muggers and rapists with a clean shot to the forehead. Bernhard Goetz was their dream come true, an urban vigilante, a citizen hero, momentarily.

The human face of this hero was not how they had imagined themselves. Goetz looked pale and constipated, an unsocial, ugly little man who probably would not have many friends even if he wanted them. He also had some ideas about black people and other minorities that you didn't have to be politically correct to find shameful. Bernhard Goetz was not Clint Eastwood; he was Don Knotts, the Shakiest Gun in the East.

This was, in fact, the argument Goetz's lawyer halfheartedly mounted in his defense. "Look at that guy over there—he's a lot of things," Darnay Hoffman told the jury in summation. "He's a nerd, a geek, a peckerwood, a cracker. All sorts of things." The jury seemed to agree but came to a different conclusion. Goetz is disinclined to argue. "Enough is enough," Hoffman quoted him as saying. And so Goetz will not appeal; he will crawl off into his hole on 14th Street and live out the rest of his unpleasant life on garnished wages in the company of his pet rodent. If we are very lucky, we will never hear from him again.

Though in one way, we should be grateful for Bernhard Goetz. He did New York a big favor. He gave us a chance to see what that tiny angry person in all our hearts looks like.



Photograph by Diana Walker/Gamma-Liaison; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

OFF THE RECORD **"She's spent too much time *covering politics*," a top executive at Barneys New York told *New York* when asked about allegations by New York *Times* op-ed columnist Maureen Dowd that Barneys is behind a smear campaign against her. On the record, Barneys spokesman *Simon Doonan* says: "We wouldn't dream of commenting on one of our customers."**

TYPE *OUCH* **From a headline of a press release received by *New York* announcing an event held by the prestigious literary coalition PEN American Center: SCHOOLTEACHER FIRED FOR "FAILURE TO SENSOR" HER STUDENTS. "It should be *censor* as in *censorship*, 'failure to censor.' I don't know what version of the press release you have, but in the version I have, it's spelled correctly. I'm a little bit worried; we have a P.R. firm working for us, and it's possible somewhere something went wrong, but basically, we do know how to spell *censor*. Let me assure you of that. I *have it in front of me*. It's definitely a *c*. I swear to God."—Siobhan Dowd, a PEN spokeswoman**

HALT! DESK JOCKEY **Last week, new police commissioner Howard Safir announced that he planned to deal with budget cuts by putting 600 cops *currently working desk jobs* back on the street. How does the rest of the force feel about that? "They've been trying to civilianize [desk jobs] for years, but it never happens. If they throw those people out into patrol it would be useless. [On the other hand] some of those guys behind desks are detectives, and we could sure use 'em, because there's plenty of detectives out here that suck," a Manhattan detective told *New York*.**

Suburbs

WILY COYDOG

"THEY'RE AS BIG AS GERMAN SHEPHERDS, and they killed my chickens," said one elderly Westchester resident, eating his breakfast at the Baker's Cafe in Katonah recently. Dressed neatly in jeans and a plaid shirt, the man momentarily stopped crumbing his muffin to explain. "They travel in packs and beat up pets. See, they're coming in closer to the houses now because they're getting used to the taste of domestic animals. There's a lot of meat in Westchester County, you know."

Coydogs—offspring of a domestic dog and a coyote—are quickly gaining a reputation for nastiness in Westchester, where they have been spotted by dozens of residents. As the weather warms, the Department of Environmental Conservation has been receiving more calls about sightings of the coydogs of Bedford Hills. And the DEC has had a rather hard time convincing some of these callers—and at least one of their associates in the Department of Environmental Protection—that coydogs simply do not exist.

"Coydogs are silvery gray in color," said a clearly unconvinced Lieutenant Ron Gatto, who polices the Croton watershed for the DEP. "They're very sleek, very fast, and very sneaky." Gatto, like many Westchester residents, has had close encounters. His first, in 1991, was when he was chased away from a deer carcass by two snarling coydogs. "They're not afraid of humans. Not at all. Let me put it this way: I wouldn't want kids out playing in a wooded area where they are. Definitely not. Especially with the rabies going around."

Wayne Hiserodt, a mechanic for the Taconic State Park Police, said he had killed two of the officially mythical beasts personally. "I've heard western coyotes are in the 20-to-30-pound range," he said. "When this strain we have here first began, they were getting to be up around 50, 60 pounds. That's because of the intermixing with domesticated dog. What I killed was probably 25 to 30 pounds."

Hiserodt, an avid hunter who belongs to "a couple of gun clubs," went on to complain of the ecological damage done by the coydog, which he blames for a diminished pheasant population. Moreover, he explained, he knows coydogs exist "because I never saw a coyote until the DEC introduced them into the area about eight to ten years ago. They multiplied tremendously, and now there's a mess more of them than they ever anticipated there'd be. I hear the DEC has introduced mountain lions in the area as well. If that's true, I think they're going to be something to reckon with."

"We're also supposed to be responsible for reintroducing the rattlesnake," responded Scott Smith, a wildlife biologist of the DEC, not particularly amused. Smith went on to explain that coyotes and domestic dogs will not breed unless there are no other breeding options, and then, when they do, the pups usually die. Coyotes, on the other hand, are plentiful—there's a family of them on every twenty square miles in New York as far south as the Bronx. "These are coyotes who were either always here, or immigrated from out West."

"People get confused between coydogs and coyotes," acknowledged Lieutenant Gatto. "But what we've got in Westchester is coydogs."

EUGENIA BONE

Crime

STEAL THIS GLASS

SUSAN NOWAK SAT AT THE BAR OF PRAVDA, Keith McNally's new Soviet-theme restaurant in SoHo, admiring her empty martini glass. She gently flicked the rim with a fingernail—*ping!* The leaded crystal vibrated in her hand. "Rogaska!" the HBO publicist exclaimed. She plucked the last olive from the bottom, glanced quickly side to side, and casually slid the glass into her backpack. "I usually buy my glasses at Pottery Barn," she confessed. "But these are so much nicer." Nowak flagged down the bartender and ordered another martini. Turning her back to the bar, she added, sotto voce, "I'm stealing a full set."

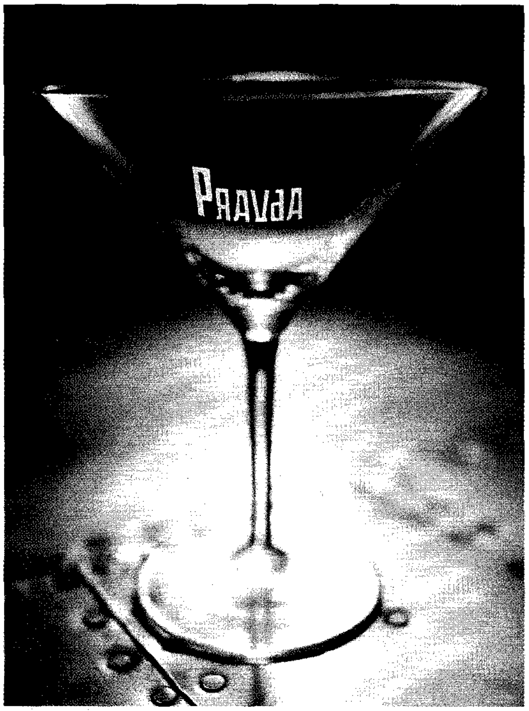
She needn't have lowered her voice. Pravda knows what she's up to—the same thing the rest of its customers are up to. "The glassware is going fast. We went through six cases in the first week," Lesly Bernard, a Pravda manager, confirmed rather without alarm. It's not that they don't care, just not *that much.* "If I see a woman put a glass in her purse, I'm certainly not going to chase her down the street," says McNally casually. "Maybe I'll run a special: 'Return your glass and receive a free refill.' "

Swiping souvenirs from restaurants is nothing new, of course, and the Rogaska martini glasses are only the most recent faddish theft in New York dining circles, preceded in past years by Savoy's vintage Bakelite flatware, Rosemarie's Italian ceramic plates, and Petrossian's silver- and gold-plated caviar spoons. "People who frequent restaurants don't consider taking things home with them as stealing—they consider it a sport," explains Ted McGee, the nonplussed maître d' at the Cub Room. "Some justify the act by saying to themselves, 'Hey, I just paid $100 for this meal. I'm entitled to a free ashtray.' "

But if Pravda seems particularly nonchalant about the martini-glass disappearances, there's good reason: Rogaska, one of the world's top manufacturers of fine leaded crystal, bartered 1,000 of the six-inch glasses (adapted from Rogaska's cone-shaped Syntesy pattern) in exchange for a party hosted by Pravda two weeks ago. This windfall has prompted McNally to regard the delicate stemware—humbly billed by Rogaska as the "Perfect Martini Glass"—less as bar stock than as a promotional gimmick. In order to make the glasses even more appealing, he had the bar's logo sandblasted on the side.

McNally expects all the glasses to be gone by the end of May. Then, given their cost (the model they're based on retails for $18) and impracticality (they're too delicate to put through the washing machine), chances are the bar manager will switch over to the industry standard—the rather imperfect $2 Libby Martini Glass, available at any restaurant-supply store on the Bowery.

RENE CHUN



Rogaska martini glass made for the restaurant Pravda.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Let Them Eat Corn

When George Pataki let reporters peek at his tax returns for a few minutes a couple of weeks ago, three figures jumped out: the governor and his wife's combined income, which had nearly doubled between 1994, the year he was elected, and 1995 (from $121,000 to $209,000); their *charitable contributions, which had dropped slightly (from $2,600 down* to $2,280); and their charitable contributions in the form of corn and other produce from the Pataki family farm, which had nearly tripled (from $300 to $850 last year). The 1.1 percent of their income that the Patakis gave to charity seems less than philanthropic compared with a national average of 1.85 percent, but it's more generous than the percentage some other elected officials gave. The list below does not include U.S. senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who, through his press aide, refused *New York*'s request for basic tax information. Instead, he referred a reporter to Senate financial-disclosure forms that do not contain the information and are not available until May. "It's just not available, sorry," a Moynihan spokeswoman responded.

ED SHANAHAN

Elected Official and Spouse	Adjusted Gross Income (Tax Paid)	Total Charitable Contributions (Percentage of Income)	Representative Charities
Senate majority leader Bob Dole and Elizabeth Dole	$583,869 ($136,665)	$57,603 (9.9 percent)	$51,178 to the American Red Cross, from which Mrs. Dole is on leave as president. The remainder went to 21 charities, including the Christian Motorcyclists Association.
President Bill Clinton and Hillary Clinton	$316,074 ($75,437)	$30,310 (9.6 percent)	Two thirds went to the three churches where the Clintons worship. The remaining nineteen charities were not identified.
New York City Council speaker Peter Vallone and Tena Vallone	$179,283 ($59,796)	$11,876 (6.6 percent)	"He doesn't publicly disclose the names of the groups he gives to," says press spokesman Mike Clendenin.
Manhattan borough president Ruth Messinger and Andrew Lachman	$166,984 ($34,203)	$10,983 (6.6 percent)	The largest donation was $2,060 to her synagogue. Others included $120 to the Museum of Modern Art and $600 to the *Ms.* Foundation for Women.
Bronx borough president Fernando Ferrer and Aramina Ferrer	$167,796 ($44,478)	$7,100 (4.2 percent)	$4,800 of "mostly clothes" to the Salvation Army, $1,475 to Our Lady of Angels church, $200 to the Riverdale Mental Health Association.
New York City mayor Rudy Giuliani and Donna Hanover Giuliani	$303,282 ($107,368)	$12,127 (4 percent)	$100 to Amato Opera House, $1,000 to Convent of the Sacred Heart, $200 to Oklahoma City Victims and Family Relief Fund.
New Jersey governor Christine Todd Whitman and John Whitman	$1.3 million* ($338,833)	$19,664*** (3.6 percent)	$1,903 to New Jersey's Community Foundation (the amount they saved under the passage of Whitman's 5 percent state-tax cut in 1994).
Mayoral candidate Sal Albanese and Lorraine Albanese	$122,987 ($18,236)	$2,500 (2 percent)	St. Ephrem's Church and other religious charities. "Obviously, we're not millionaires," says Sal. "We did give away a ton of clothes."
U.S. senator Alfonse D'Amato and Penny D'Amato	$204,408** ($70,397)**	$2,375** (1.1 percent)	D'Amato's office declined to provide specific information.
New York City public advocate Mark Green and Deni Frand	$255,000* ($92,676)	$2,795 (1.1 percent)	"Normally, they give more," said spokesman Joe DePlasco. "This past year they were obviously strapped for cash. Mark's wife was not too pleased with his decision not to take the [controversial 1995 city pay] raise."
New York governor George Pataki and Libby Pataki	$209,011 ($51,396)	$2,280 (1.1 percent)	$850 worth of sweet corn and other produce from his Peekskill farm to organizations such as Garrison Arts Center and Northern Westchester Vietnam Veterans.
Connecticut governor John Rowland and Patricia Rowland	$111,417 ($7,414)	$0	"It doesn't mean that he doesn't give to charity," said Rowland press officer Dean Pagani. "He just hasn't listed it on his tax returns."

*Estimated income; official has filed for an extension. **1994 Figures ***1994 donations; percentage based on 1994 income of $545,768.

Illustration by Scott Menchin.

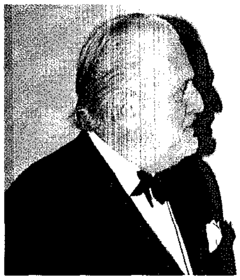
Conservatives

By Ariel Kaminer

Photographed by Patrick McMullan

At the General Motors Building for the party to preview the Nature Conservancy's Second Great Party to Save the Last Great Places, presented in partnership with the Central Park Conservancy.

“I THINK THEY PROBABLY HAVE A GUILTY conscience,” speculated Mike Wallace, on the counterintuitive pairing of the Nature Conservancy and its recent sponsor, General Motors. “I'm sure they've got to know what damage auto fumes can do, and I'm sure they're making every effort to make cars as fumeless as they can, but until that nirvana, that utopia, any company would just try to do their best.”

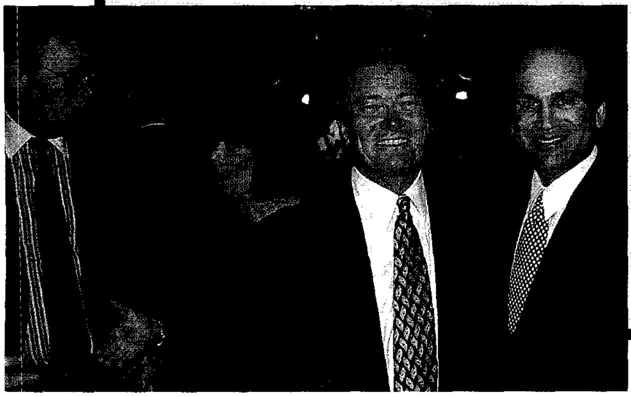


At the opening of the Museum of Modern Art's *Picasso and Portraiture* show: Steve Martin with art dealer Elizabeth Stewart (top), and author John Richardson (above).

It was a fair guess. But it was wrong. As the folks at GM were happy to explain, their involvement with the conservancy is motivated not by guilt but by pride. “It's a wonderful opportunity to have an opportunity to work with an organization that has such wonderful goals to preserve such wonderful places,” said George Peapples, vice-president of GM's corporate affairs, standing in the corporation's gleaming Fifth Avenue showroom. “Substantial progress has been made in reducing [auto] pollution. And we basically think that problem's been solved. The vehicles that are built today are essentially 98 percent clean vehicles. Today when people turn on their engines and drive off, they're not polluting.”

Above left, collector Stuart Pivar and Mary McFadden viewing “Yanks Paint Brits” at the Hirschl & Adler Galleries. Left, Time Warner CEO Gerald Levin with Liz Smith at the Literacy Partners Gracie Mansion luncheon.

“We thought there was a good connection between automobiles and what [the conservancy] was trying to do,” explained GM's CEO, Jack Smith. That connection might have eluded some more backward-thinking tree-hugging types, but he saw it clearly enough: “[They] needed vehicles to run these great places, and we make vehicles.” And if others saw it differently, well, Smith knew what to make of them. “There are people like that, I suppose,” he said. “People who don't like cars.”



Left, TELE-TV CEO Howard Stringer, publicist Peggy Siegal, *60 Minutes* correspondent Steve Kroft, and Michael Fuchs at the party to preview the Second Great Party to Save the Last Great Places.

Education

HARVARD YARN

IT WAS 4:50 P.M., TEN MINUTES BEFORE the deadline for students to submit their senior honors theses to Harvard's Literature program, and David Sollors was in his dormitory room watching his printer jam.

His friends, meanwhile, were waiting in the next room. And the six-piece Dixieland-jazz band was milling about in the kitchen awaiting further instructions.

Sollors and his roommate, Javier García-Torres, had hired the Hot Tamale Brass Band for $400 with the idea of giving themselves a jaunty little parade en route to handing in their theses. But as Sollors had finished “(Dis)Continuous Trajectories: Bursts and Blockages in the Narrative and Metaphorical Flow of Heinrich von Kleist's *Michael Kohlhaas*” only an hour before, the parade would have to be jaunty indeed.

With one of two required copies of “(Dis)Continuous Trajectories” printed, a procession of a dozen or so other Harvard undergraduates, led by Sollors and García-Torres, both smoking cigars and beaming despite their obvious lack of sleep and the typical (overcast) New England weather, hit Mt. Auburn Street to the tune of a traditional New Orleans–style funeral dirge.

“I was exuberant,” Sollors recalls. “The music was fantastic, and I was overjoyed.” García-Torres remembers it more like this: “It made me feel like I was better than other people handing in their theses.”

As the thesis parade rounded Plympton Street, Sollors's girlfriend, Tanya Bezreh, ran to the offices of the *Harvard Crimson* to alert them to the events unfolding. Soon, the crowd of onlookers swelled, and the group reached Emerson Hall, in the heart of Harvard Yard.

Once there, the music still going strong and spirits still high, the two thesis writers and their caravan encountered program chair Barbara Johnson, head tutor Sandra Naddaff, assistant head tutor David M. Schur, and office supervisor Denise Wise.

The academics seemed to regard the scene with bemusement. The band lowered the pitch a bit, and the crowd quieted down. “It's still printing,” said García-Torres, not at all sheepishly.

“I hope you realize,” Naddaff told them, “you're 55 minutes late.”

Then, in a shocking lapse of academic discipline, Sollors's and García-Torres's theses were both accepted. MATT HABER

Visitors' guide to London

NIGHT & DAY

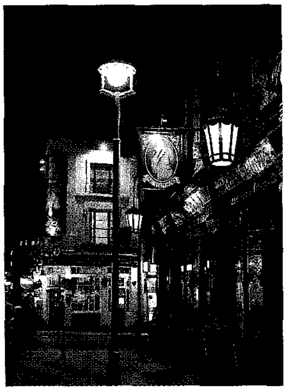
If spring is here, can London be far behind? Now is the time to plan a visit, and those who go over in the months ahead will rediscover the haunts remembered well—the corner pubs and back lanes and favorite theaters—and the new turf waiting to be staked out.

London is so familiar to New Yorkers, it might as well be a sister city. Some cross the pond as if taking the 79th Street Transverse and, once settled in, seek out au courant plays, restaurants, museums, and parks just as they would in New York. Then one day you're ready to break away and head for Hampton Court, the Henley Regatta, or the Bloomsbury retreat, Sissinghurst, as if making a weekend run to the Hamptons or the Berkshires.

Over the long, protracted summer days, when twilight reaches almost to pub closing, you'll have all the more time to ramble and relax. And if business takes you to London or its burbs this summer, you'll have no trouble changing to a pleasure mode.

DAVID NOBLE

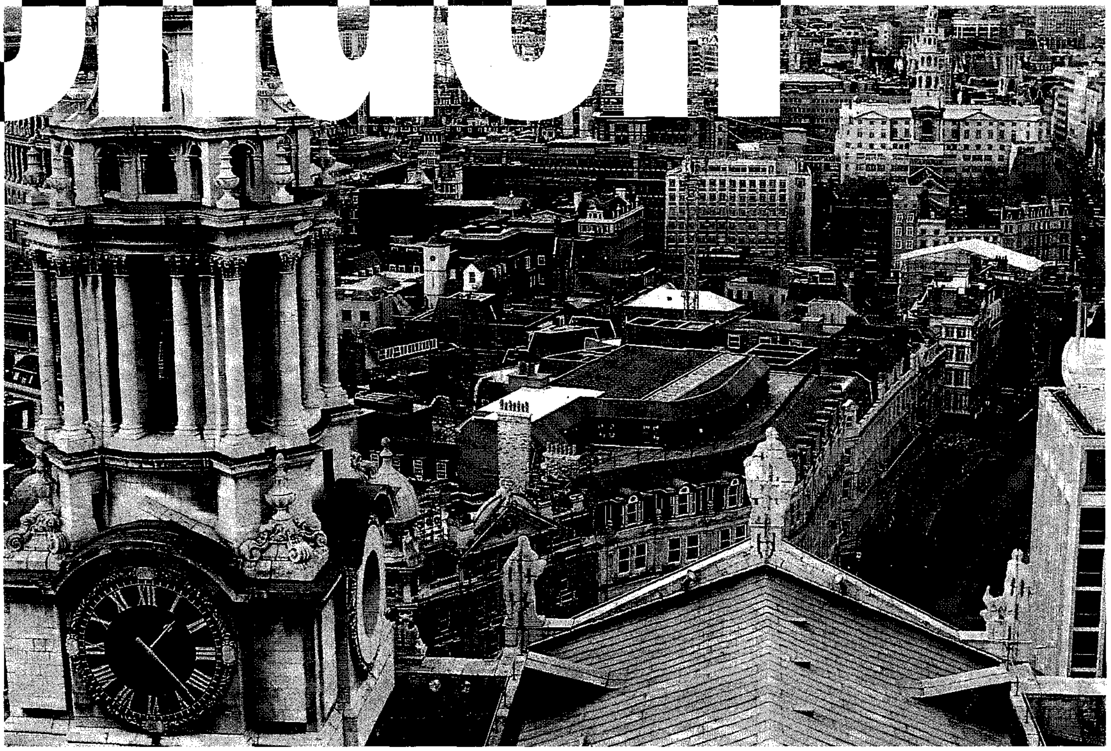
Eros and Piccadilly symbolize the visitor's love affair with London.


DAVID NOBLE

You're never far from a pub—in this case St. Martin's Court near Leicester Square.

Historic and proud, Harrods is only part of this city's shopping bonanza.

FRANK A. CEZUS


FPG

"The Flower of Cities All" from the heights of St. Paul's.

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DESIGN DIRECTOR

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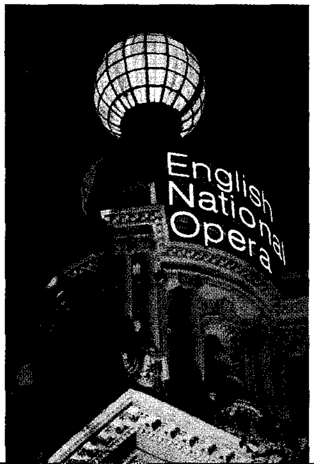
SHOPPING

London has long inveigled visitors with its department stores, such as Harrods, Harvey Nichols, Liberty, Fortnum & Mason, but the specialty shops are just as redolent. Jermyn Street, five or six quiet blocks parallel to Piccadilly in the West End, is a celebration of the small, select shops—gemlike establishments given over to men's shirts, perfumes, rare books, hats and gloves, bespoke shoes. From the outside looking in, it's clear that England makes an art form of window display; inside, the shops are downright beguiling. At shirtmakers Harvie & Hudson, Hilditch & Key, Turnbull & Asser, New & Lingwood, you can order up a batch of tailormade shirts (waiting time: six weeks) or buy the 100 percent natural (don't even mention polyester) striped, tattersall, sea-island cotton beauties off the rack. No. 89, Floris, the venerable purveyors of perfumes and gentlemen's toiletries, is a scented garden. Aromas of another sort pour from Paxton & Whitfield, the royal cheesemongers.

Visiting gents in need of a haircut would be wise to save themselves for Geo. F. Trumper which operates one of its three shops at No. 20, Jermyn. Barbers and perfumers since 1875, Trumper cuts Prime Minister John Major's hair and supplies much Extract of Limes to Prince Charles. As you enter a hushed gallery of a parlor, dapper barbers in waistcoats await. Showcases displaying shiny shaving knicknacks and objets d'art, gently ticking clocks. At the flagship shop, No. 9, Curzon Street in Mayfair (the other is at Simpson's in Piccadilly), you can even undergo an hour's course in the fine art of wet shaving.

In the vast and variegated city, every shop or shrine seems a treasure, from the English National Opera in the West End (right) *to the royal hairdressers for men, Geo. F. Trumper,* (below) *to* (bottom) *Covent Garden.*



JANET BELLER

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JANET BELLER

JUBILEE MARKET HALL

Just across Piccadilly is the Burlington Arcade, a glittering row of shops that amounts to the sublimest mini-mall. There are 72 shops in this elegant alleyway that dates back to 1819—jewelry, linen, and porcelain, Georgina Von Etzdorf's designer print scarves and silk accessories, and N. Peal's classic cashmere knits. Here in high-rent Mayfair—the East 60s of London—you'll come to Bond Street, a fashion parade of jewelers, galleries, women's clothes, luggage, antiques, and the great auction house, Sotheby's. Off Bond Street at 20 Albemarle, Elisabeth Gage displays her hand-wrought 18k jewelry, no two pieces are alike, many Byzantine or medieval in look. Over in Chelsea, Kings Road is a trove of interior decoration, design and fashion, antiques and collectibles. Katharine Hamnett, a smart design studio for men's and women's clothing and accessories, (Lady Di is a customer) occupies a handsomely redesigned space at 20 Sloane Street.

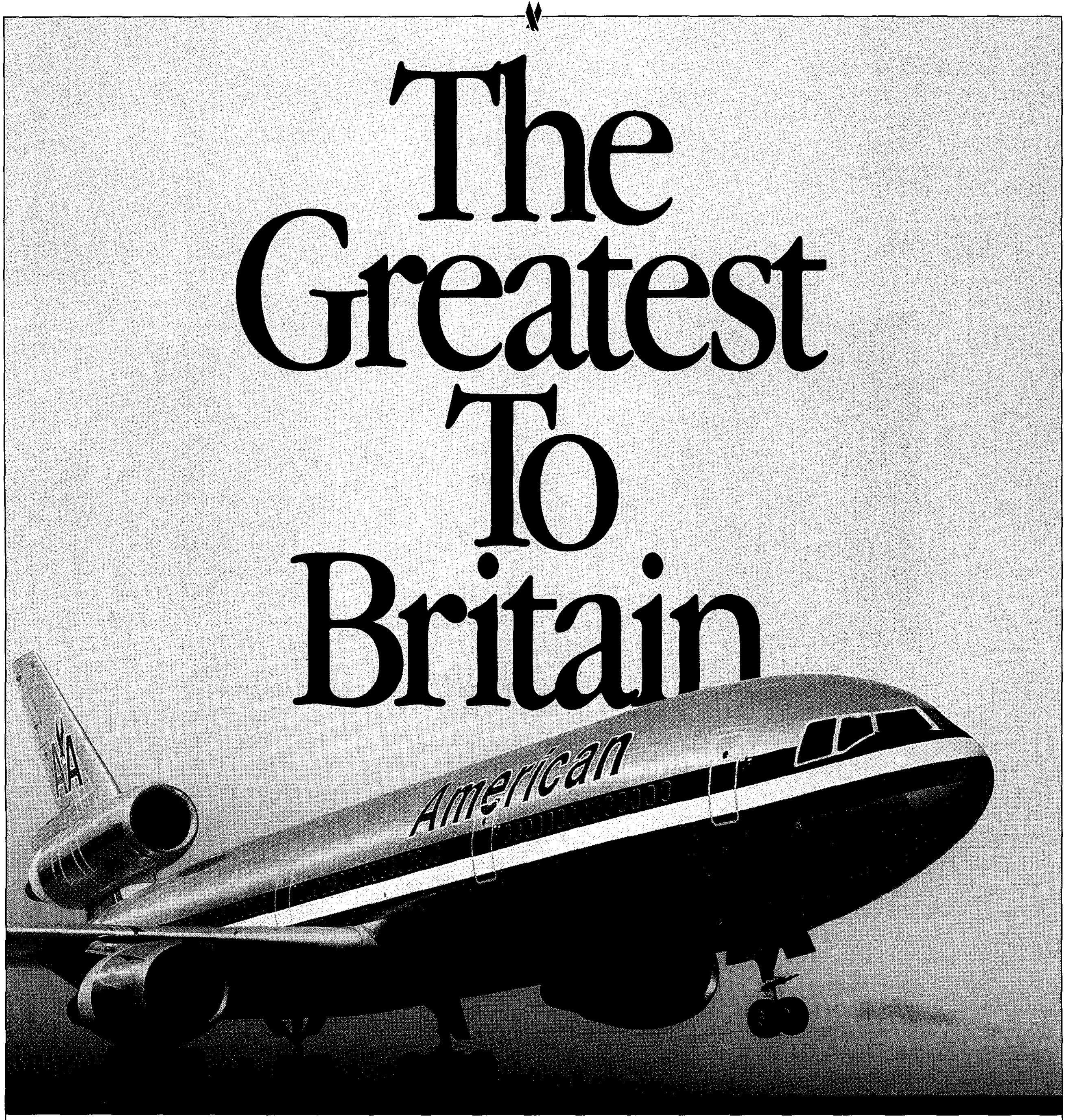
MUSEUMS AND THEATERS

London's museums—as grand as the Tate, as moving as Churchill's War rooms in Whitehall, as quirky as Pollock's Toy Museum (also a shop)—can enchant and exhaust. From May 9 to September 1, the estimable Victoria & Albert will commemorate the life and genius of William Morris who died 100 years ago. You'll see carpets, tapestries, stained glass, furniture, and printed books of the architect, craftsman, artist and poet who said, "Have nothing in your house which you do not consider to be beautiful."

Such is the sweep and quality of London theater—three plays in a day is possible—you can make an entire vacation of play-going. The half-price booth at Leicester Square is worth the queue, but beware of profiteering touts. A hot ticket this season is sure to be Martin Guerre previewing in May and opening in the West End in June.

For easy inside access to theater tickets, The Chelsea Flower Show, major festivals like Edinburgh and other events, the London-based

The Greatest To Britain



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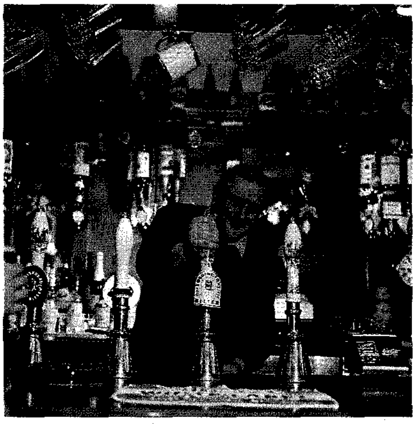
international agency **Edwards & Edwards** (800-223-6108) can make all the arrangements. Edwards & Edwards also books hotel-theater packages to the U.K. The agency also has offices in New York, Paris, and Berlin.

DINING AND PUBBING

London restaurants go in and out of style, but the constant is this: no other city in Europe can serve up such splendid variety. Indian, Greek, Chinese, are old fixtures. Lately rustic Italian and Paris brasserie have made a splash, and even the American sports bar has arrived with Shoeless Joe's Sports Bar and Grill on Kings Road—burgers, beer, and cricket.


THE STOCK MARKET

The publican pours his own brand of comfort.

Soho, the lively West End theater district, has lately reclaimed its role as the belly of London. Frith Street alone can capture you with the buzzing brasserie Soho Soho (live music at night) at No. 11. Est, a media favorite that leans to Califorinia Cuisine at 54; the minimalist Alastair Little at No. 49 and Bistrot Bruno at 63, whose rustic French menu has some of the most creative touches in town. If you hunger for the updated English kitchen, there is Rules at 35 Maiden Lane, the oldest restaurant in London (200 years in 1997), which has added modern panache to its traditional game dishes. There's the stylish Greenhouse, No. 27a Hays Mews (hold out for one of the traditional puddings) and Clarke's, 124 Kensington Church St. infuses English dishes with the best touches of the Med, the Far East, and California.

London's brightest new restaurants are big and breezy in the New York manner. Three of these in the West End are L'Odéon at 65 Regent (funky French with a view of the street); Avenue on St. James St. is modern British with a stark interior; Mezzo on Wardour Street, Sir Terence Conran's latest arrival, is a 700-seat British/International effort with Thai, Chinese, Italian flavors. In Covent Garden, the huge Belgo Centraal in Earlham Street—half Belgian beer hall, half restaurant—serves up platters of mussels and chips, waterzooi chicken. With a Michelin star and sleek decor, Halkin (in the Halkin Hotel, Belgravia) is one of the new-wave Italian spots.

For afternoon tea, serious sweets, or a light meal on the run, the upmarket Richoux Pâtisseries of London hit the spot. The flagship Richoux is at 172 Piccadilly, and there are branches in Knightsbridge, Mayfair, and St. John's Wood.

LODGING

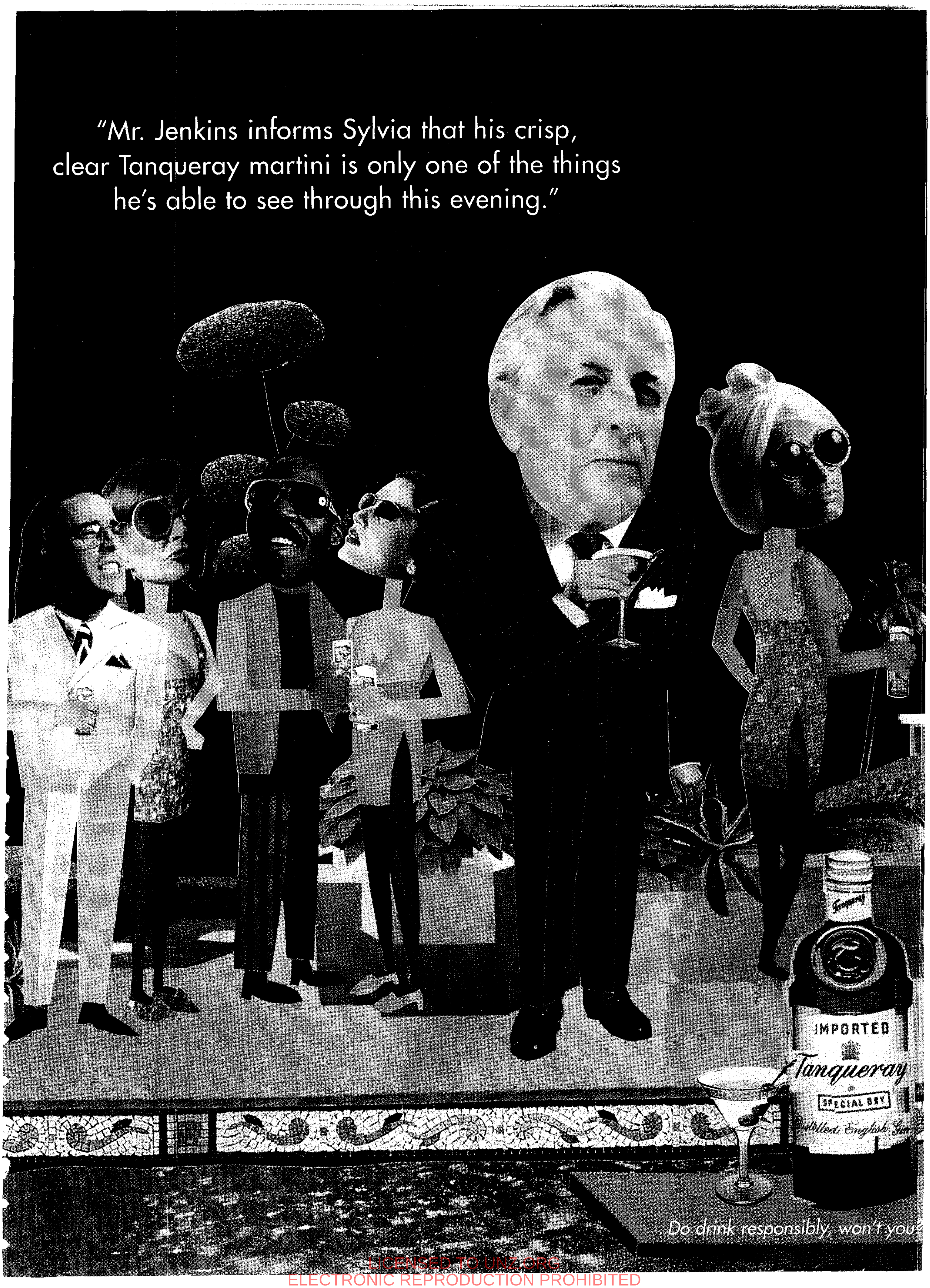
Part of the London experience is in the hotel you pick. It can color a visit, at least introduce you to a neighborhood or alter your vocabulary—a concierge is a hall porter here. Mayfair, at once central and smart, is an address desired by business and pleasure travelers. At 22 Park Lane, the London Hilton looms above Hyde Park, both softened and smartened in a recent renovation. The 28th floor Windows Restaurant is the height of good taste, with chef Jacques Rolancy's modern French flair and a smashing view of a city just turning dark at 10 P.M. Business travelers to London and the U.K. find their needs well taken care of at Thistle Hotels (24 of them in London alone). The London flagship is the 800-room Tower Hotel that overlooks Tower Bridge and the Thames. Just as commodious in its wee way is Whites Hotel, a 54-room country house on Hyde Park. For reservations, call 800-847-4358.

Mezzo, Sir Terence Conran's lively new restaurant, reaches out to all tastes.

Whether pursuing business or pleasure, more and more savvy travelers are choosing to rent a flat in London. You get the full service of a hotel with the sense of neighborhood, often at a savings. The well-located Thorney Court (581-5324), a handsome block of buildings above Kensington Gardens, and hard by the Royal Albert

WEST END BEST KNOWN PUB
BEERS & LAGERS
MIKE PETERS

Greek Street in the theater and restaurant district of London's Soho is one part of the city that never sleeps.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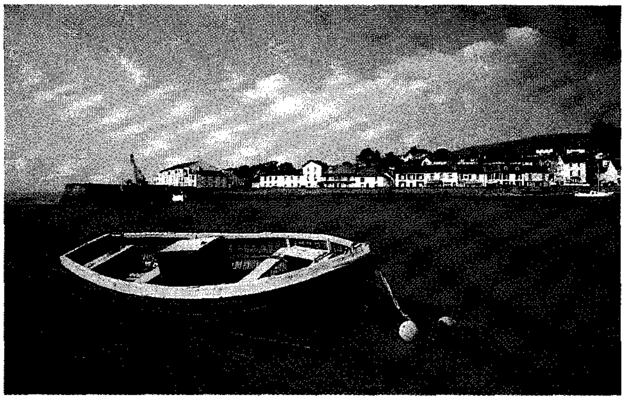

THE STOCK MARKET

The multisplendored Devon is a palmy coastal retreat.

Hall, has two-, three- and four-bedroom apartments with full kitchens. Amenities include bone china and crystal glassware, maid and laundry service, secretarial, and fax facilities.

Or you can retreat to nearby Surrey and hole up at Selsdon Park (657-8811), a 170-room hotel on the rolling acres of a private estate. There is old-time comfort and good dining in the neo-Jacobean mansion, and sports galore indoors and out: an 18-hole golf course, grass tennis courts, wooded jogging trail, swimming pools, squash courts, and exercise classes.

DAY-TRIPPING AND BEYOND

London is so well fed by its rail system, you can flee a hundred miles into the countryside and be back for a late supper. There are the cathedral towns of Canterbury, Winchester, and Salisbury, Georgian Bath, Shakespeare's Stratford, the collegial twins Oxford and Cambridge, Jane Austen's house in Chawton.

If you go further afield in England, you should stay over a few days and get in step with the rhythms of country life. Devon is a multisplendor-ed county south and west of London, as appealing for its palmy little sailing center Salcombe (the cliffy coast is a favorite English hiking trail) as for the moors and lofty hedges of the interior. If the Cotswolds beckon, consider pushing beyond their borders to Shropshire—less traveled, less hip but all in all a green and fulfilling corner of England neatly bracketed by the market towns of Ludlow and Shrewsbury.

If you're ready to move on to the Continent, the best way to go is by the swift **Rail Europe** Eurostar train through the Channel Tunnel. The 180 mph trains run nonstop from central London to central Paris in three hours, also to Brussels-Midi. Shortly, additional trains will run around London to Mancester and Edinbugh. Reserve at 800-EUROSTAR. Or Rail Europe can be accessed at http://www.raileurope.com.

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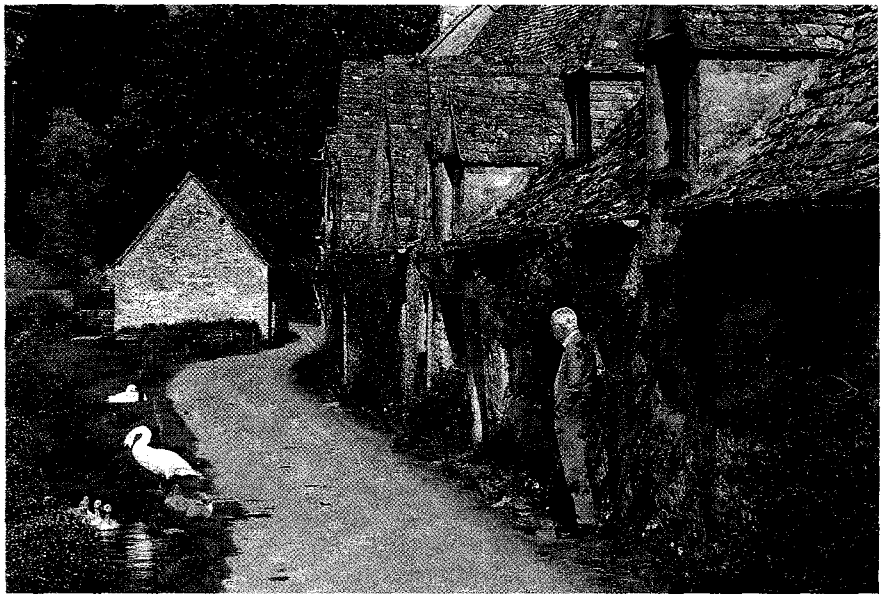
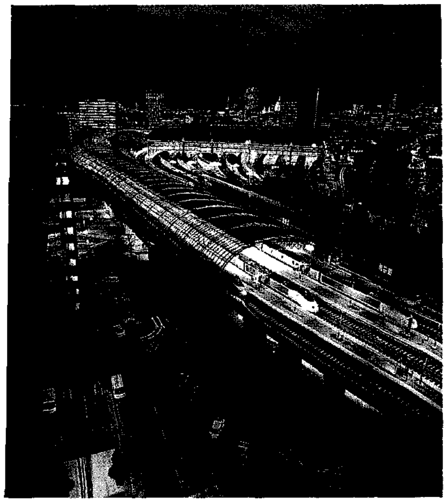


It's a short trip from London to the storybook Cotswolds.

THE STOCK MARKET



PHIL CONRAD

From Waterloo station, the Eurostar makes a dash to points beyond.

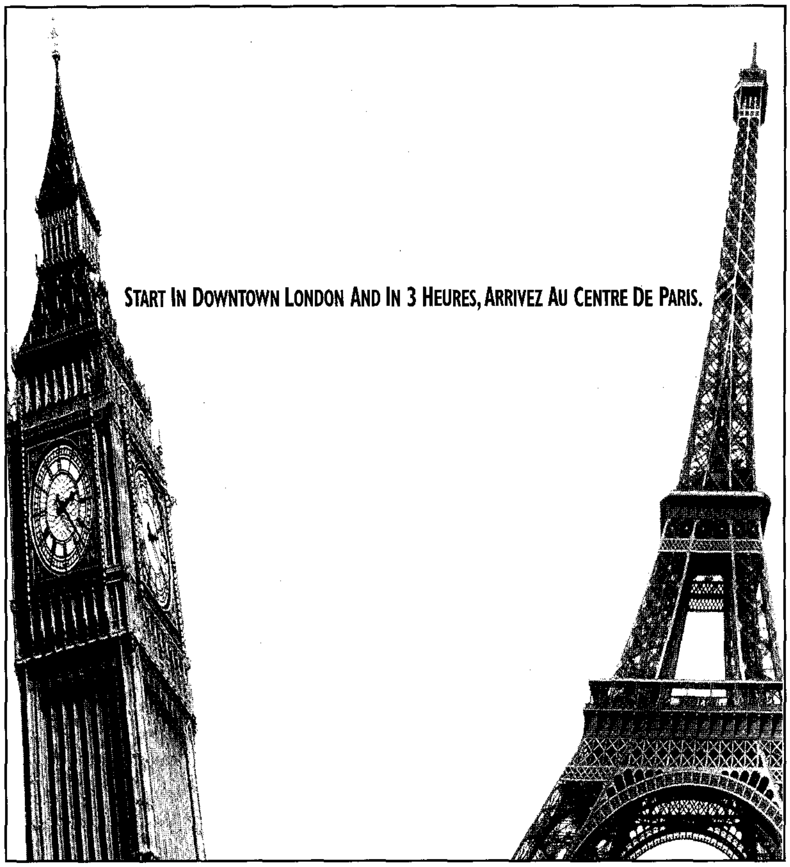
national network, you can hop a train to almost any corner of the U.K. From Kings Cross station in London, for example, the Intercity 225 can whisk you 400 miles to Edinburgh in just over four hours. Or stop off in York or Durham and make a longer trip of it. If you plan to use the trains a lot, a BritRail pass brings convenience and considerable savings. A children's pass is offered free to kids 5 to 15 when accompanied by an adult ticketholder. For more information, call 212-575-2667 or 800-893-0060.

GETTING THERE

Getting to London is easier than ever with **American Airlines** (800-624-6262), which sends six nonstops a day from JFK to Heathrow. There are morning flights at 8:30 and 9:30 that get you to London long before the sun drops, in time to catch supper and get to bed at a godly hour. The improved Business Class cabins provide increased legroom, ten movie choices, and personal video units.

United Air Lines (800-241-6522) sends three flights a day to London's Heathrow, two from JFK (one at 9:15 A.M.) and one from Newark airport. Transatlantic passengers have been impressed with the new Boeing 777. The long-range jet incorporates more creature comforts than its wide-body predecessors.

For further information on England, contact the British Tourist Authority, 551 Fifth Avenue at 45th Street, 212-986-2200, outside New York City, 800-462-2748. •



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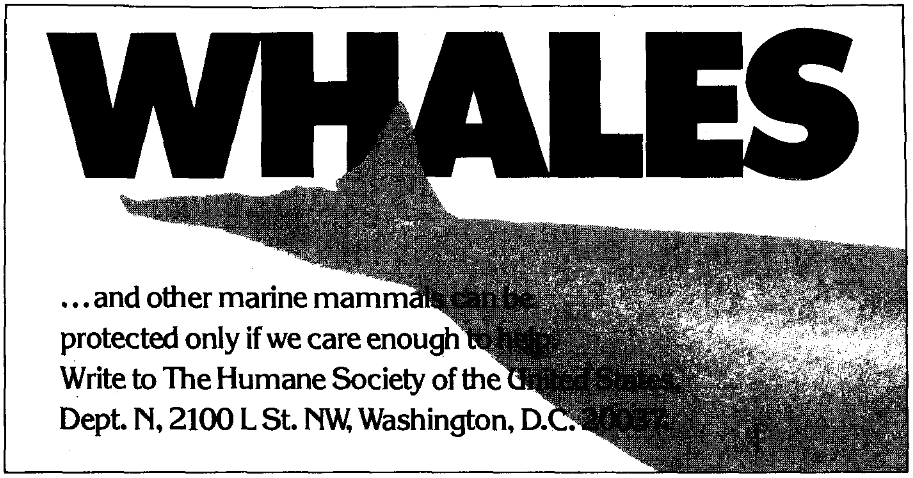

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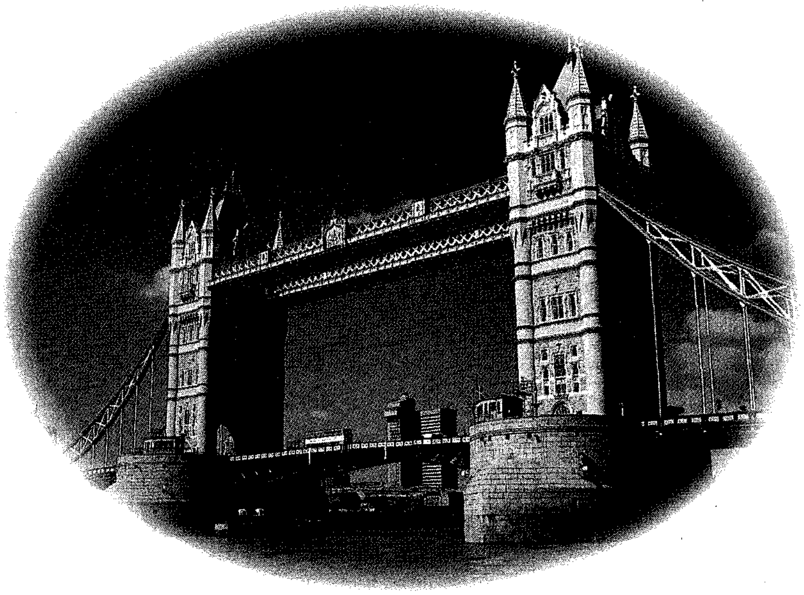

3 Thames Daily.

London's Heathrow, three crossings a day.

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Spot the Demagogue

As a public service, here's a guide to what will matter, and what will constitute mere craven pandering, in the upcoming presidential campaign.

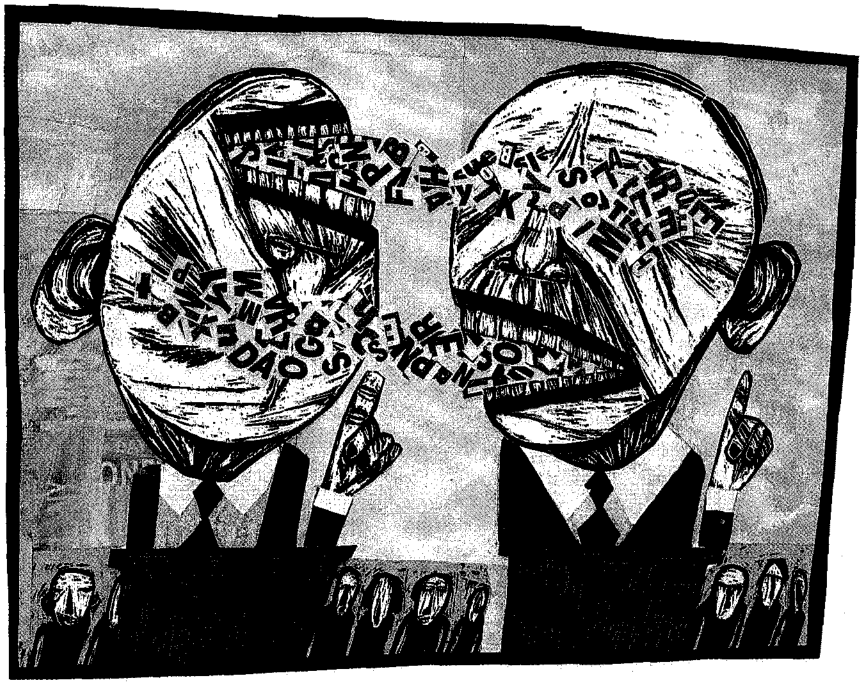
AS CAMPAIGN '96 TAXIS FOR takeoff, a question looms: Will the trip be more like 1988 or 1992? Will the election play out as a fracas over largely symbolic "wedge" issues, or will it address, at least roughly, the major problems facing the country? In 1988, the Bush-Dukakis contest was dominated by such quiddities as the recitation of the Pledge of Allegiance, the legitimacy of membership in the American Civil Liberties Union, and a certain violent nonwhite recidivist whose name is too much a commonplace ever to repeat again. In 1992, by contrast, the Democratic nominee declined to serve as George Bush's piñata, and the electorate made its choice on the basis of nominally more meaningful disagreements.

Bill Clinton inclines naturally toward the wonkish, but his re-election is being stage-managed by Harold Ickes and Dick Morris, who have no aversion to cheesy pandering. Bob Dole, for his part, seems drawn to the low road by desperation and the lack of anything else to talk about. His wildly beside-the-point speech last week about Clinton's soft-on-crime judicial appointees read as a posthumous tribute to Lee Atwater. Not auspicious. In the interests of encouraging the candidates to go upmarket, here is a nonexhaustive list of issues that are worth (and not worth) talking about.

1. The assault-weapons ban. *Why we're hearing about it:* For Democrats, who have paid dearly for appearing soft on crime, the assault-weapons ban is a heaven-sent reverse-wedge issue, one that divides moderate Republicans from the live-free-and-die crowd. The Clinton administration fervently hoped Newt Gingrich would take his debt to the National Rifle Association seriously enough to bring repeal of the 1994 ban up for a referendum, and in March the Speaker obliged, winning a 239–173 vote for repeal. Even though the Senate has declined to act, the president has been taking every opportunity to remind voters that he stands with the nation's police, as against the Republicans, who stand with Uzis, AK-47s, and street-sweepers.

Why it doesn't matter: The assault-weapons ban has no real effect on crime. The vast majority of violent crimes are committed with cheap handguns, about which both parties maintain an abject, cower-in-the-basement silence.

2. Partial-birth abortions. *Why we're hearing about them:* Republicans have a problem. A majority of voters oppose outlawing abortion, while a powerful single-issue voting bloc threatens to bolt the GOP if the party abandons its pro-life commitment. Hence the search for narrow, politically palatable restrictions on practices like "sex selection" and "partial birth" abortions, whose very names command instinctive revulsion.



Why they don't matter: Like murders committed with assault weapons, partial-birth abortions are rare—only about 500 of the 1.4 million abortions performed annually. And in any case, doctors are generally unwilling to perform these operations absent a compelling reason, like the prospect of severe deformities or a threat to the life of the mother.

3. Corporate layoffs. *Why we're hearing about them:* Blame the New York *Times*. Now that downsizing affects upper-middle-class newspaper readers and not just blue-collar types, it has been rated a national crisis. Layoffs are also an attractive issue for Clinton, because they present an opportunity to feel our pain and beat up on Republicans for caring only about the corporate bottom line.

Why they don't matter: Layoffs are, of course, miserable for the people fired. But there is little reason to think downsizings indicate trouble for the economy as a whole. The opposite is more likely true. Unemployment is at a historic low. And according to a report released last week by the President's Council of Economic Advisers, the new jobs created over the past few years pay above-average wages. To some extent, layoffs seem to be an E-Z-to-demagogue proxy for the more complex and actually significant issue of income stagnation. But layoffs alone aren't to blame, and new legislation is unlikely to help.

4. Social Security. *Why it matters:* Senatorial renegades like Bob Kerrey and Alan Simpson make the point that when baby-boomers begin retiring in the 2010s, Social Security expenditures will very rapidly overwhelm inflows, causing payroll taxes to

(continued on page 113)

Illustration by Melinda Beck.

ON MADISON AVENUE SALLY CHEW

Net Loss

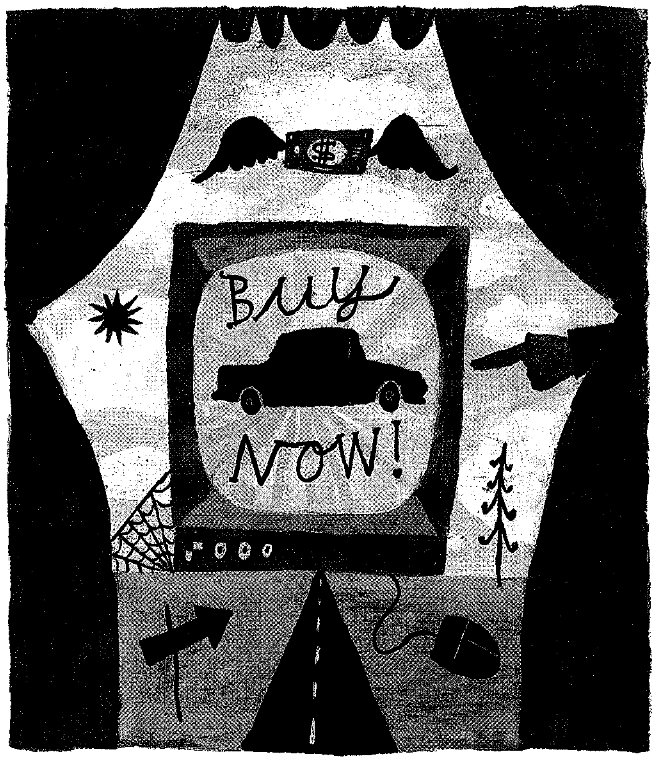
Eighteen months after the first national advertisers rolled onto the Web, Madison Avenue's Internet experiment hasn't lived up to its hype.

SOMETIMES, SURFING ALONG ON the World Wide Web, you can cross the line from content to advertisement without even knowing it. The techno-hip language of *HotWired* magazine, for instance, might slip seamlessly into the smartass banter of the Toyota Website with a click of your mouse. Another click and you're in Toyota's "Couch Buddies" section, guessing O. J. Simpson's favorite TV show. Okay. But what does this have to do with selling cars? And won't this be your last trip to "Couch Buddies?"

Selling premium goods like cars and vodka on the World Wide Web sounded like a great idea. The 11 million Americans who cruise the Web are an advertiser's dream: mostly well-heeled, well-educated twentysomethings with plenty of disposable income. But the frenzied hype that lured hundreds of companies from Saab to Ragu has started to evaporate. After eighteen months and close to $50 million in advertising, Madison Avenue's foray into the Web may well be flopping—at least in this, its first, low-stakes, novelty-driven era. Despite some notable exceptions, like Zima and General Motors, few companies have seen their investments pay off. And if the Internet pundits are correct, bad planning, disappointing revenues, and a mess of unresolved privacy issues may sour all but the hardiest Web-vertisers.

The April issue of *HotWired*'s print counterpart, *Wired* magazine, predicts an even more dire scenario. Written as a fake *Time* article and dated January 27, 1997, "The Great Web Wipeout" announces the demise of the commercial part of the Web due to poor quality and the Internet equivalent of inflated circulation statistics.

What's going on? *HotWired*'s executive producer, Gary Wolf, whose Webzine featured the very first Web ads when it launched in October 1994, says part of the problem is uneven content on the corporate Websites that serve as free-standing advertisements in this medium. David Talbot, who edits a literary Webzine called *Salon*, goes further, dismissing most of the sites as "hollow, empty castles that there's no reason for people to go to." "Advertisers have been slapping content up there because of the feeding frenzy, not because they have any kind of a business model," says David Smith, whose Mediasmith consulting firm advises both Web advertisers and content providers. "Now the other shoe is dropping."



IT'S NOT JUST A QUESTION OF IRRELEVANT or schlocky content; coming up with a reason for people to go to Websites was difficult from the start. Everybody thought there would be more to do on the Web by now than read, look at graphics, and send e-mail. Until online shopping is a mass reality—that is, until it becomes superior in breadth, depth, and ease to the mail-order-catalogue-and-telephone method—much of the current approach to online advertising may remain a bust.

"The only way to involve customers and keep them coming back [to corporate sites] is to provide content," says G. M. O'Connell, whose company, Modem Media, produced the very first Web ads—featured in *HotWired*'s launch issue. Margeotes's Bob Manni, who oversees one of the more successful campaigns on the Web as director of the famously fun Stolichnaya account, concurs. "It's like the Wild West out there. That's why people have to walk such a fine line between editorial and advertising."

But as O'Connell notes, "[Most companies] can't afford to maintain a site that has *both* entertainment and information." Not at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars a year. And certainly not if Web users are skipping right past the colorful little Elektra Records and Apple Computer icons without clicking on them.

Visits to *HotWired*'s advertiser sites (measured by the so-called click rates) have dropped significantly this year. Of *Hotwired's* 350,000 readers, an estimated 10 percent currently click on to advertiser sites, down from 30 percent to 40 percent eighteen months ago, but still higher than the 2 or 7 percent Web standard. Nevertheless, advertisers continue to shell out: $368,000 to *HotWired* every month, and close to $1 million at other sites—all of which combined, is less than *People* magazine takes in from advertisers in a month.

With all the early oversell, a crash was probably inevitable. This first collaboration between Internet techies and advertising execs was always regarded as an experiment, and even the most enthusiastic Internet-advertising devotees admit

Illustration by Calef Brown.

that there remain a lot of wrinkles to be ironed out. But is there a viable business model in sight? Procter & Gamble apparently thinks so. The company—which is reportedly setting up at least eight new Websites this year—is hoping to lure online consumers of such products as Tide, Pampers, and Cover Girl with easy to access information on everything from household tips to product safety. But the company admits that the success of the venture will partly depend on a change in the Web's gender demographics. Most P&G products, after all, are targeted at women, while approximately three quarters of Web users are men.

Other companies are trying out whole new approaches. On *Word,* the Webzine that debuted nine months after *HotWired,* advertising images flash inescapably for a few seconds every time a reader calls up a story, so there's no need to travel to corporate sites at all. *Salon* is offering to help corporate Websites with what editor David Talbot calls their "flight-magazine quality" by syndicating stories out to them. Pay-as-you-go scenarios are in the works, too; soon, advertisers will be able to trail visitors back to the Webzine or research service whence they came and pay the service after the click.

The "total interactivity" that was supposed to blow TV and print advertising out of the water with really precise demographics is a long way off, however. Advertisers are having a difficult time targeting cyber-consumers, who have proved disinclined to hand over personal information online. All but the most exclusive services (archived newspapers, pornography, and sports services) have stopped selling subscriptions or even asking users to sign up for free. "We recommend that you don't [require users to] register because it tails off the involvement," says Modem Media's O'Connell.

This consumer reluctance is all that stands in the way of the promised customized ads of the future: my seeing the young–female–New Yorker version of a Colgate ad, for example, and somebody else's seeing the suburban-middle-aged-male version. (*HotWired* was already customizing ads in Britain in February, but only according to where users live and whether or not they accessed their computers from a college campus.)

In the meantime, ad agencies have other ways of finding out about you. The software that carries you around the Web knows you went to "Couch Buddies" after *HotWired,* and the search engines that helped you find *HotWired* in the first place know you're more interested in cyber culture than the average guy. It's just not kosher to pass this data around.

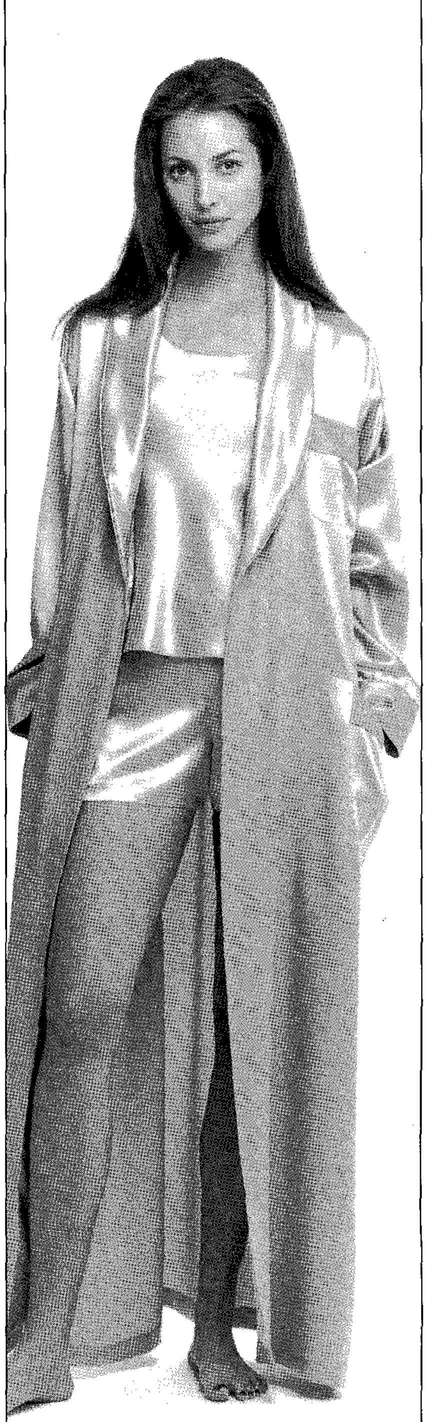
Also not kosher is the alleged practice among ad agencies of exaggerating the precision of their aim, pretending, for example, that the so-called "domain" on e-mail addresses (the part at the end:, for example, mit.edu for universities or npr.org for nonprofits) reveals a lot about the people using them. "Advertisers are demanding a fictitious accountability because they're uncomfortable without the illusion of demographics," says one Web programmer who knows very well what can and what can't be done.

Now the question is which will happen first: *Wired's* "Web Wipeout" scenario or the freeing of the data. The public is probably just months away from understanding that credit-card numbers are already as safe or safer on the Internet as they are on the pieces of carbon paper we've all left with sales clerks at real live stores. Certainly credit cards would give these "hollow empty castles" a clearer purpose: shopping. (And how long did you think you could resist divulging those numbers, anyway?)

As for filling out online forms with the intimate details of your life, consider this: A better targeted consumer may also be a less-harassed consumer. *HotWired's* Gary Wolf believes people will eventually respond more enthusiastically to ads on the Web than they do to ads on TV. "There's a higher chance that well-placed [Web] advertising will be experienced as value," he says, "because you know more about your user, and the advertiser has more chance of providing a message that the user will enjoy and relate to."

Even gonzo Republican John Perry Barlow, who tirelessly agitates for Internet privacy on behalf of the Electronic Frontier Foundation, has come around to this view. "I'm starting to feel less and less concerned about my own privacy," Barlow says. "The more marketing information they have on me, the less likely they are to bombard me with stuff I *don't* want."

While there is a long (well, deep) tradition on the Web of opposing bombardment of this kind, the results of the Hermes Project, a recent study funded by the University of Michigan, should be heartening to wary advertisers. The study found that only a third of Web surfers went out looking for pure fun. The other two thirds were seeking information about products and services. Clearly, despite the problems, it's much too soon to write off Madison Avenue's Internet experiment. In fact, there's a good chance that the wipeout of '97, if it ever comes, will terminate everything *but* the ads. ■



for mothers & others
silk charmeuse lingerie:
robe, camisole and shorts
in a variety of soft colors,
ours alone

Calvin Klein
madison avenue and sixtieth street
212.292.9000
mon - sat 10am - 6pm, thurs until 8pm

DONNA SEL

AS HER COMPANY IS OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC BY WALL S

S HER SOUL

EET FOR A SECOND TIME, THE NEW YORKIEST DESIGNER PEDDLES SPIRITUALITY AS THE ESSENCE OF KARANISM

BY REBECCA MEAD

IT IS A LATE AFTERNOON IN EARLY APRIL, AND FOURteen floors above Seventh Avenue, Donna Karan's showroom is packed with company employees waiting to watch the rehearsal for the showing of her fall collection, which will happen here in more than an hour's time. But before the models tramp down the catwalk, it is time for Karan to make her own grand entrance.

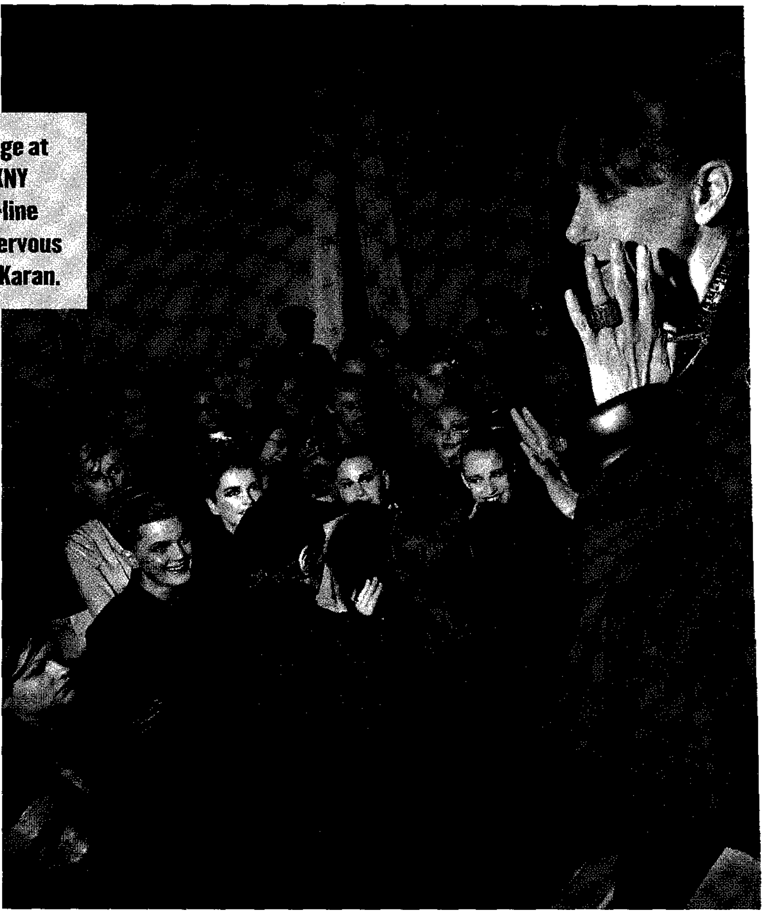
"I wanna sit in Amy Spindler's seat," Karan whines loudly, adopting an air of mock petulance as she comes in and looks around for a place. "Where is she?" The name of the New York *Times*'s lead fashion writer has been mud in Karan territory for the past few days. Spindler has delivered a devastating review of Karan's lower-priced DKNY line, which she called derivative and overtrendy. Karan's troops appreciate their leader's crack.

But tonight, when the fashion press and department-store buyers—reviewers who are not on the Karan payroll—show up, Karan will be eager not to alienate any of them. This time last year, many of these guests deemed the 1995 fall collection dreary—it was too peculiar, too New Age, with those flat shoes and long skirts she was insisting on. Tonight, they will be looking

PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSE FROHMAN
FOR NEW YORK

to see whether Karan has regained her touch, or whether she's gotten even weirder.

The approbation of the fashion insiders is particularly important this time around because the Donna Karan company is rumored to be going public—the fact of which will not be confirmed until April 17, another two weeks from now. Karan tried cashing out with an IPO once before, in 1993, which then resulted not in a successful infusion of capital but only in a raft of bad press, particularly for Karan's husband and partner, Stephan Weiss, and culminated in an embarrassing withdrawal of the offering. Adding to tonight's tension has been the response to Karan's announcement that she would not present her collection in the Council of Fashion Designers of America tents in Bryant Park but return here to her showroom. The move led to a very public dressing-down by Calvin Klein, who accused Karan, usually an industry favorite, of not being a team player and of damaging American fashion. All of which has put Karan on the defensive, in danger of having the discussion of what she is showing drowned out by the discussion of where she is showing it or by speculation about her profit-loss statements.



Backstage at the DKNY bridge-line show: A nervous night for Karan.

But when this evening's show comes around, it becomes clear that defensiveness will not be necessary. Naomi Campbell sashays aggressively down the ground-level catwalk in an ivory pantsuit, practically putting Condé Nast editorial director James Truman's eye out with her hipbone. Linda Evangelista—gratifyingly close to the age of someone who might actually wear Donna Karan's collection—is near enough for *Allure*'s imperious creative director, Polly Mellen, to be able to see how the sapphire suit highlights Evangelista's eyes. Shalom Harlow in a slim ivory wool-crepe skirt and a black cashmere turtleneck sways mesmerically, like a snake rising out of a charmer's basket, past *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour. At the end of the show, Karan herself emerges, her legs cunningly slimmed by a pair of bias-cut satin pants and her considerable hips disguised by a long black cardigan; on her way down the catwalk, she trips in her high-heel clogs, an amiable klutz with a bobbing ponytail who makes no sarcastic comments about any member of the audience.

She has, it turns out, a hit on her hands. "I thought it was sensational: It was all about the fabric and the cut, and you just wanted to reach out and touch everything," Wintour said later. André Leon Talley, consulting style editor at *Vanity Fair*, insisted on being allowed to come back for the second show, a reprise for B-list magazine editors and accessories buyers and the like. Even Amy Spindler approved—she called the show "a platonic form of what is expected of [Karan] by her loyal customers: It was full of solutions for imperfect bodies, versatile clothes for those who cannot replace an entire wardrobe each season, and forgiving colors." And the return to the showroom was equally applauded. "It was like a personal statement," said *Allure*'s editor, Linda Wells. "You were right there looking at her and her husband, and it felt like a family operation, like it came from the heart. It brought back that feeling of one person working—it was really taking it back to its roots."

CREATING THAT IMPRESSION, OF COURSE, MAY BE KARAN'S CANniest design move—cleverer even than those bias-cut pants. As *Women's Wear Daily* noted in its review, the show was a triumphant way to introduce a public offering of stock in the company. But Karan's talent this evening lies in more than just producing twenty minutes' worth of beautiful clothes. It also lies in creating the mood described by Linda Wells in which the efforts of hundreds—there are more than 600 workers in her Manhattan headquarters, including 115 designers—seem to be the masterwork of one pair of hands.

The irony is that the return to the privacy and intimacy of her showroom is happening at the very moment when the privacy of the company is, in fact, about to be surrendered in a public offering—the announcement of which was finally made two weeks ago when the company filed papers with the SEC stating its intention to raise $240 million on the New York Stock Exchange. (Of this sum, Karan and her husband would net some $58 million. With their Japanese partners, Karan and Weiss would still control about 50 percent of the company stock, and Karan and her husband, according to the prospectus, stand to earn millions more in fees and royalties.) This very aura of Karan's personal involvement and dedication will prove extremely marketable to potential investors, just as it does to Karan's consumers. But it's one thing for Karan to invite guests into her showroom for an evening of carefully staged intimacy; it's quite another to lay open for scrutiny the finances of a half-billion-dollar business. Last time around, Karan described the public-offering process to fashion grande dame Carrie Donovan as akin to "hanging out naked on Seventh Avenue." Now she's getting ready to be stripped again.

"THIS, TO ME, IS PERFECT. IT HAS BEEN PERFECT FOR TWO SEAsons. I am so excited about it. It is perfect. I can't make it any better," says Karan. It's a few weeks before the fall '96 shows, and she is sitting in her white-painted office high above Seventh Avenue and grasping a piece of her clothing, one indeterminate layer of black among many. Her voice is

Photograph by Larry Fink. Previous page: styling by Frank Camarda.

enthusiastic and adenoidal and unreconstructedly Long Island; when she laughs, you can hear the spittle sloshing beneath her tongue. Today, she's wearing this season's trademark ponytail and this season's trademark bias pant: Like many people whose business it is to provide or promote an endless proliferation of clothing for others, Karan herself wears exactly the same clothes all the time.

So what is this perfect garment she is talking about? "These cashmere undershirts. They weigh nothing. I put them on twelve months of the year. It's the perfect piece; you don't have to think about it—you put it on, and it is like you are doing something really kind to yourself." She leans across her desk, pulling the fabric up and away from her body in order to demonstrate its softness. In so doing, she reveals—perhaps inadvertently, but perhaps not—the stark truth of that portion of the Donna myth which states that Karan does not wear a brassiere, and is not sufficiently well-endowed to make one an absolute necessity. Here it is, up close and naked: the body of Karan, the torso that launched a thousand shipments of Lycra.

In the history of late-twentieth-century cultural images, Karan's body, or the idea of it, may turn out to be as important a phenomenon as Madonna's. Karan famously launched her own line of clothing eleven years ago by announcing that there were no clothes being made for women like herself—professional, grown-up women who wanted to be taken seriously but also wanted to hint at their sexiness; women who had hips and stomachs to camouflage and legs they wanted to lengthen, and who wanted above all to be comfortable in what they wore; women who were prepared to spend serious money on their clothes, but wanted pieces that wouldn't date, that would coordinate with one another, and that could be augmented from season to season. Karan was lauded for solving all kinds of women's problems with garments like the bodysuit—a blouse top which fastened under the crotch like a leotard and thus could never come untucked—or her pantyhose, which were twice the price of anyone else's but were strong and sleek and came in colors that coordinated with her skirts. Though her clothes were, and are, far beyond the price range of most women—well into the four figures for a jacket, for instance—their effect trickled down: If you can buy an ill-fitting bodysuit at Strawberry today, thanks are due in large part to Donna Karan.

> **"WHERE DO WE FALL AS RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE? AND WHY ARE WE HERE? TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE, YOU KNOW."**

And Karan took herself as her model, or so the mythology said: Anyone who read an article about her could learn that she was a big-hipped size 12, and that each season she opened her closet and asked herself what was missing, in order to know what to design. The company fostered a kind of cult of Donna among consumers—centering upon Karan's needs, Karan's desires, and Karan's overdetermined body, a stand-in for every woman's sense of her flawed self. Her advertisements featured the same model from season to season, the dark-haired, curvaceous Rosemary McGrotha. A *shiksa* body double for Karan, McGrotha hinted at the idea of Karan's much-discussed, ordinarily problematic body while remaining utterly enviable and ideal. In all this, the serendipitously named designer was presented as La Donna—Woman herself, who both incorporates the problems of every woman and has solutions for all of them.

The cult of Donna is still a powerful marketing tool: In recent months, the company has launched a newsletter for regular customers entitled *Woman to Woman*, a sort of *Donna Karan Living* in which Karan explains the philosophy behind nude pantyhose, considers long versus short, and answers customers' queries, sartorial ("I live in the suburbs and worry about looking 'too New York.' Any advice?" "In a word—color") and personal ("You're a grandmother! How do you feel about it, and does the passing of time worry you?" "I'm too young to be this old! In my mind I'm always eighteen").

But the cult-of-Donna formula is a little tired, as Karan herself is the first to admit. Now 47, she no longer talks about what size clothes she wears. This may well be because she doesn't want to revise her figures upward; but it may also be simply because it's boring to keep going on about it. And she acknowledges that this year's spring collection—the clothes that are in the stores right now—were not designed with herself in mind (and indeed they are too slim and unforgiving for anyone even near a size 12). What's more, McGrotha has been set aside in the current advertisements in favor of the ethereally beautiful and preternaturally thin Shalom Harlow—who fits no one's idea of a "real woman" except perhaps Shalom Harlow's.

Indeed, there's a shift in the rhetoric Karan is using to talk about her clothes, and about the company and her role within it. The focus has moved from the body of Karan to what might be called the spirit of Karan. These days she is less likely to talk about her hips and more likely to hold forth about world peace and the importance of her "being here and being fully conscious, and assisting, and doing what I do, and really helping."

The new global-empowerment language has begun to make an appearance in Karan's explanations of her corporate strategy. "I am here, you know, to hold creativity together," she says. "To hold a space of a certain group of people's creativity and to allow it to manifest itself. So it's like, it's not about me doing it, but holding the space so that people can create."

One comes to realize, if one spends any amount of time around Donna Karan, that there is a certain irony about her insistence on the importance of "the many," given her sometimes imperious manner—as when, halfway through an interview, she asks her ever-present P.R. woman to change the water in the flower vase on her desk, as if she were a maid. Equally notable are the number of behind-the-scenes phone calls and discreet urgings that are required even to move her from one floor of the building to another. Rather like the Princess of Wales, whose desire to come face-to-face with ordinary people demands extraordinary organization, Karan doesn't seem to realize how demanding she is: It may be that it takes a truly enormous ego to believe that one has transcended ego.

But the theoretical origins of her position can be traced to Karan's discovery, in the past couple of years, of figures like Deepak Chopra. He's the East-meets-West celebrity guru whose books like *The Seven Spiritual Laws of Success* provide a New Agey prescription for living long and prospering, which seems to depend upon getting in touch with some inchoate collective energy (and, in the case of Chopra, getting in touch with Demi Moore, Naomi Judd, and George Harrison, all of whom are thanked along with Karan in the acknowledgments for his latest book, *The Way of the Wizard*). Karan's burnout following the failed IPO and her subsequent spiritual adventuring—the juice fasting and the yoga, the meditations at her beach house and the therapeutic screaming sessions at the shoreside, the crystals she has taken to wearing, the chanting soundtracks she's started to use when presenting her collections—have been watched with interest by her fans and critics in recent seasons, and hers is undoubtedly a sincere exploration.

But it's also interesting to note how neatly her spirituality fits with the necessary evolution and expansion of her company, particularly now, as Karan attempts to take the company public and establish it as an attractive, solid investment. Investing in something as ephemeral and unpredictable as fashion is risky enough; investing in the continuing powers of one person, however brilliant and heretofore successful, is even more so. And while that riskiness would seem to be compounded by the fact that the CEO is parading her flakiness before the multitudes, actually Karan is deftly communicating to potential investors the idea that Donna Karan is a state of mind rather than a cult of body. And so, after years of representing the company as growing out of her search for answers to her personal needs, Karan has moved on.

> **"NEW YORK FRIGHTENS ME. I USE IT AS MY INSPIRATION, BUT MY GOD, IT OVERWHELMS ME, IT EXHAUSTS ME."**

"Now it's really about opening the availability for the group, the collective," she says. "For me right now it is very important that it becomes the standards of the company, that we are all involved in the process. It is not about me running it, but us as a larger group, and for me to be able to be the creative visionary that I want to be. It's not about me sitting there making every hemline where it was, or crossing every T, but surrendering and allowing other people to go to the next level, giving people more opportunity to grow in the company."

What this argument also does, of course, is find a way for Karan to transform her personal withdrawal into yet another expression of her personal needs. Karan as an individual has discovered that the individual doesn't matter. She's found a spiritual argument for establishing a House of Karan, which extends beyond her, and will, if a bunch of frat-boy brokers in pinstripes buy into it, endure after her.

THERE CERTAINLY SEEMS TO BE A BUSINESS ARGUMENT FOR SUCH a development. Since its inception eleven years ago, the Donna Karan company has grown from a single collection into a multiplicity of divisions with customers not only in the United States but all over Europe, the Middle East, and the Far East. According to the stock-offering prospectus, the company's net revenues grew to $510 million in 1995, a 21 percent increase over 1994. It's already the case that Karan herself is a distant figure in the day-to-day designing of many of the products that bear her name. When discussing the DKNY collection that was so criticized by Spindler of the *Times*, she describes being presented with the finished product as if she were a reviewer herself, which in a sense she is. ("I walked in there and said, 'I would not touch this collection; I do not need to make a change. It's perfect.' ")

Financial analysts say that this is a ripe moment for Donna Karan to go public, their enthusiasm bolstered by the successful public sale of Gucci last year and the expected upcoming issue of stock in Saks Fifth Avenue. Last time a public offering of Donna Karan stock was brought up, though, the idea was also met with initial enthusiasm on Wall Street, only to be followed by disillusionment when at the time of the offering the company did not perform as well as had been expected—a pattern which the company cannot afford to repeat. The current offering prospectus stresses the ways in which the company intends to expand—by increasing the number of retail stores and developing more products, such as accessories or fragrances, that have the Karan cachet without the enormous pricetags of her top-line collection. But the main purpose of raising money is to pay off debt, and to allow Karan's partners, Frank Mori and Tomio Taki, to cash out to the tune of $58 million.

It is no secret that Mori and Taki, whose company Takihyo also owns the faltering Anne Klein, have long wanted out, and have disagreed with Karan and Weiss over the running of the business. In particular, they were opposed to Karan's decision in 1992 to develop the Donna Karan fragrance business in-house rather than licensing it out to an experienced company. The beauty line, a pet project of Weiss's, was not included in the 1993 offering because at the time it was still unsuccessful; it finally started turning a profit last year, and has been included in the current offering. At the time of the abortive IPO, it was suggested that stockholders would be leery of Karan's predilection for costly in-house experimentation, and some doubt whether a publicly owned Karan will be as free to follow her intuition. "You can do anything you want as a private company, as long as you are willing to pay the price and stand up against whatever opposition there is," says Arnold Aronson, a management consultant specializing in the retail industry. "When you are a public company, sometimes you have to satisfy more than your own constituency."

Stephen Ruzow, the Donna Karan president and COO, says that stockholders will take Karan as they find her. "Donna's philosophy is not necessarily to be the most commercial, it is to be the best, and if we can't do something better than everybody else, then why do it?" he said in early March. "I think that whoever would buy the stock of Donna Karan would understand the philosophy of the company, because they would hear it. Donna has a vision, and I execute the vision, and we are very clear about that."

So, he is asked, if someone bought stock, he would be buying into a vision that says: "We don't make an alpha-hydroxy cream unless we can make the best one, and to hell with the commercial side"? "Exactly," he says. "Very well put."

Potential buyers will bear in mind that that vision will inevitably be informed by Karan's own interests and preoccupations, and by her discovery of the realm of the New Age—a movement whose reputation has not been enhanced by its most visible spokesperson in recent weeks, Lisa Blair Hathaway, mother of the late child pilot Jessica Dubroff. When the official announcement of the IPO was made, Karan was out of the country, in Bali—"It's goddessland, goddesses and creativity, I hear," she said before her trip. Karan's not the

Shifting the consciousness: Karan and model at work.

most articulate of speakers, and her attempts at explaining the underpinnings of her current philosophy devolve into a murky abstraction of feminism and spirituality.

"We are all looking at how we have to shift, because you look at the good and you look at what's not working, and I think people, God bless it, are working in the consciousness, God bless it, that with all the problems out there in the world, how are we going to shift the consciousness?" is typical Karanspeak. "And where do we fall as responsible people? And why are we here? To make a difference, you know; you talk about the mothering and the birthing and the process of what we do here, you know, and the bringing up of our children, and the educational system, it's all part of what our roles and responsibilities are."

Karan says she is uncomfortable talking about her spiritual explorations and what further use she intends to make of them—she doesn't want to frighten people. "They want to see me as a certain thing, you know, Donna designing a collection," she says. "God forbid [anyone] does something different than what people expect them to do. People get really uncomfortable with that. You know, if you have another message to put out there—and I know the message that I have to put out is really important—I have got to do it delicately, in a loving way. I don't want it to come out, like, you know, preacherist."

In addition to taking on Karan's philosophy of life, buyers into the Donna Karan company will be taking on her philosophy of death. Karan believes in reincarnation, and has undergone hypnosis to regress through her earlier lives, something she explains one afternoon as she rides up the West Side Highway in her limousine, along with her right-hand woman and publicist, Patti Cohen. Cohen, who attempts to exert extreme control over Karan's image, clearly doesn't think this is something that Karan needs to be discouraged from sharing.

Karan: "I believe I was married to my husband once before. I just feel it. We lived out West. He was a cowboy. I feel I was an artist . . ."

Cohen: "I was an Indian woman, very earth . . ."

Karan: "Yeah, so was I."

Cohen: "I just found that out."

Karan: "I think I led the path. I did a lot of trekking. I have experienced about seven [past lives]. [Weiss] wasn't really a cowboy—we had a ranch. I was very much a wanderer, through the lands of the Middle East: Egypt, India. I was an artist in Florence. I painted for the Medicis. But I don't ever remember any sort of recognizable—like a king or a queen, any notable."

Of course not—*she's* the notable, now, in 1996. Which raises the intriguing notion that someone in the future will confess, *You know, in my past life I was Donna Karan.*

KARAN'S PAST IN THIS PARTICULAR LIFE IS SEVENTH Avenue legend. She was raised in Woodmere, Long Island: suburban Jewish luxe, as opposed to the more working-class environs of Mosholu Parkway, spawning ground of Calvin Klein and Ralph Lauren. (Karan's explanation of Lauren's country-club aesthetic: "Somewhere in his past life, Ralph was an aristocrat.") Her father, Gabby Faske, was a tailor; he died when Karan was 3, after which time her mother, known as Queenie, married another garmento, Harold Flaxman. Queenie, who herself worked in the garment industry, was by all accounts a strict and forceful lady: According to Karan's older sister, Gail Hoffman, it was through choice, not necessity, that their mother went to work rather than stay home with the children. Hoffman says that their mother showed little interest in the young Donna's aspirations to be a designer—at least until Donna began to be successful. When Karan was given her first award by FIT, her mother hired a Central Park horse-drawn carriage in which to attend the ceremony, and rode in it to Studio 54 for the party afterward.

It was a proper, prosperous, suburban background, complete with the somewhat ambivalent attitude toward the city that is often attendant on such an upbringing, and that still lingers. Karan, who has built a business around the idea of New York as a glamorous, thrilling, desirable place to be, says that she is "scared of New York. It frightens me. I use it as my palette, I use it as my inspiration, but my God, it overwhelms me, it exhausts me. The suburban little girl in me is frightened of this place, the little girl who thinks you have to bring children up with gardens and backyards and schools out in the country." (Patti Cohen, surprisingly, puts it more bluntly. "Donna hates New York," she whispers one morning at a breakfast at Bergdorf Goodman, where Karan is giving a trunk show of her spring clothes.)

Still, Karan is ambivalent about the suburbs too. Says Kal Ruttenstein, the fashion director at Bloomingdale's, "Sometimes she doesn't like to do personal appearances, because our customer, especially the DK customer, is very much like Donna when she grew up. All the women who either knew her, or know that she's from there, come in to see her, and it's like looking in the mirror, I guess, and she just can't

Photograph by Larry Fink.

You go, girls: (from left) Cecilia Chancellor, Linda Evangelista, Naomi Campbell, and Shalom Harlow work it for Karan Fall '96.

stand it. She would much rather be elegant at Bergdorf's or somewhere, and not be constantly reminded."

The young Donna Faske started work in a dress store at the age of 14 by pretending to be older; she put herself through Parsons and got a job working for Anne Klein, who was designing the kind of comfort sportswear for women out of which Karan's own ideas about the proper way for women to dress would grow. She also got herself a husband, Mark Karan, and they had a daughter, Gabby. When Gabby was a toddler, Donna left Mark for Stephan Weiss, an artist ten years her senior whom she had first met and had a fling with before her marriage, but who had at that time been married himself with two children. Now he was divorced, and they hooked up again; Gabby calls Stephan "Dad," and Karan is extremely vocal on the subject of "her grandchildren"—Weiss's kids' kids.

The manner in which Karan succeeded Anne Klein is another Seventh Avenue fable; early on, she had been fired by Klein for being insufficiently focused on her work and being preoccupied with the need to get married; having later been rehired, Karan was promoted to senior designer. Klein was diagnosed with cancer during Karan's pregnancy, and died in 1974, just before Gabby's birth. Mori and Taki decided Karan, then 25, would replace her as head designer; she returned to the office within days of giving birth, and has worked ever since.

Karan has repeated the story so many times about having her baby that she's worked it into quite a routine, and she delivered it again one evening in March at the Plaza Hotel, in front of a group of cosmetics executives gathered to hear about Donna Karan Beauty: "I said to the doctor, 'When can I get back to work?' And he said, 'You have just been stitched.' And I said, 'Don't worry, I have a sewing room; it's no problem at all.' "

But even now, Karan is capable of confusing myth and history. "It was a traumatic moment in my life," she says, recalling the weeks before Gabby's birth. "I was designing a collection; it was due the next week or so. I said [to myself], 'My God, you can't have the baby!' I am sure most of you women out there understand that moment: You are timed, the collection is opening, and you cannot give birth. So God bless my daughter, she was ten days late. She listened to the higher spirits and she came out exactly on time. I got to the hospital, writing out cutting tickets all the way; now I am going through contractions—and I am sure we have all had this experience—"

Weiss interjects: "I haven't."

"You were there!" says Karan—then realizes her mistake. "No, you weren't there. That was B.S.W. [Before Stephan Weiss]. You were there in spirit."

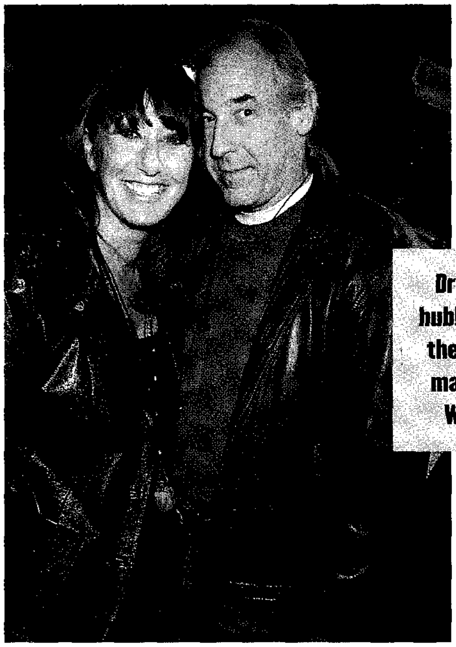
THE PRESENCE OF WEISS, SPIRITUAL OR OTHERWISE, HAS LONG been a matter of some controversy on Seventh Avenue. Just as all the praise for the success of the Donna Karan company tends to focus upon Donna Karan the individual, so the blame for its failures takes Weiss as its focus. Weiss, 57, is a painter and sculptor, though not a particularly well known one: Like Mark Gero, the unknown sculptor and former husband of Karan's friend Liza Minnelli—or like Kelly Klein, the photographer and wife of Calvin—Weiss has found his creative talents to be overshadowed by his spouse's. Indeed, he has so far found the widest audience for his art by making it an adjunct to one of his wife's products: Weiss designed the bottles in which Donna Karan perfumes are sold, and which were inspired by body parts—judging by appearances, the penis and the breast. The idiosyncratic flasks were initially found to have some flaws—the purse spray was prone to leak, in just the troublesome way that body parts themselves tend to—but Weiss says these have now been cleaned up; in the public offering, Weiss asks for no royalties for the use of his designs.

Weiss has been involved with the Donna Karan company since its founding in 1985, and was from 1993 until the end of last year a co-CEO, a position that brought him into occasional conflict with his and Karan's partners. Weiss was in place throughout the company's most troubled period, after the attempted IPO, when, in a short space of time, the company determined its children's division to be too costly and shut it down, and became tangled in legal suits and countersuits with its former chief financial officer. And even without all of this Weiss would have had trouble convincing his Fashion Avenue critics that he was qualified for the job.

Photographs by Dan Lecca.

"He wasn't credible," says Alan Millstein, the publisher of the *Fashion Network Report* newsletter, who has known Karan since her Anne Klein days and is one of her saltiest critics. "He was inexperienced. Very few people go through an IPO in life, particularly when their background is arts and crafts. He didn't have an M.B.A. from one of our leading business schools; he had the job because his wife wanted him to come to work every day in a suit and tie, not in a smock."

Last September, Weiss announced that he was returning to the smock. "I had been talking to Donna for a period of time about me moving away from the company and removing that dynamic from our life," says Weiss. "It really cast me in an adversarial role to her somewhat, because I was in operational management and she was in design and creativity. There is a healthy conflict between the two departments, but not quite so healthy when you bring it home to your bedroom. And as much as I was enjoying the work and the growth and establishing all the different parts of the company, it was not what I really wanted to do with my life, and it is not really what I wanted interwoven into my marriage." He has since resigned as co-CEO. What was not announced last fall was that Weiss discovered he had cancer—an early, treatable form, according to Karan, but serious enough to shake them. "We looked at the business, re-prioritized, checking out our life, seeing what we really wanted out of life, looking at the business, seeing what that means to us," Karan says. "It has been consumption, the business has been consumption, and where do we fit into the picture? Not as Donna Karan the designer, but as Donna Karan the person. I lost sight of that there for a while."



Drubbed hubby: With the much-maligned Weiss.

Having said all that, Weiss is hardly isolated from the workings of the company. He continues to oversee the beauty business, and the legal and licensing departments still report to him. The prospectus for the public offering says that "while Mr Weiss's office will not necessarily be a full-time position, he will spend substantial amounts of time as vice chairman." Ruzow, the president and COO, says he talks to Weiss every day, and Karan is of course in constant dialogue with him.

The continued questioning of Weiss's competence, Karan says, "burns my butt. I cannot believe after all these years we are still discussing that aspect of my husband, who has done an extraordinary job. My husband happens to be a creative businessman; he has been an extraordinary part of not only the vision of the company along with me but the running of this operation. If anybody thinks I did it, we did it."

"Why can't a couple be strong?" says Weiss, who shares his wife's fondness for self-helpy jargon, if not her wilder New Age enthusiasms. "I think that couples can share and be strong and be balanced, even in their disbalance." He pauses. "*Disbalance* is not a word, is it?"

WITH THE SPIKY CANYON OF BROADWAY VISIBLE THROUGH THE office window behind her, and a handful of smooth stones on the table before her, Karan is attempting to explain the ways in which her recent explorations of the spirit have affected the ways in which she works. She occasionally fondles a stone as she does so.

"I am very clear it is not about me," she says. "That it is about everybody, the collective energy in a group of people who get together and become the One. That is going to make a difference in this world. That that 'I' is—you are part of a group, and it is the organization and the collective thinking and the bringing together of the whole at all the different elements—if this one goes this way and that one goes that way, what are you going to accomplish? But if you all start talking about one thing, then that mass makes a difference. Now we have seen the pros and cons: Nazi Germany, Hitler, bringing in the collective consciousness of what happened—the power that that has, the power of a crisis that happens, and everybody bonds together with a commonality. Now that is what I am saying, as I am discovering it for my own self, I will see how it manifests in everything I do, but I know it manifests in everything I do anyhow."

Karan may well be making complete sense to herself, and it's even possible for the uninitiated to delineate her theme with a bit of effort; but it's hardly the spiel she would be advised to give in the coming weeks, when she and the other company powers go on the requisite road show, trying to pitch Donna Karan stock to buyers nationwide as a rock-solid investment rather than a vision quest.

Then she wanders into blinding clarity. Describing how she came up with an idea for a new evening outfit, she says, "There am I, standing in front of the mirror, and I want to look as good as [the models] do—that is the operative word. I want to look like them, but I am not; how do I interpret my philosophy into a size, you know, *whatever*.

"Now. Well, of course, I know how to do it. I am a master at that. But believe it or not, it didn't come so easily—I had to work it, really, really hard. Well, I did it. I was, like, ecstatic. I was so happy. It was like transformation happened, right in front of my eyes, this whole new thing started to happen. I got it, I knew what I wanted. I said: 'We never have enough evening things to throw over what we want to cover, show what we want to show.' "

She gestures to Patti Cohen. "Patti, get the two coats, the white satin and the blue." Cohen scurries out of the room, returns laden.

"Is that my coats?" Within moments, Karan has wrenched off her jacket and is parading in the middle of the room with a huge, glamorous, navy-blue satin comforterlike wrap around her shoulders. In moments like this, one is reminded why Karan, for all her current tongue-twisted efforts at repositioning, became successful in the first place.

"It's like all of a sudden, I can wear the sexiest nothing underneath, and I am covered up, and nobody knows except me," she continues. "You can handle what you can handle, you can make it happen, and you are totally comfortable and feeling glamorous, and you are not seeing anything, but you are seeing everything. The illusion of the imagination."

The look makes perfect sense, and so does Karan, finally wordless, twirling in the middle of the room. ▬

Photograph by Rose Hartman/Globe Photos.

TO HELL AND BACH

in town this month, is recording the complete Bach keyboard works. And that isn't the *half* of it.

BY CHRIS NORRIS

“I HAD DINNER ONCE WITH SALVADOR DALÍ,” SAYS JOÃO CARlos Martins, weighing a glass of Cabernet Sauvignon in his left hand. “It was 1967, at the Russian Tea Room, and I had just played Carnegie Hall. He said, ‘Let me give you some advice. Start now telling everybody that you are the greatest. In 30 years, they will start to believe you.’ ” He laughs and sips. “Perhaps they are starting now.”

Raconteurish charm aside, Martins is an unsettling man to meet. His handshake is a loose clutch at your forearm, the last three fingers palsied and stiff. It's always flinch-inducing when an otherwise robust person wanes disabled in your grip, but in this case, it's just a bit more so, because Martins is—in addition to the sort of dashing, professorial Latino who turns heads at this Upper East Side restaurant—a concert pianist, possibly the world's most dynamic interpreter of Bach's keyboard repertoire, and slated to perform at Carnegie Hall in three weeks.

Though the scene is straight out of O. Henry, Frank Capra is the better reference point. In his 55 years, João Carlos Martins has been a pianist, a banker, a boxing promoter, Brazil's minister of culture, and, now, a virtual Lazarus of neurology. The life of Brazil's most dazzling virtuoso is hardly some grim study in dramatic irony. It's much, much stranger.

Martins emerged in the early sixties possessed of phenomenal technique—*Stereo Review* called it “the clearest, most articulated and vital keyboard playing you have ever heard”—and an almost scandalously emotional approach to his chosen purview, Johann Sebastian Bach. “I believe Bach to be a prophet,” he explains today. “Through him, I feel I can be romantic, modern, Impressionist, everything.” And so he began an explosive career that, in 1961, had him performing for JFK and Castro in the same week. Then, in 1966, fate intervened in the form of a Central Park soccer game. While practicing with a professional Brazilian team, Martins fell. “A stone came into my right elbow,” he says, rolling up his sleeve. “This,” he says momentously, “was my first accident.”

After surgery and months of physical therapy, Martins was still having problems. “Without realizing it, I had readjusted my positioning on the keyboard,” he says. “It was beginning to affect everything.” Repetitive-motion injury—as the common malady would later be classified—was sapping his playing. When Donal Henahan, the New York *Times* critic, confirmed Martins's fears with a mixed review in 1970, he finally found it hopeless. He quit. “It was so difficult to look at the piano,” he explains. “I just put a curtain over that part of my life.” Crushed, divorced, and 31, he moved back to São Paulo and took a job as a bank teller.

It may be that the same febrile intelligence that drives one to redefine the most architecturally supreme of composers spills over in strange, unexpected ways. Or it may be that pianists make good bankers. In any case, within six months, Martins had worked his way up to part owner. Then, with his amassed capital, he started a career as a boxing and, later, rock promoter, adding to his cultural achievements the introduction of Alice Cooper to Brazil. He had become a hugely successful entrepreneur—overdue, it would seem, for another turning point.

“One day, I turned on the television and saw a classical concert,” he recalls. “It was a wonderful Brazilian pianist, Antonio Barbosa. I just started crying.” So he began practicing again, regained his facility, and gave a return concert at Carnegie Hall in 1979. Martins had been missed. “The cabs couldn't move from Sixth to Seventh Avenues on 57th Street,” he says. “I played one of the best recitals of my life.” The success prompted a mission: to record all of the works Bach wrote for keyboard.

But the already ambitious goal was made even more quixotic by Martins's repetitive-motion injury, which required 48 hours' bed rest prior to a concert. “With this syndrome, you wake up in the morning and can do anything,” says Martins. “But then after one hour, you're stuck.” The frustrations proved too much once, in 1985, when he quit and started a construction company in Brazil. But he eventually resumed his survey of the Bach works—about 30 hours of music—and is now one year and three discs from completion.

In 1993, though, in Bulgaria, Martins's luck caught up with him: He was mugged—by Gypsies, no less—on his way from a recording session. A blow to the head left him unconscious for hours and triggered a minor stroke, paralyzing a certain part of his anatomy. Guess which one.

“His right hand was completely spastic,” says Dr. Bernard Brucker, a medical-school professor and pioneer of biofeedback therapy. Martins's hand surgeon had suggested Brucker, whose résumé included restoring a paralyzed girl's ability to walk. Martins's request was rather more extravagant. “He couldn't hold a *cup*,” says Brucker. “We were hoping just to restore gross motor coordination.” Instead, he was being asked to restore the ability to play twenty notes a second.

Biofeedback therapy—reprogramming the brain to use different cells for the same task—takes extraordinary concentration and sensitivity, but Martins was a star pupil. “He understood very precise, fine motor control much better than other people,” the doctor remembers. “And his dedication was complete. It was life and death for him.”

Now, putting down his glass, Martins shows the results—thrummingly dashing off a Mozart concerto on the tablecloth. “My ability is better than I've had in my whole life,” he says. Though he has yet to relearn hand-shaking or fork-holding—he postponed work on non-piano-playing functions—Martins will, on May 5, prove that his most important rehabilitation is complete. He'll play Ravel's *Concerto for Left Hand* and Ginastera's First Piano Concerto, followed, on May 19, with a solo recital of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier*. It is the equivalent of a paraplegic Baryshnikov rehabilitated to dance *Swan Lake*.

Though his outrageous fortunes beg some kind of epigram, the pianist is reluctant to offer life lessons (other than, cryptically, “The Chinese say, ‘Before learning to multiply, learn to divide’ ”). He does, however, credit one person, his father, as a particular inspiration. At 98, the senior Martins remains the sort of vibrant magical-realist patriarch that befits such a story. “His dream was to be a pianist,” says Martins. “But when he was 10, he lost his finger in a press machine. Still, he has managed to live to 98 very well without that finger.” ▬

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN VELENCHENKO
FOR *NEW YORK*

MR.
ANGRY

CHARLES GRODIN,

CPi

SEINFELD listened as Grodin spieled: There was no snub, says Grodin.

WHEN CHARLES GRODIN COMES INTO your living room as host of the year-and-a-half-old *Charles Grodin* show on CNBC, he doesn't bring you the usual chitchat. He brings his entire psyche. His monologues are trips right into the pasta fagioli of his unconscious. You're in there, bobbing around in anger, fear, grief, and obsessive-compulsion. Charles Grodin was once a comedic actor, star of Broadway and film, known for memorable roles in *Midnight Run, The Heartbreak Kid,* and a couple of very successful children's movies in which he played opposite a dog named Beethoven. Then he left acting last year to start a talk show with a ten-minute monologue, some celebrity-newsmaker interviews, and a singer. And suddenly he's Bobby Kennedy, Lenny Bruce, Mother Theresa, and Fred Allen. He's Kathie Lee Gifford with a dark side, a liberal Rush Limbaugh, the *fin de siècle* Jack Parr, a man with more agendas than all of CNBC's political commentators put together, and funny. And weird.

His interviews are living Rorschach tests that sandblast right through the showbiz patina to the real person, as his guests struggle to figure out what's going on. Some instantly engage with his dry humor; non sequiturs; high, hilarious giggle; and probing psychological questions, and others shut down. Jerry Seinfeld booked himself because he relished the high-wire walk with the strange, funny man who won't allow any pre-interviews. But Kathleen Quinlan, star of *Apollo 13,* declined to appear, telling Letterman the next week, "I didn't want to work that hard."

NOW EVERY EVENING, AFTER THE SCENES OF NEW YORK AT NIGHT and a few bars of an old standard, there he is, left side turned slightly toward the camera, looking as serious as cancer. The monologues are about child abuse, drunken drivers, the tobacco lobby, elitism and snobbism as precursors to racism, the end of the safety net. He's outraged, building to a crescendo of anger, sometimes bellowing, as he did while demanding a new hearing for a death-row inmate: "If we're gonna execute a man when we have this kind of information, *the hell with this system!*"

Then, as his anger begins to curve into despair, he looks away from the camera, far away into the night—perhaps to the locus of all anger—and fights for control of his emotions. He takes a long pause (he believes deeply in the pause, fought bitterly with Roman Polanski over the pause when they were making *Rosemary's Baby*), then looks back into the camera. And for us—for the movie star in the greenroom, for CNBC, because he's done all he can for now—he tries to go on.

"My guests," he'll say, in a horrifyingly controlled whisper from which the anger will continue to erupt periodically, are Robert MacNeil, formerly of *MacNeil/Lehrer,* who left because he didn't want "to have his head filled with *things like this,*" and Billy Dee Williams, "a great actor—and if he wasn't *black,* he'd probably be one of our biggest movie stars." But first, Grodin will show a clip of himself chatting with his favorite CNBC anchor, the adorable Janice Lieberman, "because I need a little break," he says, "and I'm sure you do, too."

We find ourselves wondering, as Uta Hagen and Lee Strasberg, the legendary acting teachers who trained him in Method acting, asked him many a time: Who are you? Where are you coming from? What is your objective? And above all, what do you want from us?

STANDING IN THE DOORWAY OF HIS BOXY LITTLE OFFICE AT CNBC headquarters in Fort Lee, New Jersey, Grodin—who's 61 but looks at least a decade younger on air—couldn't look more grandfatherly in his blue cable-stitched cardigan and black wide-wale corduroys. He's over six feet and stocky, thanks to a back-strengthening upper-body regimen, but he's got a pussycat face, and he's smiling.

I begin by asking about his attacks on the critic Rex Reed when he was on as a guest. Grodin had seemed viciously angry, but was it shtick? Immediately his face clouds over. He is angry.

"No, the truth of the matter about me is, I'm Mr. Retaliation, I totally am," he says. I begin to smile, but his voice hardens. He's not kidding. "I basically keep a little bit of a comic veneer on the air, maybe even off the air as we're sitting here right now, but the truth of the matter is, I have real venom in my heart. I really do.

“THAT CYNICAL, THIN-SKINNED

Previous page: prop styling by Mark Chandler/Ivy Bernhard.

"I do believe in striking back if someone comes after you, and I felt that Rex Reed, he attacked me once, and [*New York* Magazine critic] John Simon, I don't know if he ever did, but these guys have made their whole career not just criticizing but butchering people and walking to their fame over the bodies."

Grodin feels permanently butchered. There's the theater teacher at the Pittsburgh Playhouse who told the fledgling actor he'd never get anywhere if he didn't learn to speak Cary Grant–style English; the critic who once said he looked like he should be holding the leading man's coat; the close friend he says never recovered his confidence after a critic's lashing. Grodin never forgets.

Even his current-events monologues circle back around to his own butcherings and his retribution. When he talked about the young African-American kid who was harassed by the Eddie Bauer store clerks and security guards because of his skin color, he concluded, "These people grow up, and these people can be me, all of us. All of us that are mistreated have somewhere in our heads and our hearts that somewhere we're gonna get back, we're gonna strike back. Cause and effect."

About whether he's angry, he says these things:

"I'm never angry."

"I've never been angry or outraged as a guest on a show; as a host, I can be."

"I'm angry about Rex Reed because I think it's wildly inappropriate to do stuff like that."

"I'm really not angry—not that I'm *never* . . . I am sometimes."

"It comes out comedically, because otherwise people would think this is the angriest guy on television or this is the angriest guy in the world."

He's not doing this for fun. He wants to make a difference, strike back, change the world, nothing less. He chose CNBC over syndication because he wanted a serious time slot and a serious audience; he didn't want to be throwing cans of ham to the audience, like Letterman.

"So you don't want to act anymore?" I ask him.

"No, I don't want to act. Do you want to act? I don't want to act."

"So why did you ever want to act?"

"Well, I don't know. I didn't know this was available."

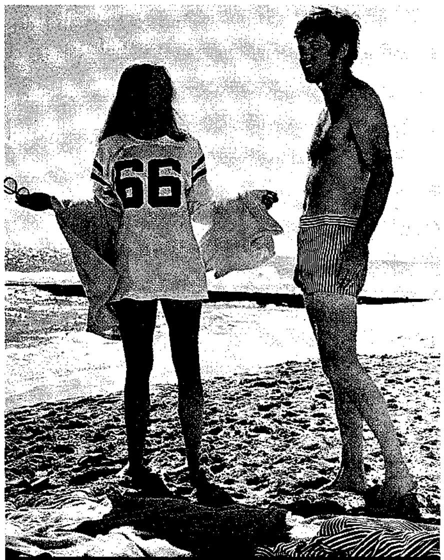
His needs were incompletely filled by acting. He hated the waiting around, being at the mercy of Hollywood's caprice, the movie-industry types; and he could never get them to like him anyway, even though they paid him $2 million a picture. Warren Beatty told him, "I heard you were crazy," when they worked together on *Heaven Can Wait.*

WHEN I ARRIVE BACKSTAGE AT CONAN O'BRIEN'S SHOW A MONTH later to see Grodin do one of his first talk-show appearances since becoming a host himself, he is in a very small waiting room, pacing. Aides are anxiously trying to keep him entertained so he won't leave, since things are running very late and he wants to get home to Connecticut to have dinner with his 8-year-old son, Nicky, and his second wife, Elissa.

I scrutinize his face and body language for signs that he's planning to go on in the persona of the hostile misfit he made famous in hundreds of appearances on Carson's *Tonight Show* and with Letterman. He'd stalk onstage, sit down facing the audience, not the host, and start speaking first—which Johnny's staff begged him not to do. He once told Loretta Lynn, "No one is that interested in our new anything," after she plugged her album. He can be excruciatingly unresponsive to the normal host banter, and pick fights over trivial matters. Once, he even stalked offstage in a fury. He never once let on that it was a joke. Later, Fred de Cordova, the executive producer, drafted a form letter to irate viewers that soothed, "I'm terribly sorry that you didn't enjoy the Johnny Carson–Charles Grodin 'spoof.' "

So I asked him, and he says, "No, I'm myself right now, and I will be when I walk out." It struck me as sad that he has to existentially position himself constantly, and I remember that he once wrote an article for *Premiere* titled "I'm Not Who I Play," because people took his performances as a jerk in *The Heartbreak Kid* and *Rosemary's Baby* so seriously.

Then we go out into the hallway to wait, and Faith Ford of *Murphy Brown* stops to introduce herself to Grodin on her way to her dressing room. Things go smoothly until she says, "I've done two shows today," while making extravagant hand and head movements to convey a sense of chaos. "I've done seven!" Grodin replies immediately, matching her tone and thereby seeming to be sympathetic while distinctly satirizing her. The crowd of aides around laughs nervously, waiting for him to acknowledge the joke, but he just squeals, "I did!" and looks incredulously at us who would doubt him. Ford took her leave fast, and Grodin just stood there saying, "Was that a scene? Are we in a movie? That was just a scene in a movie, right?" Then he turned to me and his assistant of five years and now one of his producers, Clay Dettmer, and savored it. "She was wondering, *Is this guy real?* I was being real."



THE HEARTBREAK KID

"He goes through all the emotions you're seeing," says Gardner. "It's like you're watching an actual person rather than a person pretending."

GRODIN HAS ALWAYS PLAYED THE LINE BETWEEN REALITY AND PERformance, anger and comedy, onscreen and in real life. It's what made Henny Youngman complain once, "Grodin's got weird timing. I don't know what he's doing." He wasn't doing joke, punch line, joke, punch line, and he'd erased the persona of the performer. "He's not a joke-teller," explains John Gabriel, a friend for 25 years and now another of Grodin's producers. "His stuff comes from real-life situations. He responds very much to the environment around him."

He Method-acts his comedy. Watching him *is* weird, as in when you have an interaction with someone who leaves you feeling strange, as though you didn't quite connect, and you're wondering whether it was you or whether that guy was just incredibly hostile to you. It's something sociolinguists call an asymetrical speech event.

Grodin insists (a) that it was always an act when he was hostile to Johnny and (b) that Johnny knew it. But he also writes that he spoke first because "not doing that put me in a passive position that made me uncomfortable," so it seems the bit was in service of his own needs. He also admits he's using his own

GUY IN THE MOVIES IS REALLY HIM," DERSHOWITZ SAYS.

Photograph by Photofest.

hostilities to give life to a characterization of a hostile guy. So Johnny and Loretta are encountering real hostility, beneath the fake-hostile veneer of a character. Carson himself seemed to know this; although he put Grodin on contract to appear exclusively for a time, he also banned him from the show several times after particularly raw performances.

Grodin wrestles with this problem of people thinking he's being real when he's being hostile, and Dettmer speaks for all his friends who can't watch his hostile performances: "His whole career is different than he is," says Dettmer, slightly pained.

"Despite my wise-guy thing, I'm really not," Grodin insists one night on the air with typically tortured grammar. Then he spends several minutes explaining what he said, what he meant, asking what you think. He shows clips of errors he made that he blames on his producer Alice Hurwit, then shows clips of himself berating her and her responding, "You can't expect perfection, Chuck." Then he asks the audience, "Is it her, or is it me?" The fact is, though he says he wants people in on the joke, playing with people's sense of reality *is* the joke.

Grodin says it's just one of the comedic moves he's got to work with, but it's also an effective defense: It keeps the world at bay. He once said on the air that he liked being a talk-show host for the same reason he liked patrolling the Brooklyn waterfront on the graveyard shift as a Pinkerton night watchman way back, because "I really don't like to hear that much from other people." This is the man who admits he used to be so anxious about running into Johnny backstage that he would memorize everything he was going to say to him in real life, off-camera, but never memorized anything he'd say on-camera.

When Grodin finally makes his appearance on the Conan O'Brien show, he walks out slowly; sits facing the audience; starts speaking before Conan can open his mouth; insults Conan's sidekick, Andy Richter; gets the audience whooping at the gall; then tells Conan, "See, what you got now is like tension—that's what you want."

BEETHOVEN **Grodin and Saint Bernard. When asked if he'll return to the movies, Grodin says, "No, I don't want to act. Do you want to act? I don't want to act."**

IN JULY 1994, WHEN CNBC'S THEN–HEAD OF PROGRAMMING, ANDY Friendly, was looking at the crater in his prime-time lineup caused by Tom Snyder's move to CBS, he was thinking fun. He had six months to find a replacement. The usual suspects were on hand—the David Brenners, Joan Riverses, Vicki Lawrences—and he knew CNBC wouldn't lose big, but he knew it wouldn't win big, either, and CNBC needed to win big or risk going backward for the first time in its six-year history, right when everyone was watching. He needed someone risky, like Bob Berkowitz of the sex talk show *Real Personal* or Mary Matalin of *Equal Time,* someone who makes viewers watch partly out of disbelief.

Grodin was talking to King World about developing a show, He appeared on Tom Snyder's show and auditioned, saying, "Let's pretend I'm the host . . ." Friendly saw it and thought: That's the guy.

Friendly conceived of Grodin's show as the dessert at the end of the CNBC meal, and it was a good call at the time—based on Grodin's comedic style and Hollywood contacts. But as the O.J. trial heated up, Grodin began to do monologues on racism and the justice system, and his intense passion about social issues began to surface. Grodin had warned then–CNBC president Roger Ailes, "I'm left of left." Still, Ailes, who is definitely right, couldn't have imagined the scope of Grodin's rants: "In the sixties," he said on one show, "we were lied to about Vietnam; in the seventies we were lied to about Watergate; and now we're being lied to about O. J. Simpson, and I am sick of it, along with millions of other people."

"I'm actually an extremely serious person, much more serious than most people are," Grodin tells me, but people don't realize it when they see the *Beethoven* movies, for example. They don't know he went out to visit Cesar Chavez in the sixties, or that Lenny Bruce is an idol, or that he conceived and directed a Simon and Garfunkel anti-war television special in 1969. The special interspersed shots of soldiers on stretchers in Vietnam with "Scarborough Fair," showed footage of Bobby Kennedy's funeral train during "Bridge Over Troubled Water," and generally had the message, as Grodin puts it, "Let's get out of Vietnam, let's stop persecuting blacks, let's show what's wrong with America." AT&T pulled out as sponsor, but CBS aired it, and when the funeral train came on, 1 million people turned it off. The William Morris Agency, Grodin's agents, told him he could forget about working in television for a while.

"Grodin is the definition of high-risk, edgy, scary, live, dangerous television," Friendly says, happily. His watchword to the staff was "Stay alert!" He told them, "You have to listen to every word and look at his eyes carefully and every inflection . . . because he's so deadpan, you have no idea, he could just be putting you on." Grodin is obsessive, the polar opposite of Tom Snyder. Where Snyder would think up his monologue on his morning walk, "Charles spends days, weeks, preparing for his monologue—he's like ten writers at once, writing and churning and rewriting," Friendly says. He has to tell Grodin to relax. "He writes and rewrites and rewrites and reedits the tapes and the intros and all the segues, over and over and over again, until he's happy, right up until air."

The hardest thing for Friendly was dealing with someone who can't bear criticism, and who thinks everything is a criticism. Friendly learned to talk about twenty innocuous things and slip a couple of suggestions in.

The new regime, CNBC president Bill Bolster and programming vice-president Bruno Cohen, is far less indulgent. The two come from news, from WNBC-TV, and they see Grodin not as dessert but as a companion piece to *Rivera Live,* an emotional outburst after Geraldo's cooler, more analytic take on the issues. Cohen sees Grodin's audience as Geraldo viewers mixed with people who've rejected network shows and are grazing for something edgier. He says he wants to focus Grodin, not tame him.

"I don't see why CNBC can't be competitive with the broadcast networks," Cohen says. And now, three weeks after his arrival, the singers are gone, the celebrity interviews are being cut back, issue shows are increasing, and Grodin's been asked to shape his monologues according to each show's theme.

"SOME PEOPLE THINK I COULD BE A DOCTOR OR A MISSIONARY. I'M

Photograph by Photofest.

CNBC has been delighted with Grodin's recent on-air war with Alan Dershowitz, which began last month on Grodin's show. Since then, Grodin has told and retold his side of the feud in several monologues, provided videotape evidence, and even invited lawyers like Tom Puccio to affirm his position. Dershowitz clamored for equal time, so CNBC's Cohen dreamed up a two-hour special moderated by Geraldo in which the two men debated and a panel of experts provided post-game analysis while THE FEUD FROM FORT LEE flashed along the bottom of the screen.

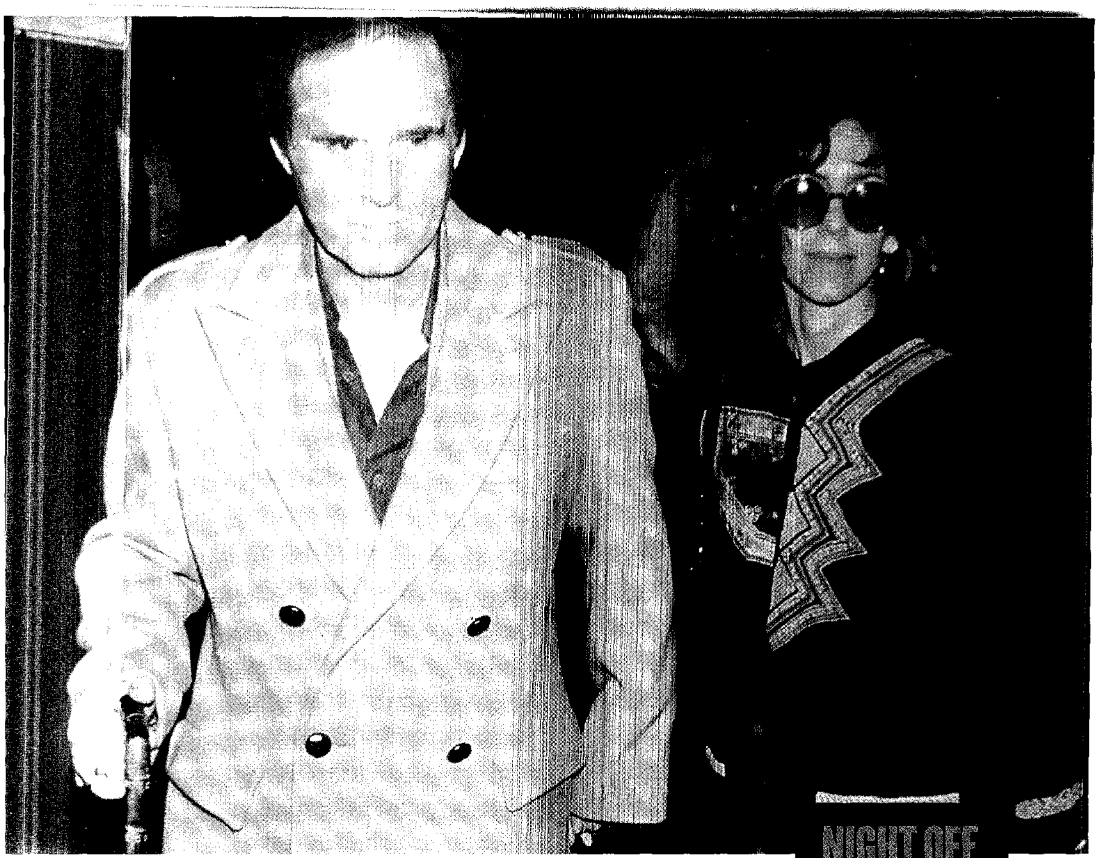
"It's really quite unprecedented for a major talk-show host to use seven, eight hours of air time to even a score and take revenge," says Dershowitz. "He's a child, an absolute child.

"My wife's a psychologist, and she has diagnosed him," says Dershowitz. "He struggles with control. I'm like an addiction to him; he can't break the habit." Dershowitz postulates that Grodin identifies with him: "He's Jewish; he's a liberal; he's middle-aged; he thinks he's like me. He expected me to like him and I didn't, and he's pissed."

Then Dershowitz twists the knife: "That cynical, thin-skinned guy in the movies is really him. We used to think that was acting. . . . He's a bad actor."

The bad blood between Dershowitz and Grodin is real, but contrary to a recent published report in *Variety*, both CNBC management and Grodin deny that there's been conflict on the set. The *Variety* piece alleged that when Grodin failed to make use of an appearance by Jerry Seinfeld by doing his monologue as usual, getting to Seinfeld well into the show, then talking for most of the time, Bolster exploded.

"What the hell would I have to be cool to Jerry Seinfeld about?" says Grodin, mentioning that Seinfeld has based an episode of *Seinfeld* on Jerry's going on Grodin's show. "I don't think I've ever had a better relationship with CNBC management," he says. "We get along great. And there's only one reason: the ratings. The ratings are extremely high, so they're happy." Currently, he beats CNN in his time slot, according to Bruno Cohen, drawing more than a million of the 60 million houses that receive CNBC.



NIGHT OFF
Grodin with his wife, Elissa. *Friends include* Regis Philbin, Jack Paar, and Phil Donahue.

THE SUN HAS BECOME AN ENORMOUS RED DISK SETTING OVER THE quiet houses of Fort Lee below Grodin's office window. The room is now almost completely dark, but Grodin does not turn on the light. The walls of his office are bare, as are all the surfaces. The computer and phone are not hooked up. "Is this really your office?" I ask. "No, this is just the set of an office," he jokes. Then he becomes very serious. He strokes the edge of the desk, looking down. "I'm extremely impressionable, and that's like a key to me. That's why I so carefully protect myself."

The atmosphere takes a dive into sadness. "I couldn't ask Patty Duke the questions I had on the card today," he says, shaking his head in disbelief. "*I couldn't read my own questions out loud.* It just felt too glib. 'So your mother attempted suicide and . . .' I'm not all that adjusted in this area. I find many things unwatchable, unable to speak about."

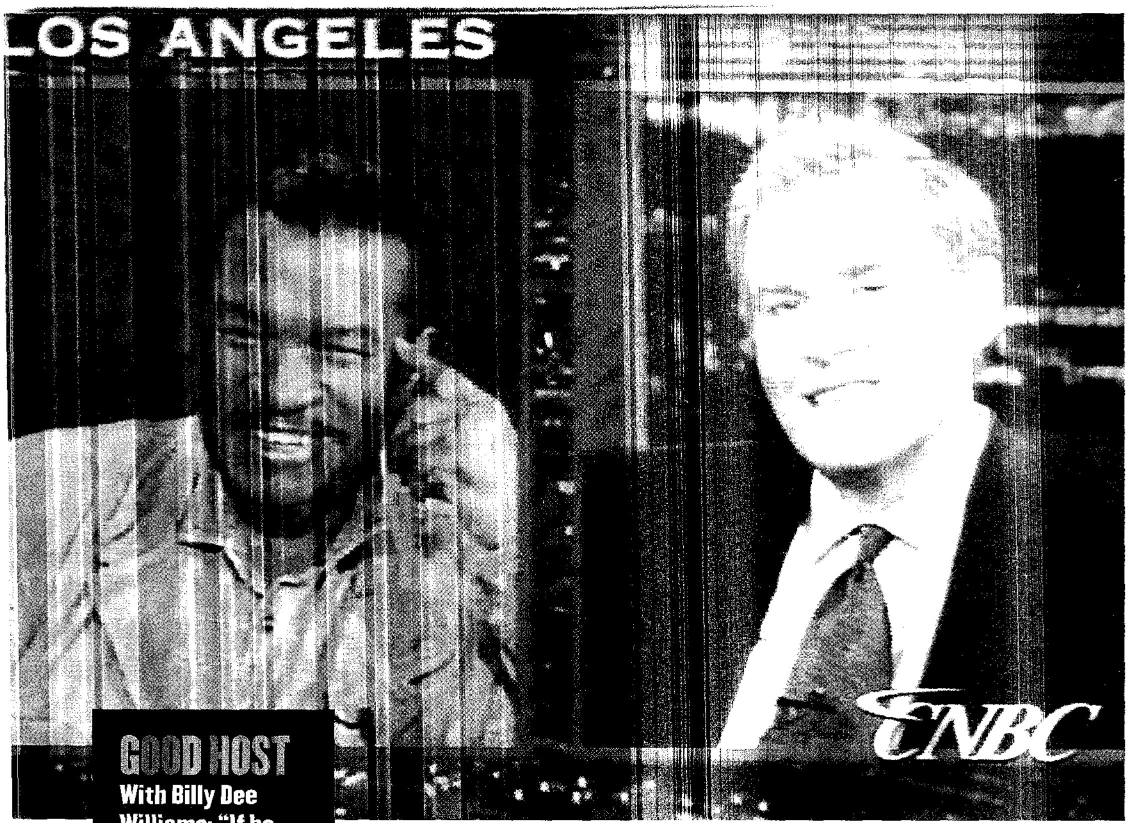
In *How I Get Through Life* (his third of three memoirs), he writes that he's spent his life "finding a place between an open wound and a detached personality." His close friend Herb Gardner says, "He's somebody trying to get through life with no skin at all." His normal state is one of hyper-awareness. So much so that he can't bear to have anything on his walls because he feels too much; he thinks he is in danger of total annihilation from too much feeling. "Life will just, you know, really, for certain people, and I think I'd be one of them, it could just overwhelm you. And has, in the past."

His books are full of examples of this deadly impressionability. Buying clothes is hard because "if I bring a new shirt or hat into my house, it really becomes part of my life—like my inner circle." Classical music makes him sad and tense, and if it catches him even in the form of elevator Muzak, he has to have a glass of water and some fresh air when he gets to his floor. "I've never been able to visit a children's hospital," he tells me, and his voice breaks slightly. "I'm afraid of what's going to happen to me."

O.J. overwhelmed him one night. "If O. J. Simpson is not guilty, I hope he's found not guilty," he said in a voice garroted with anger at the end of

BUILDING A CHURCH OF SOME KIND."

Photograph by Randy Bauer/Ron Galella.



GOOD HOST
With Billy Dee Williams: "If he wasn't black, he'd probably be one of our biggest movie stars."

the show. He looked to the locus of anger, shaking his head. "I don't believe it." But he couldn't pull himself back that night. Despair enveloped him; you could see him check out. He barely squeaked, "Goodnight, everybody. Goodnight, Mom," and the camera pulled away, leaving him alone on the stage, shaking his head, staring at the huge monitor across from him bearing the words CHARLES GRODIN, shaking his head, alone.

This vulnerability made him a great actor. "He goes through all the emotions you're seeing," says Gardner. "It's a kind of genius. You feel you're watching an actual person rather than an actor pretending," which is why people respond so strongly to him. Grodin tells me, "Everything I do here, or even as we're talking now, is in response *to*," and I realize: He Method-acts his whole life. It's as if he were constantly in the exposed state of an actor about to play a suicide scene. The problem is, he can't turn it off.

That's why the phobia of criticism. He's so porous. He's afraid of losing his confidence, the way he did once when a girlfriend called him on the set of a movie to say she was moving out. He had a lighthearted scene to do, and he couldn't do it—every actor's worst fear. But strangely, he also doesn't really protect himself. He's telling me all this; he has told the world all this in his books and on his shows. Why risk such vulnerability when you're so vulnerable? "He could be safely stashed away in nine TV series, and he stays out there," says Gardner. "He walks the high wire on a daily basis."

That's also why he keeps a "nucleus," as he calls it, around him at CNBC. His thirtyish daughter, Marion, who went to public school in New York and has a killer tough-gal accent, does man-in-the-street interviews; tall, serene John Gabriel does the "Ask Chuck" segment with him and used to book the singers; and Dettmer is his second skin. He was Grodin's personal assistant, and the tall, Nick Nolte–looking kid from a big, poor Oakland, California, family knows his main job is still to keep him from spinning out. It's a heavy load.

Dettmer drives Grodin from Connecticut to Fort Lee and back every day. He calls hotels ahead of time and begs them to respect Grodin's cardinal rules: He must have extra bedding that has not been thrown on the floor—he discovered with horror that regular practice of hotel bed-making many years ago—he needs a lock on the inside of the door to which only he has the key, and has to have a bedboard. Usually this isn't much of a problem, because Grodin never goes anywhere. "I don't normally leave home, and when I do leave home to go out with people—this is just the way it is, I'm not making any of this up—they are people who have talk shows," he says on the air. Regis Philbin, Jack Paar, and Phil Donahue, and their spouses, all neighbors, are virtually the only people he socializes with. But the natural desire of his wife and his 8-year-old son to venture beyond the protected zone of the house occasionally forces Grodin out.

The most heart-wrenching moment in a year of shows was when Grodin narrated his trip to Washington, D.C., with his wife, their son, and Dettmer. "Anytime I go anywhere, this is what happens," he began. The hotel staff falls all over him, offering "crackers and here's some water, here's some cheese, and here's some wi—but there's no lock on the door." His face falls. Someone in the studio makes a forced laugh, *ooh, ooh, ooh,* as if Grodin's building a joke, but it's obvious he's not telling this to be funny. It's absurd, and terribly sad. He asks for blankets; they say they're in the closet, but they're on the floor. He asks for some that have never been on the floor. They say the locks already on the doors have only one key, in a safe-deposit box accessible only by the fire warden.

"The first day I'm in any hotel . . . it's a work day," Grodin says wearily. People are coming and going with new bedding; new locks are installed on the three doors to the suite. "And the second day I was there is also a work day, because you could get pneumonia because they can't control the air-condi—I mean, it's freezing, people are walking around in sweaters and catching colds and everything, and this is for close to a thousand bucks a day, I'll share that with you."

GRODIN HAS ALWAYS FELT THE WORLD TO BE AN EXCEPTIONALLY perilous place. He grew up in Pittsburgh, near the Highland Park Zoo, and says he was never sure whether the lions were roaring from inside their cages or out. He coped by making up twenty-second jokes timed to the intervals of maniacal hyena laughter ripping through his room. During the war, when Grodin asked his older brother whether the Japanese would come to their house, his brother replied, "Yes, they will." His father was ill from childhood but worked constantly at the family dry-goods

"CHUCK'S GOT AN AGENDA. IT'S MAKING THINGS BETTER. THAT'S A

store, named the Grodin Company, and was so weak he had to hold his head up with one hand while he ate. He rarely spoke, except to growl, "Awright, the refrigerator, whaddya need, what?" as someone tried to pass behind his chair to get something. Grodin idolized him.

But they never got along very well. Grodin says his father found him exasperating, and the year Grodin turned 14, things fell apart, with his father insisting that they communicate only by note. Grodin wrote impassioned petitions to borrow the car to go on a date or to a football game, to which his father would write back equally impassioned reasonings why he shouldn't. "The notes wouldn't necessarily achieve anything," says Grodin, except making it miserable to live in a six-room house with a father who won't talk to you.

MIDNIGHT RUN Grodin with Robert De Niro and John Ashton. He trained with Method-acting gurus Lee Strasberg and Uta Hagen. Now his whole life is method-acted.

When he saw Montgomery Clift standing on the side of the road in *A Place in the Sun,* watching Elizabeth Taylor ride by in her white Cadillac, he identified with Clift's hunger, and it was the first time he ever wanted to do anything. He told his father he wanted to be an actor rather than work at the family store, and his father was not pleased. Then, shortly before he entered the University of Miami's theater program, his father died suddenly. He's been on a roller coaster of response to a sense of imminent doom ever since that happened. "I've never gotten over that," he says. "I deal with that right now. You know, the fact that we never found any kind of okay ground, never did, and it will always be a problem, no question about that."

Periods of intense engagement—writing plays and movies; directing plays, movies, TV specials; writing books; acting; and guesting on talk shows—alternated with long periods of sitting in rooms staring at the walls. He has had bouts of depression and has been in therapy several times.

The legacy is a lifelong phobia and obsession with communication. He is relentlessly tuned for sincerity and realness in others. "He tells me, 'When you wave, you should turn around the whole way; otherwise, you look insincere,' " says his friend Marlo Thomas. After her dinner parties, he calls and wants to go over everything everyone said, needing to defuse the effect of the words he took in the night before. He tells me of a terminally ill man who loved his show so much he refused morphine so he could watch it and left instructions that a photo of Grodin be placed in his casket. "In 30 years, I've never had a communication like that," Grodin marvels.

Once, Grodin returned a call to me on his car phone from the Merritt Parkway. The connection went out, and when he called back he said, "It sounded like the last thing you said was 'I'll meet you in Paris.' "

ONE NIGHT, GRODIN DOES HIS WHOLE MONOLOGUE ON HIS HATRED and phobia of criticism, concluding, "If you want to ask one thing from any person that you have anything to do with in your life, you want to feel that you can be in their presence and not be hurt by them, that they won't say anything that would hurt you. That's the safe place we're all looking for."

"Chuck's got an agenda," says Dettmer. "It's making things better. In relationships, in work, in the world. Now, that's a grandiose agenda, but he's got a show." When Grodin says he wants to have a show devoted to doctors who will explain that all those pains people have that they think are brain tumors and heart attacks are something else, he doesn't care if that gets ratings. It'll help people. "Some people feel I could be a doctor or a missionary," Grodin says. "I'm building a church of some kind. It's very much the center of my life to do this."

In the early eighties, he tried to start a movement with Carol Burnett when it struck him "that people weren't treating each other in a friendly enough manner." They went on all the talk shows to sell friendliness. Merv Griffin was skeptical. "What if a waiter spills soup on you in a restaurant?" he asked. Phil Donahue gave them a full hour even though Marlo thought "it felt a little like a Hallmark card, but it came from a sincere place." Letterman kept saying, "This is a bit, right?"

GRODIN HAS SPENT HIS WHOLE LIFE OBsessed with talking. Talking to stave off depression, confusion, madness. Talking to try to be understood, to try to make contact, to communicate, to confuse, to make clear, to save people, to save himself, to try to make a difference, just to keep trying, trying, trying, to talk things into being safe, to talk people into staying alive, to protect himself, to be known.

The gig at CNBC, "Home of the Talk All-Stars," is Charles Grodin's talking cure. Having his own show—particularly on CNBC, where quirks are allowed and his family and friends work with him—has finally given Grodin this safe place. Every day, the routine is the same; his office is bare; he has complete control. He can send any message he wants out into the world and nothing comes back—no letter, call, reading matter, human being—that hasn't been vetted by the team of shock absorbers. Everyone is friendly, and the rest of the time he's surrounded by talk-show hosts.

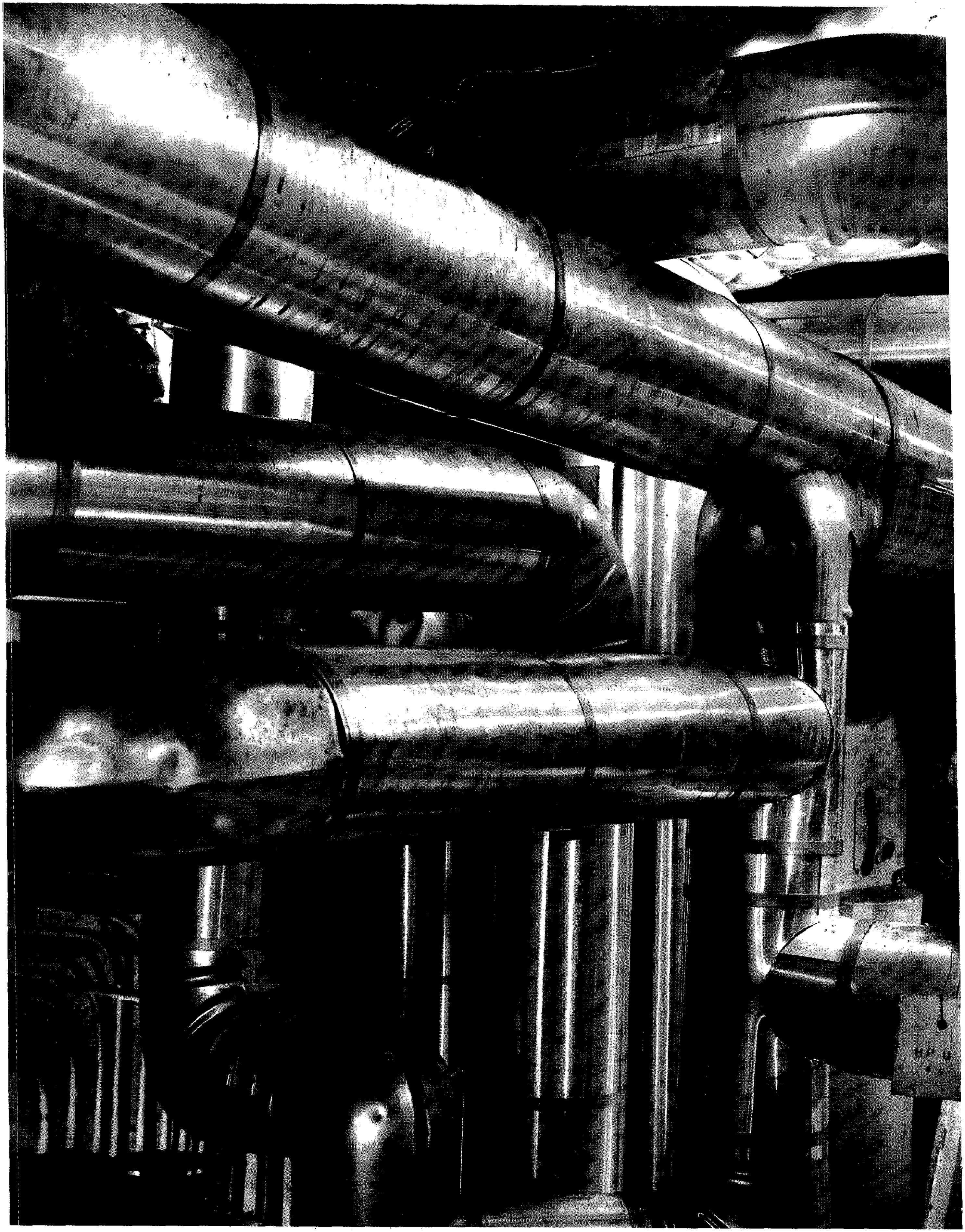
At the end of the monologue about the trip to Washington, he said, "It took everything out of me just to deal with the blankets and the locks on the door, so I never really saw the Smithsonian and the Bureau of Engraving and a couple of the other things that my wife and my son and Clay seemed to enjoy very much. I did go to the White House. We had to get up very early, and we went around and everybody seemed to enj—I *hated* it. I hated this tour—I mean, you go in, here's the Green Room. It's green. Here's the Red Room. It's red. Here's the Yellow Room. It's yellow. Here's a vase, and it came from eighteensomething—I don't care about any of this."

Someone laughs, and he responds, "I don't. I don't. I'm not saying I'm right. This is your host talking to you; that's who I am. I really don't care. That's who I am. I really don't care. It's nice to be here. Glad to be here. This is where I like to be. Home. Here. Back home. Here. That's it.

"Tonight, John Denver." ■

GRANDIOSE AGENDA, BUT HE'S GOT A SHOW."

Photograph by Photofest.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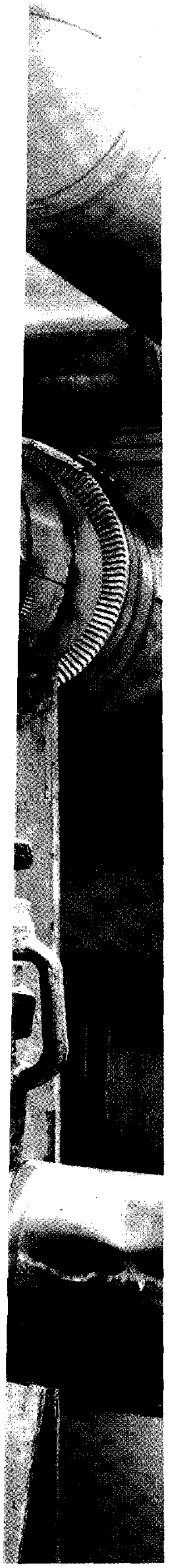


WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS, OVER AT CON EDISON'S MAMMOTH RAVENSWOOD PLANT THERE'S STILL ENERGY TO BURN. NEW YORK'S INTERNETTED, FAX-FILLED, VIDEO-PHONED FUTURE BEGINS HERE, IN OLD-FASHIONED INDUSTRIAL MIGHT.

BY DAVID FAIRBANK WHITE

THE FLAMES INSIDE THE CHAMBER LASH OUT IN A vortex of heat ten stories high. The temperature in the pit is 2,500 degrees, but it does not look like hell or remind you of hell. The light inside this oven is amber and the flames are yellow, and the glow through the peephole is radiant, as if some infinitely great power were being born. The shaft of fire is 60 feet tall.

This is Boiler No. 3 of Big Allis, Con Edison's biggest electrical generator in New York City. Big Allis works like a teakettle with a propeller at the spout. Water superheated in the boiler produces steam, which turns the blades of a turbine at the spout. That spinning produces electricity in vast quantities. On a peak day, Con Ed delivers 11 million kilowatts of electricity, and Big Allis contributes approximately 1 million kilowatts of that power. The electricity moves through 345,000-kilovolt feeder cables as fat as a man's arm, through substations around the city and into homes and offices in 110-volt service lines.

Add fire and water: Above, Con Edison's Ravenswood generating complex; at left, high-pressure-control-valve bay No. 2A, one of six at Big Allis.

Photographed by **WARREN SALOWE**

THE NEW ENERGY DEREGULATION PLAN IS NICE, BUT FOR CUSTOMERS LIKE YOU AND ME, THIS IS STILL A MONOPOLY KIND OF TOWN.

Together, Big Allis and the other two power units at the Ravenswood, Queens, power plant make up a complex of steel, steam pipes, and fire. Walking into Ravenswood, the visitor is overwhelmed by a giant apparatus of pumps, motors, condensers, turbines, fans, boilers, and coolers. An Allis-Chalmers generator the size of a missile, laid flat on the ground, makes so much noise when you stand beside it that talk is impossible. This generator turns at 1,800 revolutions per minute, pumping 1,000 megawatts every second into the power pool of Con Ed, to distribute as needed.

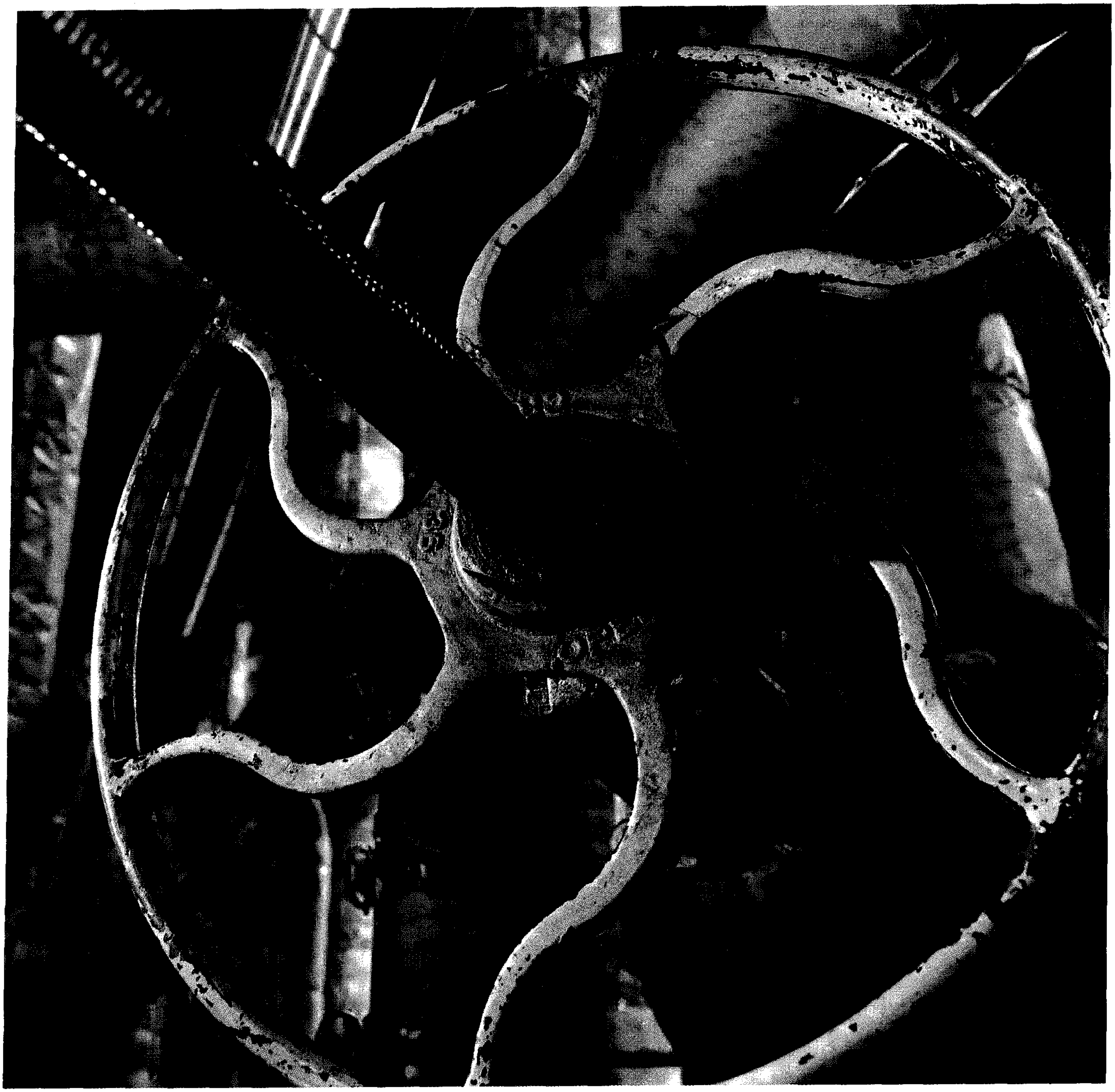
Big Allis has been working hard lately. Between 1968 and 1995, the city's electrical consumption jumped from 29 billion kilowatt-hours to a stunning 45.1 billion. In that time, 80,000 new connections sprouted to offices and apartments, and Con Ed built three new power plants upstate, dumping an additional 2 million kilowatts of power into the system. And even at that, it buys more energy than it produces: In addition to generating 18 billion kilowatts of energy last year, Con Ed bought an extra 26 billion kilowatts from other utilities.

Its own production is controlled from the Con Ed Energy Control Center in Manhattan, which looks like the Hollywood set for *Star Trek* (the exact location is a secret). The brightly lit room is utterly silent as technicians operate the ten command stations that flick power to the neighborhoods and bodegas of New York. Computers masticate data while the technicians periodically look up from their dials and gauges to study the vast chart of the system at the front of the room—a control board perhaps 200 feet long studded with blinking lights, keeping tabs on the 6,730-megawatt flow feeding the city. Power controlled from this room gushes to 294 substations that elevate or lower the level of electricity, then runs through New York in a circulatory system composed of 86,647 miles of underground cable and 32,255 miles of overhead wires.

The executives who run Con Ed say they are on top of New York's energy frenzy. The company expects our usage to grow by another 15 to 20 percent over the next decade, or between 7 and 9 billion kilowatt-hours. "There's no place in the world that has the kind of electrical density" New York has, says John T. Dillon, Con Ed's assistant vice-president of customer operations. "The island of Manhattan stands unique." The company, however, is prepared.

Con Ed may have nothing to worry about, but the rest of us could be in for a shock. Robert Ceisler, executive director of the New York Citizens Utility Board, a public-interest group, sees problems ahead for consumers. The news last week that the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission had ordered utilities to open up their wholesale markets to competition was generally reported as good news. Ceisler isn't so sure.

In the turbine room at Big Allis, 53 feet up, a shaft-driven boiler-feed pump works like a giant teakettle. Inside the tank, a turbine spins continuously to produce a million kilowatts a day.



Although Con Edison will be able to buy cheap energy from outside sources, there's no guarantee it will pass savings on to residential consumers. For us, this is still a monopoly kind of town. "If, in fact, that competition is allowed," Ceisler says, "then customers, particularly industry, are going to leave Con Ed. Con Ed will be left with all these power plants and no one to sell power to. They're going to be looking to pass on costs to whomever, most likely the residents of New York City."

In other words, households like yours and mine still make up a captive audience, in a city more addicted than ever to power.

At Big Allis, the flames roar on quietly.

Above, the de-aerator outlet of the north boiler-feed pump. To build up a good head of steam, a valve lets excess air out of the mix.

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Photographs: left, Minh + Wass (4); right, Norman (3).

The Sixties on Sixth

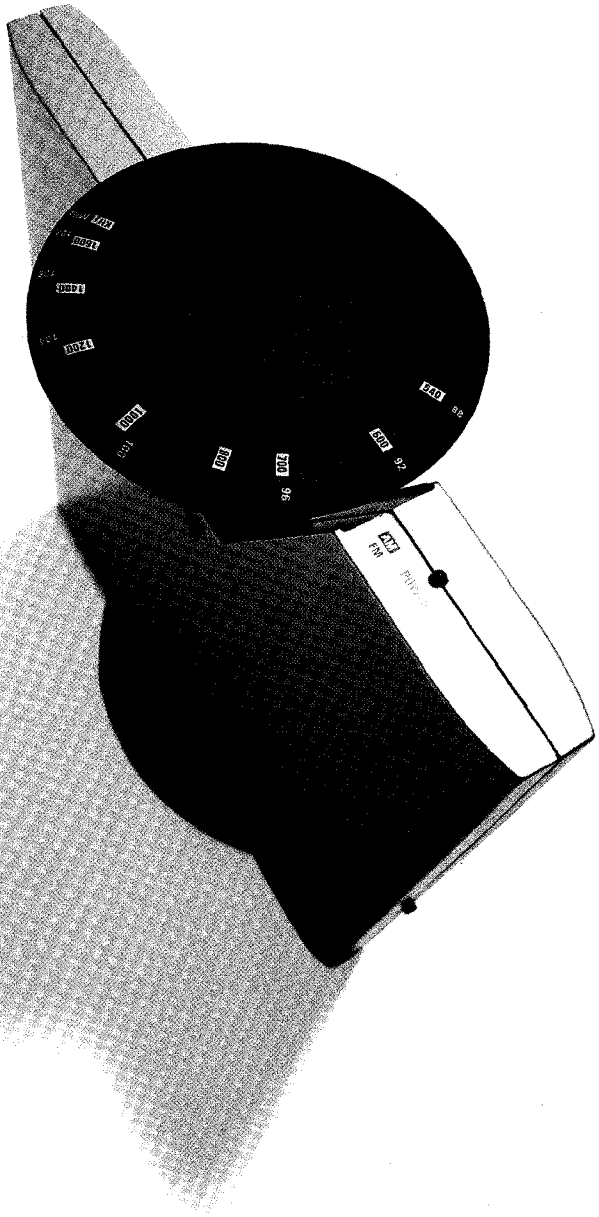
In the sixties, you didn't have to be a fashion junkie to know the name Biba. Barbara Hulanicki's boutiques were shrines of hipness and helped launch Swinging London. Hulanicki closed her last store in 1976, and in recent years she's created cosmetics, written two books, and moved to Miami, where she has designed the interiors of South Beach hotels and nightclubs. Hulanicki and her husband, Stephen Fitz-Simon, have now landed in New York and opened Fitz & Fitz, adding a welcome dash of the dramatic to the line of superstores malling Sixth Avenue. Their aggressively modern shop is swathed in brushed aluminum, with gargantuan mirrors soaring to nineteen-foot ceilings. Hulanicki's remarkably affordable designs may be deceptively simple—cotton-jersey tanks, stretchy T-shirts, A-line dresses, and unisex shirts—but her colors are fiercely idiosyncratic (from $12 for a top to $125 for a jacket).

FITZ & FITZ/*641 Sixth Avenue, near 19th Street/367-9854*

High Frequency

Radios can be fairly predictable—squat black boxes that take up a lot of counter or tabletop space. Arco's new streamlined AM/FM radio, on the other hand, is tall rather than wide and a tad under an inch thick. It's made of a silvery ABS plastic, and even the controls are singular: You raise or lower the speaker cone for volume and rotate it for station selection ($45; batteries not included).

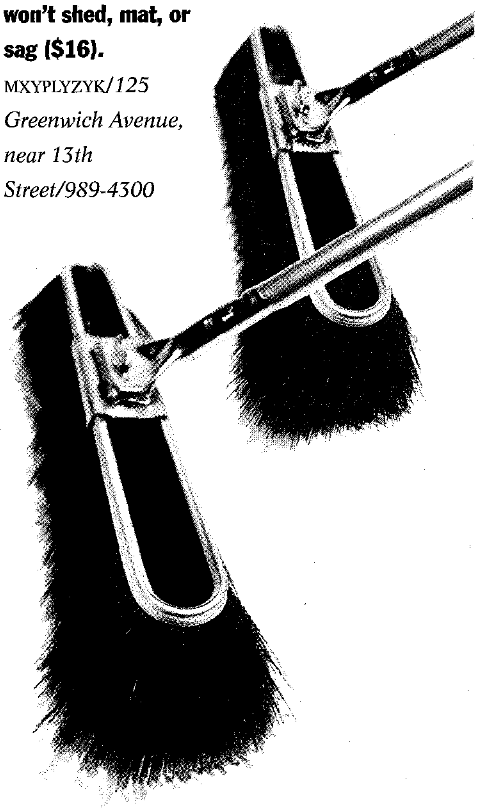
S. FELDMAN HOUSEWARES/*1304 Madison Avenue, near 92nd Street/289-7367 or 800-359-8558*

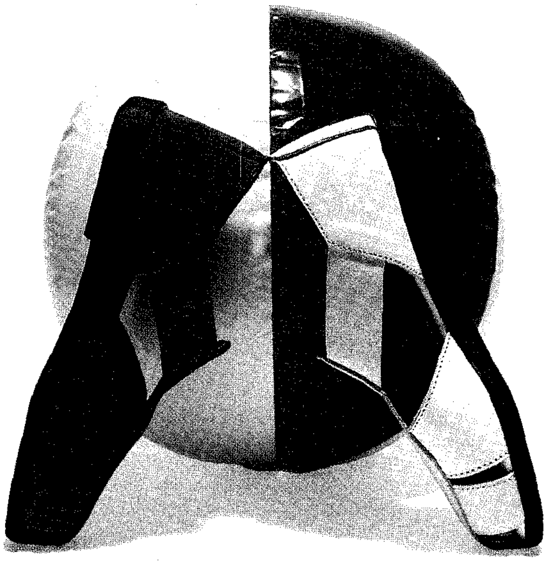


Clean Sweep

A broom that's eighteen inches wide is up to dealing with the indoor track at Chelsea Piers, not to mention any ordinary-size apartment. And Bruske Brushes are not just big; they're task-specific. Each of the five color-coded brushes covers a different sweeping chore: Yellow is extra-fine, ideal for wood floors; red is all-purpose, great for kitchens; and brown, the coarsest, is terrific for flagstone patios. The five-foot-long steel handle is nearly indestructible, and the polystyrene brushes won't shed, mat, or sag ($16).

MXYPLYZYK/*125 Greenwich Avenue, near 13th Street/989-4300*





Soft Wear

Nerdy, yes, but so cushiony even the ultravoguish have been known to slip into Aerosoles sandals for their off-camera moments. It's the "mush" factor (the combination of soft nubuck uppers and a rubbery waffle sole) that makes them supercomfortable. The nine-year-old company has just opened a New York outpost and introduced sandals in kids' sizes ($30; sizes 11 to 4).

AEROSOLES/*2649 Broadway, near 100th Street/865-4934*

A catalogued archive of the past year of "Best Bets" is now available on *New York* Magazine Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York* Magazine representative. Current CompuServe users, *go* NYMAG.

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INCONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION PAUL LUKAS

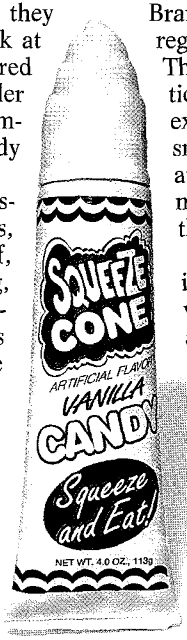
Sweet Sticky Thing

A squeeze-tube confection that's appallingly evocative, and another taste of canned pork brains.

Squeeze Cone Vanilla Candy
4-ounce tube (Amurol Confections)

CORRUPTING INFLUENCES CAN SOMEtimes be found in the most unlikely places. Remember a few years back when there was all that fuss about those serial-killer trading cards? Parents and other concerned citizens raised a big stink, but believe me, there are far more insidious products lurking in our nation's five-and-dime stores. If the family-values brigade is really worried about the plummeting morals of America's youth, they ought to take a long, hard look at Squeeze Cone, a vanilla-flavored candy that makes the serial-killer cards appear wholesome by comparison. You've heard of candy corn? Well, this is candy *porn.*

Squeeze Cone comes in a plastic tube and, as its name implies, is squeezable. The tube itself, which is about five inches long, features an assortment of playful, kid-oriented graphics but is otherwise no different from the ones used for toothpaste. Squeeze Cone's prurient appeal begins to manifest itself, however, in the tube's two-inch-long cap, a tapered, prowlike affair that lends an unmistakably phallic dimension to the overall package design. Or, in the words of almost everyone to whom I've shown this product, "Man, is that a sex toy or what?"



Ex*squeeze* me? The sugary tube.

It gets better. When you remove the cap and squeeze, Squeeze Cone turns out to be a semi-clear, viscous liquid that spurts out of the tube sort of like—well, you get the idea.

If you can get past the libidinous subtext, the obvious way to eat Squeeze Cone is to squeeze a bit onto your fingertip and then lick it off. The stuff is sort of sickly sweet, and it's hard to imagine even the most sugar-obsessed kid downing it in large doses. But according to the nutritional information on the package, the entire tube contains only three servings, which presents the extremely off-putting prospect of consuming *a third of a tube* of Squeeze Cone in one sitting. The very thought of this is more offensive than any of the product's sexual overtones—to paraphrase Potter Stewart, I may not be able to define obscenity, but I know it when I see it, and this is it. *(Amurol Confections, 2800 North Route 47, Yorkville, Illinois 60560.)*

UPDATE: NO SOONER HAD I WRITTEN ABOUT Armour Star Pork Brains ("Inconspicuous Consumption," March 4) than my pal Ray sent me a can of Kelly's Pork Brains, marketed by Kelly Foods, a regional brand based in Tennessee. The two products seem largely identical, right down to the milk gravy, except that the Kelly's can is a bit smaller than Armour's, weighing in at 5 ounces compared with Armour's 5.5—personally, I count this as progress.

The Kelly's package label is an improvement over Armour's as well: no brains-related recipes and no noxious photo of cooked brains, plus there's a jolly little leprechaun smoking a pipe and wearing a shamrock-imprinted chef's hat—presumably the Kelly's mascot—who looks quite excited to be endorsing pork brains. Of course, an *empty* can of brains would be best of all, but at least Kelly's seems to be moving in that direction.

Meanwhile, the collector in me is hooked—two cans of porcine gray matter just aren't enough. Clearly suffering from brains on the brain, I now find myself obsessed with stocking an entire cupboard with as many brands of pork brains as possible. Readers willing to help out should direct their contributions to me here at *New York;* the most entertaining submissions will be examined in this space. *(Kelly Foods, Inc., 513 Airways Boulevard, Jackson, Tennessee 38301.)* ▬

SEND PRODUCTS, gadgets, promotional literature, and suggestions to Paul Lukas, New York Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. E-mail address: krazykat@pipeline.com.

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

DRESS CODE

BY JADE HOBSON CHARNIN

THE FUR FLIES: With the fall fur shows approaching in May, fur-makers are taking aim at their animal-rights antagonists. Last week, a Scandinavian fur company claimed that PETA was paying models to abstain from wearing fur. Now some designers are charging that the furs they've lent to models and celebrities are ending up in magazine pages falsely labeled as fake. "The models don't want to admit they're wearing fur, so the editors just lie. It's upsetting to those who have designed the pieces," says one Seventh Avenue creator. "After all, *we* know fur when we see it." **HEAVY METAL:** Ever since Gucci models paraded down the runway with their slicked-back hair streaked gold, *metallics* have gilded the hautest heads in town. The best new product: Alcone's $15 oil-based liquid gold for skin, hair, everywhere. Also available at Alcone, Ben Nye Fireworks Fantasy Wheel features thick, opaque crème metallics in a palette of six shades. And while the look—first popularized by fifth-century Athenian courtesans—may not be for everyone, it *will* ensure even the most sallow consumer a positively glowing complexion. **DRESSED TO KILL:** Already beginning to tire of its retro infatuation with circa-1972 glam, fashion is taking a different circa-1972 tack: The biggest trend next fall is military—Army coats, epaulets, and yards of khaki. But for those not quite gung ho enough to shell out $3,285 for the Chanel ensemble at left (below), Kaufman's Army & Navy (319 West 42nd Street) offers a thrifty alternative, at right. Its slightly worn Army officer's jacket goes for a mere $75, and for an extra $6, Kaufman majordomo Jim Korn will happily throw in a regulation military web belt as well.

Photographs: top, Francesco Mosto; bottom left, Dan Lecca.

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SALES & BARGAINS **DANY LEVY**

Couture Shock

Society's not-so-dirty secret: Gowns that cost a fortune and last forever are typically worn just once. Where to find classy castoffs.

MARY KAVANAGH, EX-DIRECTOR of personal shopping at Bergdorf Goodman, has done the resale thing, in a supremely upscale way. A Chanel suit that would've run you $3,000 goes for $800 at Kavanagh's. Given that *Vogue* recently reported that a pair of Chanel khaki pants engendered a wait list of 164 buyers this spring, some of us will gladly settle for the hand-me-down. *Kavanagh's, 146 E. 49th St. (702-0152); A.E., M.C., V.; no checks; Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.*

Apartment Shrinks

GATHER YOUR FLOOR PLANS, PHOTOS, FABric swatches, and fantasies of his-and-her bathrooms and walk-in closets. May 4 through 9, you can meet with an interior designer and get 30 minutes' worth of clutter therapy for $25. You and the consultant will deal with issues of space utilization, storage, renovation, and lighting treatments. At eight locations throughout the city. Cash or check only. Sponsored by the New York chapter of the American Society of Interior Designers; benefits the Ronald McDonald House of New York. *For info, call 800-388-4411.*

Dinner Props

THE NAME MARBLE ARCH OUGHT TO CONjure up images of classical architecture: the London monument, Washington Square . . . Now pepper that with acanthus leaves and scrolls, and you've got the overriding theme here. You've eyed these wares at Portico and Barneys. Velvet pillows retailed at $145; here they're $54. Hem-stitched linen napkins (which reportedly have graced the table of Geoffrey Beene), usually $26, are $6. *Marble Arch Designs, 380 Lafayette St. (777-3011); cash or check with I.D.; Wed., 5/1–Fri., 5/3, 11 a.m.–7 p.m.; Sat., 5/4–Sun., 5/5, 1–5 p.m.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Retro runway hits are this year's scores, especially when they're this well preserved.

Wispy Things

TWIGGY BALLERINAS SAVE THEIR PENNIES FOR Capezio's annual sale in honor of International Dance Week. Three locations are offering 15 percent off Baryshnikov tights and One Step Ahead dancewear, 30–50 percent off other selected bodywear. And this year, designer Mirella—a favorite among the pirouette set—is having a trunk sale: 20 percent off. *Capezio Dance-Theatre Shop, 1650 Broadway, at 51st St., second floor (245-2130); Capezio East, 136 E. 61st St. (758-8833); Capezio at Steps, 2121 Broadway, near 74th St. (799-7774).*

Private Sail

YOU CAN CRUISE AROUND NEW YORK HARbor with five of your closest friends at a 20 percent discount: Silk, a 32-foot catamaran, is available for a private sunset-dinner charter cruise for six, usually $375, now $300; dinner, usually $50 per person, is now $40. *Silken Charters (201-383-3117); reserve by 6/30.*

Copycats

TERRIFIC DEALS LIKE LETTER-SIZE COLOR laser copies for $1 (as opposed to $3) are what the Ultimate Image's annual 20-to-60-percent-off sale is all about. You can also get color prints from slides, negatives, or artwork at reduced prices. For example, an 8-by-10 print, usually $26, costs $12; a 30-by-40 is $100 instead of $141. *Ultimate Image, 443 Park Avenue So., at 30th St. (683-4838); cash or check; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5:30 p.m: through 5/30.*

Pillow Talk

TUCKED AWAY IN THE ARMPIT OF MIDTOWN IS the Pillowry. Owner Marjorie Lawrence has been collecting textiles—tapestry, brocade, needlepoint, kilim—for a quarter-century. In honor of that benchmark, the entire stock is 25 percent off for the month of May. An old silk Syrian robe, usually $675, is now $506.25; an antique Kashkai kilim is reduced from $3,500 to $2,625. *The Pillowry, 132 E. 61st St. (308-1630); M.C., V. accepted. Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m.*

Fauvish Flatware

IF YOU'RE IN THE MARKET FOR PUNCHY kitchenware like big ol' brightly colored coffee cups, painted vinegar bottles, and cobalt-blue goblets, here's a 45-minute drive worth making. Zrike is disgorging its overstock, and it's got European ceramics and famous-brand crystal at 50 to 80 percent off. A Swedish crystal vase was $250, here $120; Portuguese hand-painted bowl was $65, here $24.75. *Zrike, 233 West Parkway, Pompton Plains, New Jersey (201-616-1668); A.E., M.C., V.; no checks; all sales final; Fri., 5/3, 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; Sat., 5/4, 10 a.m.–4 p.m.*

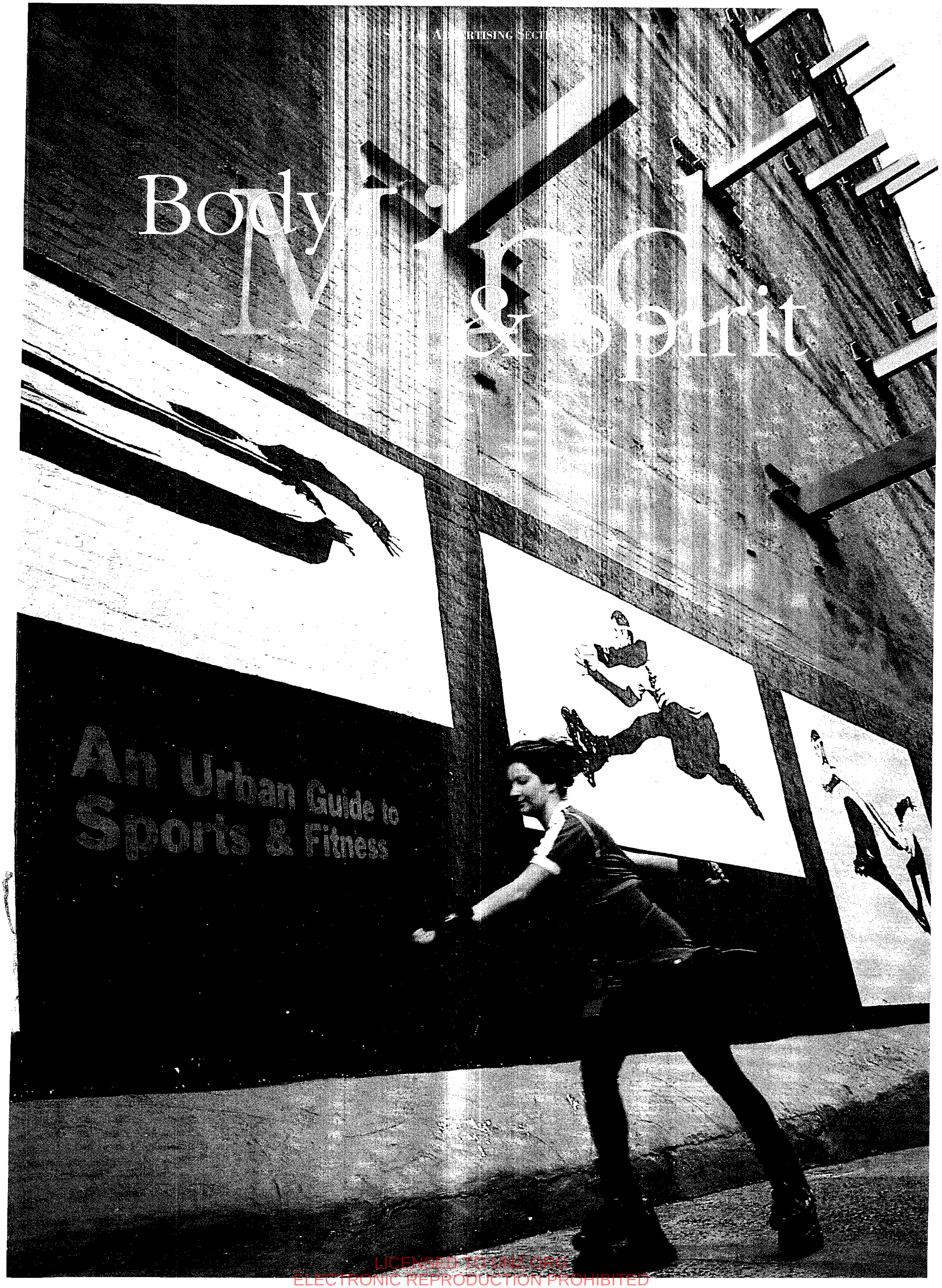
Threads for the Well-Built

LARGE-SIZE WOMEN'S SUITS (SIZES 12W–32W) are below wholesale at this showroom that sells to major department stores like Nordstrom and, west of the Mississippi, Macy's. A career suit with pilgrim collar retails at $264; here it's $112. A shantung three-piece suit is $200 off the retail $360. Coordinating hats range from $38 to $49 (usually $58–$75). *GJG Originals, 263 W. 38th St., ninth floor (575-1228); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted (merchandise held till they clear); Wed. and Fri. 11 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. 11 a.m.–8 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–4 p.m.*

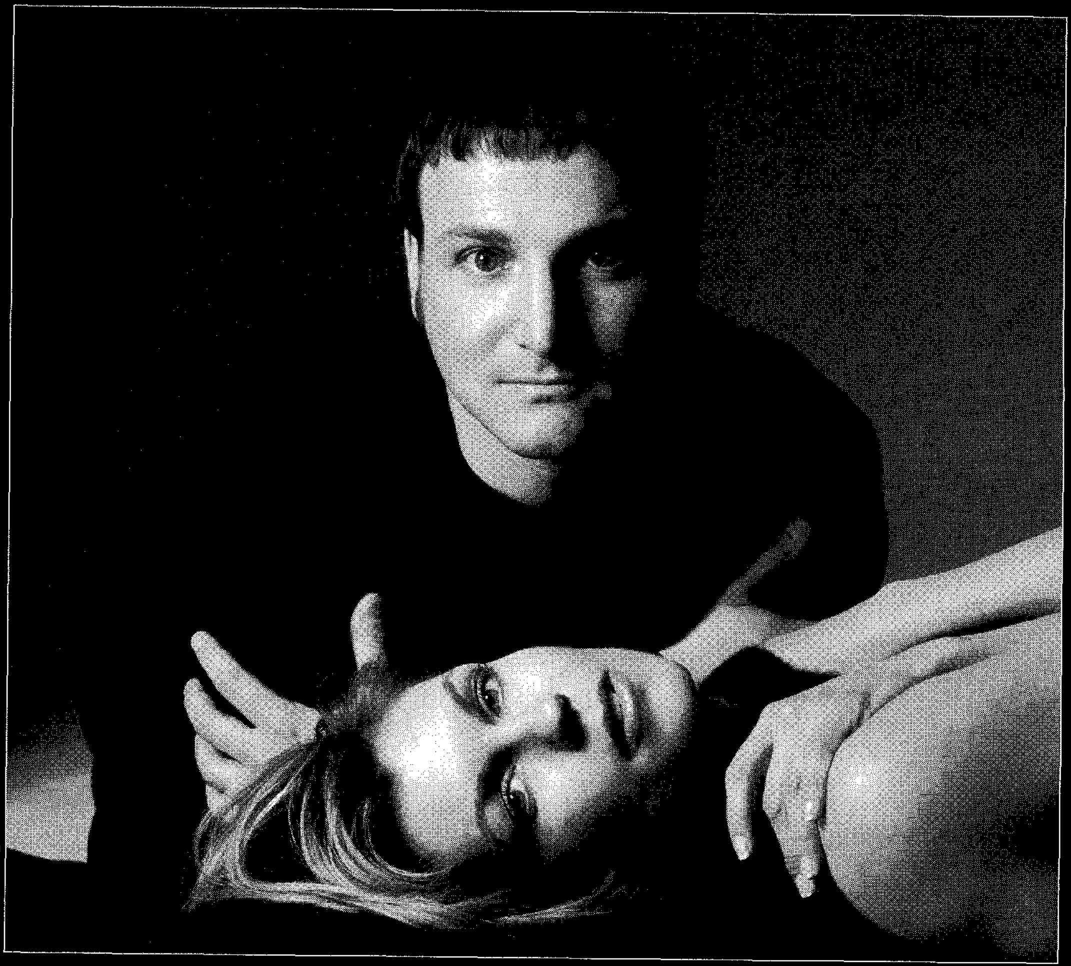
Photograph by Chris Militscher.

Body Mind & Spirit

An Urban Guide to Sports & Fitness



OUR MEMBERS KNOW WHY THEY BELONG.



TIMOTHY WHITE

MICHAEL GELMAN
Executive Producer, "Live! Regis and Kathie Lee"

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NEXT GOAL
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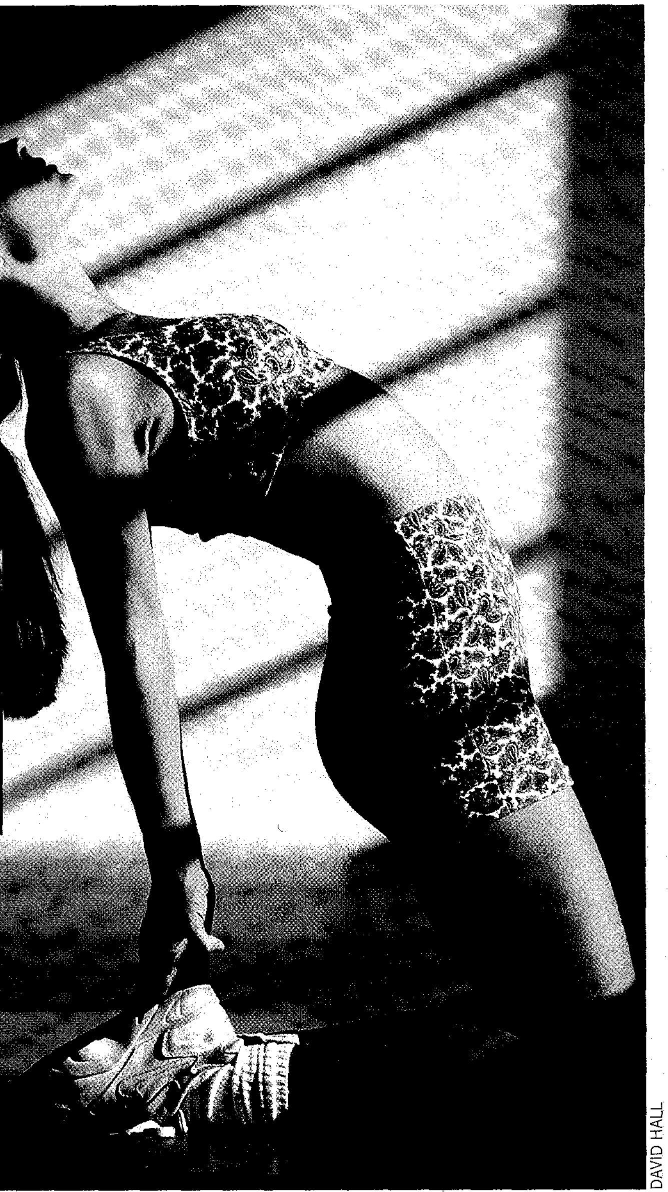
Body Mind & Spirit

Welcome to the new world of sports and fitness—a world where the health of the spirit is as important as the health of the body. Workout buffs are finding that an hour of massage or an aromatherapy session following their gym regimen engenders an overall sense of well-being. Non-impact workouts such as yoga or deep stretching lift the spirits and at the same time benefit distinct muscle groups.

New York is leading this nationwide trend. Gyms are taking an increasingly hard look at individual needs, stretching the health club concept to include everything from tailor-made workouts and rock climbing to simulation training on space-age equipment. The Fitness Passport (available through the American Lung Association of New York, 212-889-3370, $40) now gives one-time access to a variety-pack of 27 city gyms—such as David Barton and Equinox—and a chance to club hop.

Cosmetic specialists are looking into the latest alternatives in healthy beauty care, whether it's collagen treatments for your lips or simply a new lipstick made from natural ingredients. Even the gyms are installing luxe beauty and skin care salons and products. So browse through the pages of the following physique boutique; dozens of choices are available to make you both look better and feel good about yourself.

Aerobic alternative: NYHRC's low-impact Aquaciser is an in-pool treadmill.



DAVID HALL

Health clubs citywide are stretching their identities as fitness options become increasingly diverse.

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DESIGN PRODUCTION

COVER: INLINE ALONG WEST HOUSTON STREET
JAMES JOERN

The Physique Boutique

VIVE LA DIFFÉRENCE

Gyms are differentiating themselves so quickly and so completely, it is difficult to keep up. There are mega-gyms and sports complexes that cater not only to individuals but to families—and even teams of professional athletes.

When the legendary Errico family, founders of **Equinox Fitness Clubs**, open their new facility on the Upper East Side this summer, New Yorkers will see a level of luxury and care that may well set a new industry standard. E-MAX, an innovative new program, is a specific mix of training methods, athletic activities, flexibility training, nutritional counseling, and wellness sessions tailored to an individual's comprehensive metabolic assessment. The brainchild of senior trainer Richard Barretta, the program is designed to progress the athletically fit up to the strength and even performance levels of elite athletes. Equinox invests in spiritual and emotional health too, offering sessions in reflexology, acupuncture, and hypnotherapy as adjuncts to achieving total fitness.

AVERY MEYERS

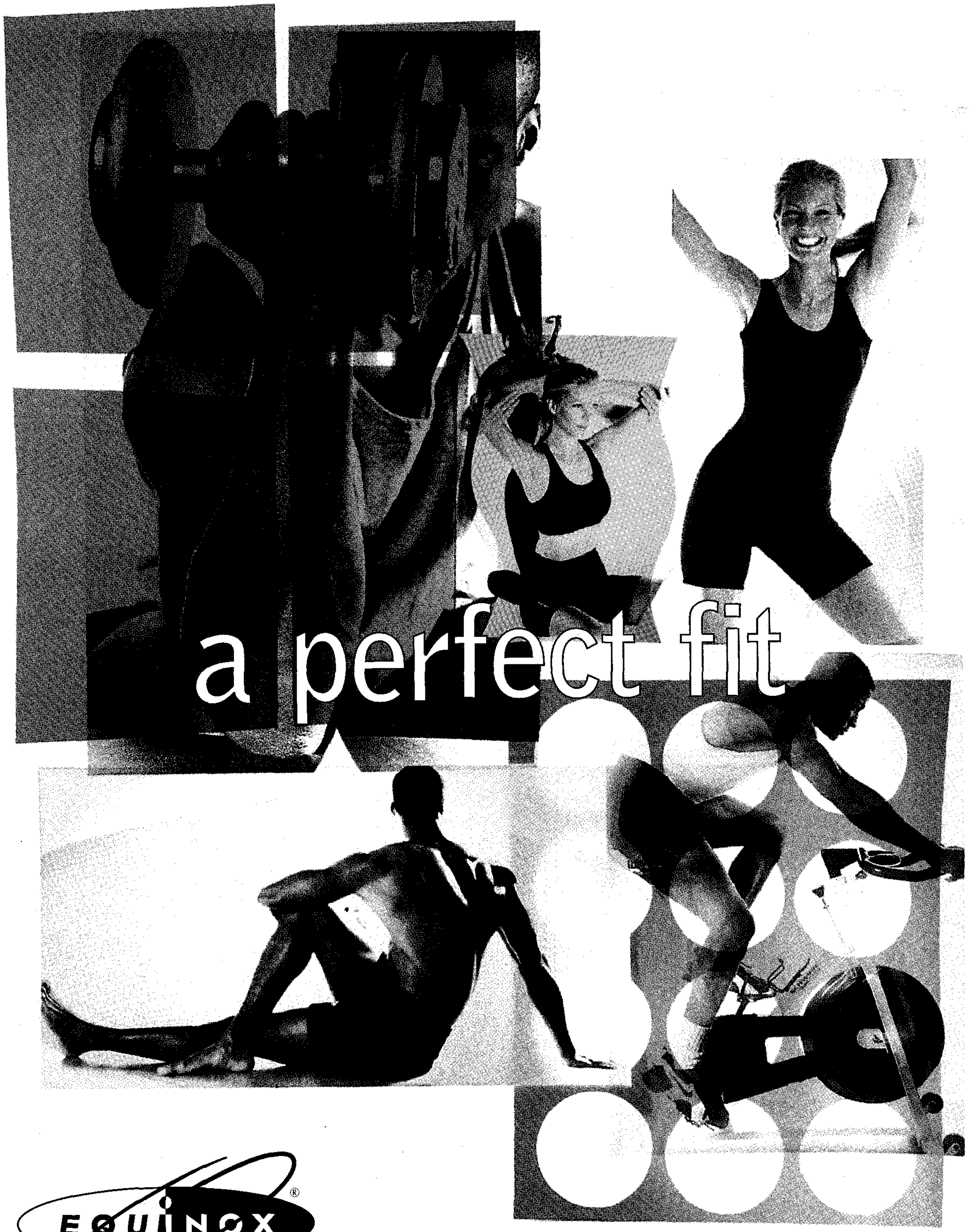
Asphalt Green's 50-meter Olympic-standard pool.

Reebok Sports Club/NY on the Upper West Side is an extravagant sports palace; its 140,000 square foot facility has been dubbed "the Acropolis of fitness centers." The club's 5,000-square-foot cardiovascular deck holds 120 pieces of the most advanced computerized equipment of its kind available today. Members have access to treadmills, recumbent bikes, VersaClimbers, StairMasters, Crossrobics (leg ergometers), NordicTracks, rowing machines, a Nautilus Skate Machine, and UBEs (upper body ergometers). Reebok's wellness programs include stress-reduction seminars and healthy lifestyle workshops. The club's salon and spa feature a Jacuzzi, steamroom, and sauna;

THE Y OF GREATER NY

Y-wait? To maintain strength we must engage in the search for it.

The multileveled downtown Equinox power zone—a new Upper East Side setting on the way.



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With some of the largest facilities on the East Coast, **The Vertical Clubs** cater to those who want a full-range of workout options. The majority who join are already fitness enthusiasts and exercise is a fundamental part of their lifestyles. The equipment available here is both extensive and impressive. After a preliminary warm-up (muscles stretch more when warm) members choose among twelve varieties of strength-training devices to build muscle mass and tone. Fourteen different cardiovascular training options help to maintain stamina and strengthen heart functions. The club has the largest indoor jogging track in town, as well as a swimming pool, sundeck, indoor and outdoor tennis courts, and squash and racquetball courts. Certified teachers offer classes in Step, Hip-Hop, martial arts, tai chi, kick boxing, and aqua aerobics.

East Side Fitness has just become **Synergy Fitness Clubs**, a name suggesting that many facets work together to create the fit person. All three locations will be undergoing a multimillion dollar face-lift under the watchful eye of Costas Kondylis (CK Design), the architect responsible for the new Trump International Hotel & Tower on Columbus Circle. Synergy will have more room to work out (an extra 25,000 square feet) and a new line of Synergy clothing. For the mind/body experience, the Synergy Martial Arts Program has been launched. The program is under the direction of Shihan Tokey Hill, who is

The high-tech approach for reaching peak performance at The Vertical Clubs.

Lions in their Environs

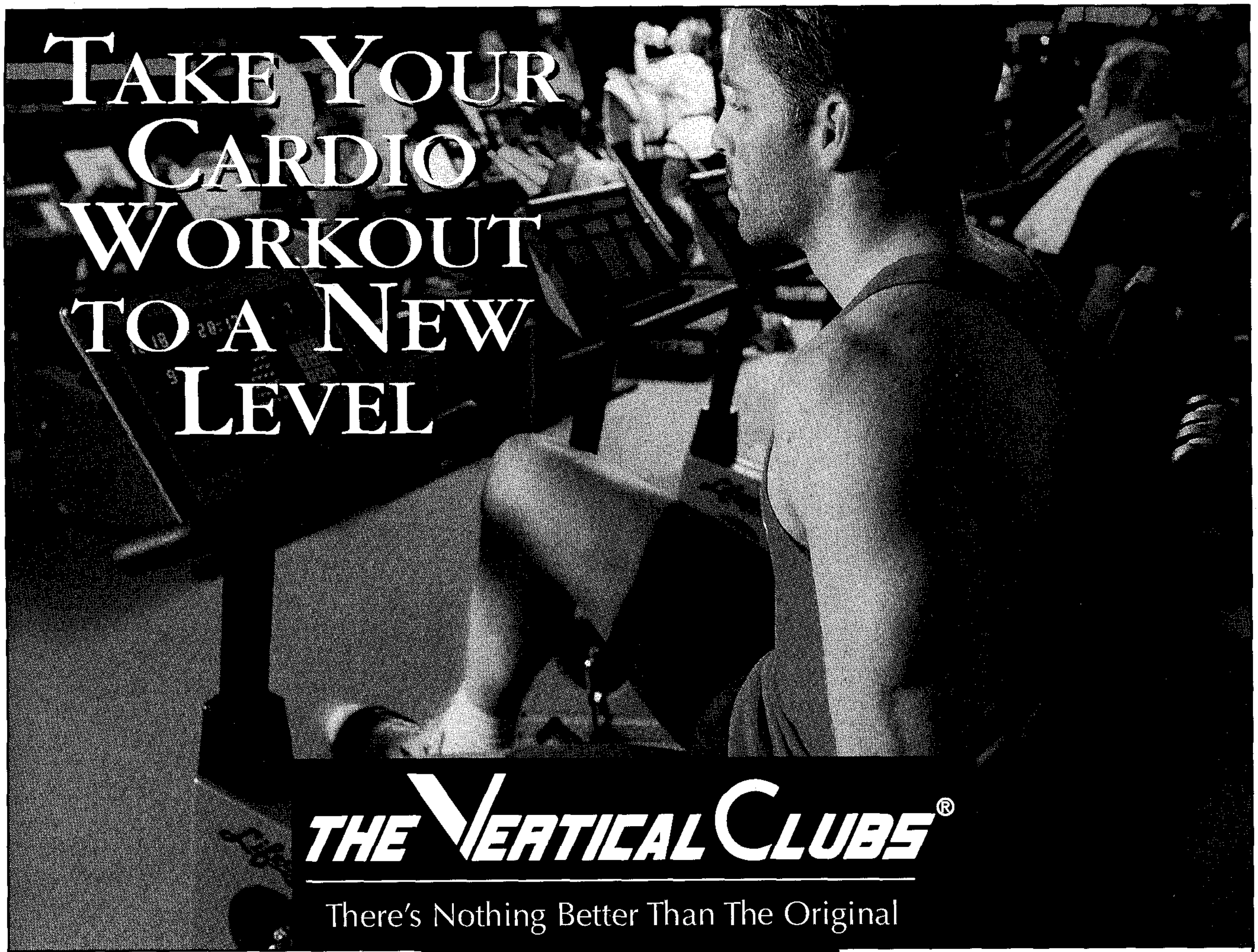
THE TRAINERS AND INSTRUCTORS TO WATCH

Aerobics at Equinox are poised to undergo a revolution led by its new group fitness director, **Molly Fox**. “The term ‘aerobics’ is antiquated,” says Fox, “and there are so many other class options.” With mental well-being emerging as a major component of overall wellness and health, Fox is integrating emotional and spiritual phases into physical fitness classes. Molly’s Power and Grace Yoga focuses on breath awareness and capacity, strength and endurance, flexibility, and an openness of spirit. “Expect to be challenged, inspired, and worked out,” she says. Also here, look out for one of the most sought-after fitness instructors in the city, **Patricia Moreno**.

“Fitness is a state of mind as much as a state of body,” agrees **Cosmo Wollan** the fitness director, personal trainer, and aerobics instructor of Synergy. Wollan’s goal is to educate as well as train his clients, so they understand not only which exercises to perform, but how and why they work. “This means challenging my students with effective workouts, and teaching them some of the science behind my exercise selections,” he says. “Through my work with The STIK Aerobics workouts, I am also committed to bringing health and fitness to the deconditioned, sedentary, senior, junior, and physically challenged exercise participants.”

David Barton’s head trainer, **Jim Clarry** has implemented a client analysis program for those who enlist one of the club’s trainers. The approach employs precise equations by which changes in the body can be predicted and monitored. International fitness instructor **Roberto Mellani** holds a no-holes-barred “Maximum Overdrive” multi-impact aerobics class at Barton’s that’s a tribally rhythmic workout for body and mind. His aerobic style is defined as athletic, creative, and dynamic. Another touted workout designed to challenge body and mind is his Power Sculpting Jam. Also at Barton’s, keep an eye open for personal trainer **Geralyn Coopersmith**, who currently trains independently out of the Upper East Side gym.

Reebok Sports Club fitness manager **Marcia Bashore’s** philosophy is about “getting members to the point where they enjoy their bodies and enjoy being physical.” Bashore—who has had more than eleven years in the industry working as a trainer, exercise test technician, and sports coordinator—manages a phalanx of 45 Reebok trainers intent on providing efficient customized workouts. “We avoid trainers with big attitudes,” she says. “That’s not conducive to developing our clients’ self-esteem. We want members to feel good about themselves, to be goal-oriented and motivated by achievable programs so they can realize their fitness potential.”



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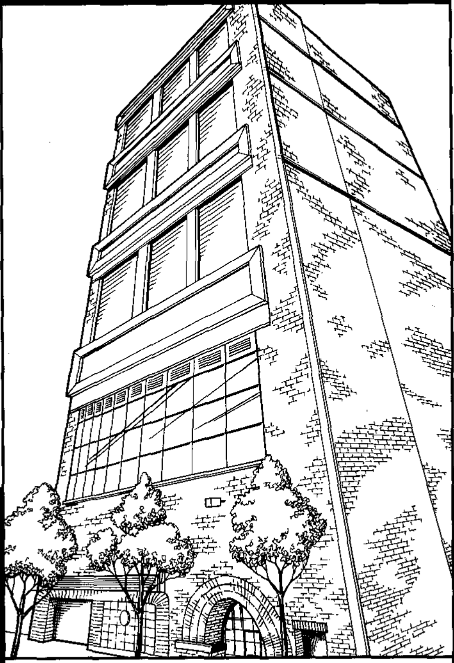

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Gyms in New York began to catch on when facilities became available in almost every neighborhood. **The New York Health and Racquet Club** has six clubs citywide, soon to be eight (one of which will be located in the old Atrium Club). There are pools in each facility, and the Aquaciser (an in-pool treadmill) offers a low-impact, nonconcussive aerobic alternative. New classes include Mindscapes™ meditation, ballet body exercise, and prenatal classes. In the Kids Program, children ages 2 to 12 go with mom and dad to the gym but participate in activities of their own. There's also a Mommy-n-Me class where new mothers can get back into shape while spending quality time close to their infants.

The whole concept of holistic integration began with the Y whose famous triangle logo symbolizes spirit, mind, and body. Imported from London, the Y opened its first New York branch in 1852, and **The Y of Greater New York** now has 19 locations. Full-facility Manhattan centers include the McBurney Y in Chelsea, the Vanderbilt Y near the United Nations, the West Side Y near Central Park, and the Harlem Y in West Harlem. A full range of coeducational fitness facilities are available at these locations including swimming pools, full-court gyms, Nautilus and Cybex workout equipment, indoor tracks, and fitness classes such as Aerobics, Step Aerobics, and Yoga. Personal trainers are also available.

Chelsea Piers Sports & Entertainment Complex, the 1.7 million-square-foot multiplex that spans 17th to 23rd streets on the Hudson River, is the closest thing we have in New York to those LA megagyms that seem to go on for miles. The new 150,000-square-foot Sports Center has a quarter-mile track, rock climbing wall, boxing ring, four basketball courts and an indoor sand volleyball court, as well as a pool, sundeck, and spa.

The emphasis is on providing personal space at the 92nd Street Y's new CardioCourt.

Uptown, the **92nd Street Y** caters to a group that has become increasingly diverse; it's no longer just the family-oriented membership previously associated with the institution. With the opening of its new CardioCourt in January, 5,000 square feet of cardiovascular equipment and what they describe as a "21st century fitness studio," 2,000 people a day can now be accommodated. The high-ceilinged, warmly lit space contains so much equipment that members rarely wait for machines, even during peak hours. Membership includes access to over 100 scheduled fitness classes per week as well as discounts on the Y's famed concerts and lecture series.

Asphalt Green stresses commitment to the neighborhood. The 5.5 acre complex features a 50-meter Olympic-standard pool, indoor and outdoor basketball courts, an AstroTurf athletic field, and a fully-equipped fitness center. Adult programs run the gamut from ballroom dancing to all levels of swim instruction. For those who otherwise might not have an opportunity to experience a state-of-the-art facility, free community sports programs are available.

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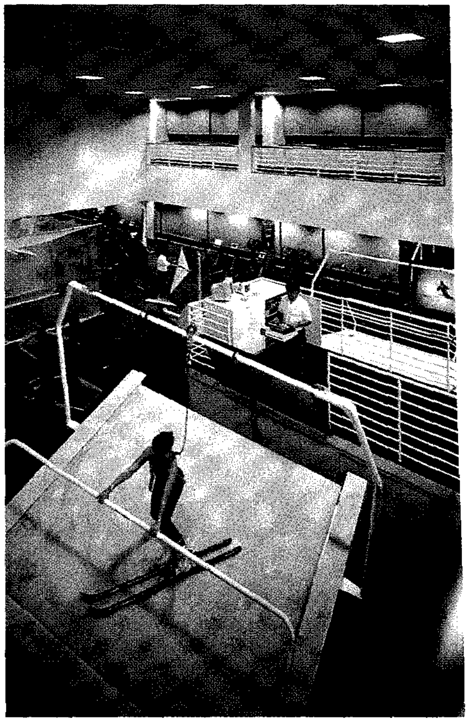


Summer swooshing: Reebok's downhill skiing simulator is the next best thing to being there.

SPECIALTY GYMS AND CLUBS

Catering to a specific method, the boutique fitness centers are still thriving on the Manhattan scene, and finding ways to deliver services that take the individual into account. The **David Barton Gym**, which got its start on lower Sixth Avenue, now has a posh venue on the Upper East Side. Here high-tech machines grind and whir in a gym designed by AERO Studios, one of the hottest interior design firms in the country. Uptown, Barton stresses high-level classes and individualized one-on-one training. Trainers allow clients, from the neophyte to the seasoned veteran, to choose from a wide range of expertise and approaches, and have their specific needs met. The décor and original artwork provide an aesthetic environment in which to work out.

There are plenty of pro tennis players on staff at the East River Tennis Club to provide expert instruction to the fledgling and the advanced. Twenty Har-Tru clay courts operate year-round (18 are enclosed in heated bubbles during the winter). A heated pool, sundeck, and a huge Jacuzzi are popular for post-match relaxation, and there is a restaurant and outdoor café. Membership options are tailored to fit client's needs (you can join just for the season) and tennis partners can be arranged at any time. Special functions such as round-robin tennis and buffet tournaments, parties, and social activities are offered throughout the year. The club is just three minutes by car from the 59th Street Bridge and a short walk from the subway.

For the more traditional among workout buffs, and those who want to train with professional athletes, **Body By Boris** has college-educated Russian-trained personnel with strong athletic backgrounds. One instructor was formerly an acrobat with a Moscow circus, another a past member of the Moscow Gymnastic team, still another a champion weightlifter. And the training philosophy? A full body workout that stresses overall physical and mental health. There are individual training sessions, and members can enjoy Russian spa services ranging from massage to steam. Body By Boris plans to expand soon to other locations in the metropolitan area.

In the quest for peace of mind as well as a sound body, several alternative exercise techniques have become mainstays of the Manhattan scene. Callanetics, is a non-impact system of stretching and deep-muscle exercise. CardioCallanetics is a low-impact workout. **Callanetics Studios of Manhattan** offers both, features small classes, and shows results quickly. The techniques can be modifed to suit an individual whether they are injury-free or hindered by back or knees problems. This is a gentle, safe method that is performed in small groups or in private, with encouragement to proceed at your own pace.

Yoga has been in the fitness universe since the 1960s, but today there's a proactive attitude towards merging the body and mind in this age-old discipline. The **Urban Yoga Center** offers both traditional and progressive yoga. Programs here help with stress reduction, whether with physically challenging Hatha Yoga workouts, yoga dance classes, or slow yoga which enables participants to let go of habitually improper muscular patterns.

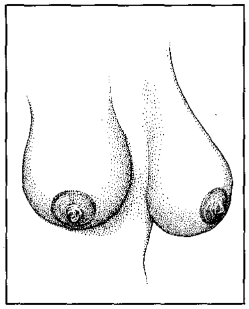
You can be more comfortable with your figure.

If you experience discomfort in your back or shoulders caused by the weight of your breasts, or you feel self-conscious about your breast size, you may want to consider a breast reduction.

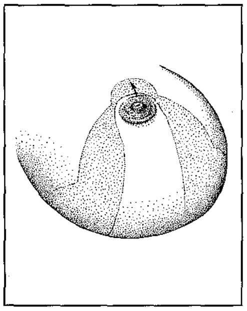
Breast reduction surgery is performed to reduce the size and weight of the breasts, alleviate discomfort associated with large breasts, and may improve a woman's overall appearance. It can make you feel more attractive and slimmer, and may make it easier to fit into clothing.

In some cases, this procedure is covered by your medical insurance plan.

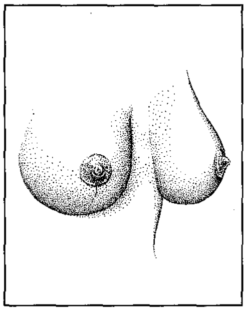
If you have been considering cosmetic surgery, and would like more information, call me at (212) 832-0770 to schedule a complimentary consultation.



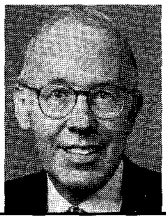
Common appearance of a woman with large, pendulous breasts. The areola, the dark skin surrounding the nipple, is frequently enlarged in overly developed breasts.



Breast reduction surgery involves incisions to enable the removal of excess tissue, fat and skin on the sides of the breasts, shown by the shaded area. The nipple-areolar complex is repositioned to a higher level.



The result is a woman with breasts that are smaller and in proportion with the rest of her body. Her breasts are well-contoured and natural looking.



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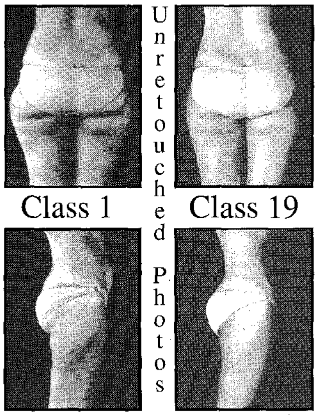

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THE MEDICINE OF SPORTS

The medical profession has come a long way in dealing with sports injuries, pain from chronic physical conditions, and unwanted physical attributes. Doctors are beginning to realize that to treat a patient, they must deal with the whole person—body, mind, and spirit.

The **Hospital for Special Surgery**, the nation's oldest orthopedic hospital, bills its doctors as "specialists in mobility." After polio was vanquished, the hospital pioneered many of the medical and scientific innovations in musculoskeletal disorders, problems that afflict over 40 million Americans today. Recently, the hospital unveiled a new 120,000 square foot, seven-story facility that looks out over the East River, with a state-of-the-art radiology department, an information super-highway infrastructure, modernized surgical suites, and numerous patient amenities.

BEYOND EXERCISE: THE ART OF THE IDEAL

If you need the talent of a sculptor and the skill of a surgeon, **Dr. Stanley Taub** has both. A nationally recognized sculptor, known for his figurative work in bronze, Dr. Taub's pieces have been shown in museums and galleries and are represented in private collections. "Cosmetic surgery can be a focused Zen-like experience in the operating room," says Dr. Taub "provided that a common understanding has been achieved between the physician and patient regarding the surgical options and goals." Dr. Taub establishes free and open communication with his patients as a prerequisite to reaching a mutually satisfying conclusion.

"Being fit involves not only feeling good but looking good," says **Dr. James Reardon**, "and today, a variety of reconstructive procedures are available to satisfy most individuals' needs." His Upper East Side ambulatory outpatient facility offers liposuction for the removal of excess fatty tissue, reduction mammoplasty for reshaping male and female breasts, rhytidectomy for recontouring the face, blepharoplasty for removal of excess eyelid tissue, and rhinoplasty for restructuring the nose. If ancillary features such as "crow's feet" are

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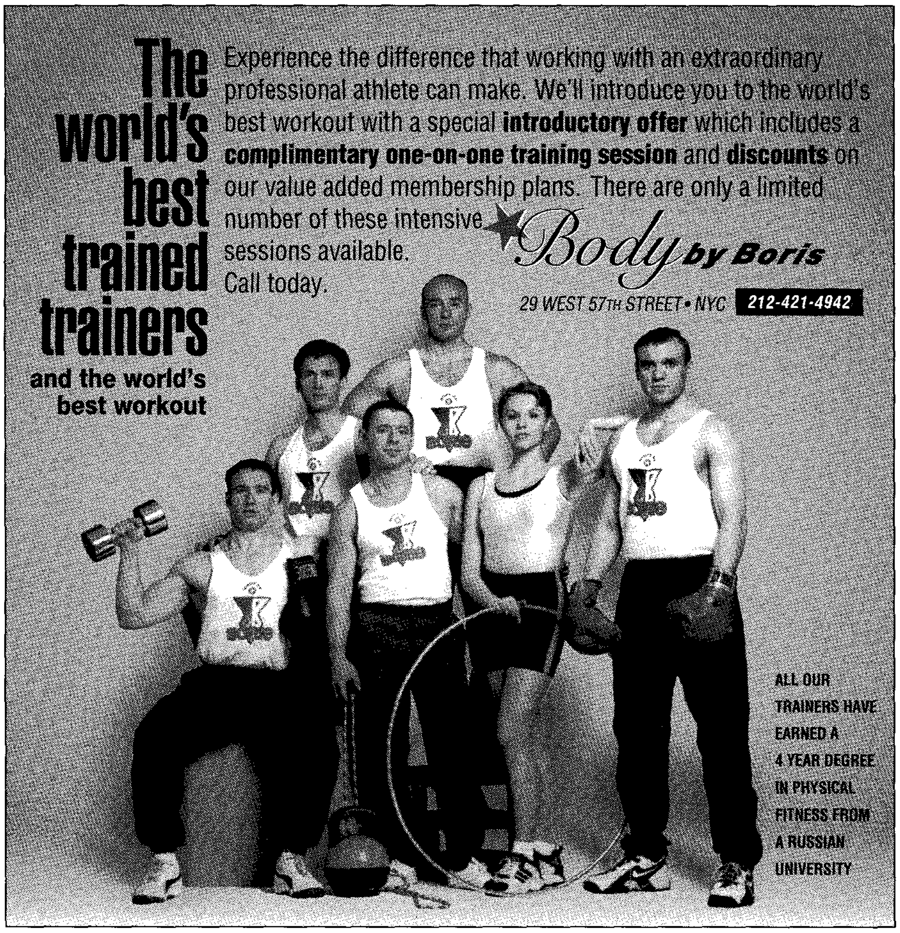
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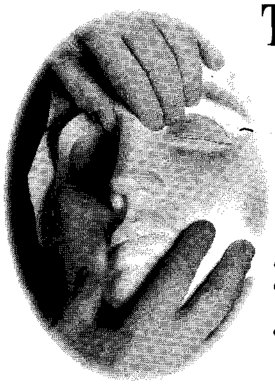
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bothersome, skin resurfacing with laser or chemical peels can correct facial lines, creases, and wrinkles around the eyes. There is no charge for consultations.

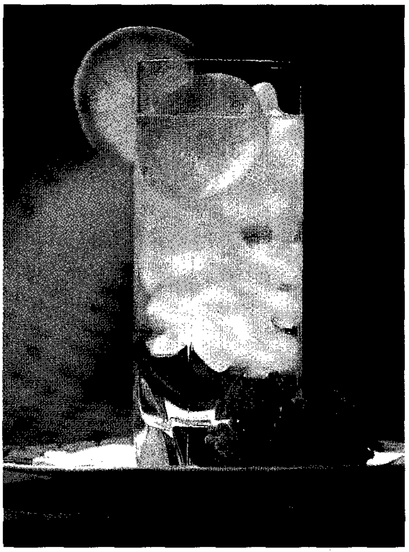
Successful exercise programs can sometimes be augmented by plastic surgery procedures. According to **Drs. Michael A. Kalvert and Paul R. Weiss** of Renaissance Plastic Surgery Associates, love-handles and saddle-bag thighs can be problems even for the most physically fit. These board-certified plastic surgeons can perform liposuction on almost every area of the body—hips, thighs, buttocks, abdomen, as well as knees, calves, upper torso, neck, and chin. The ultimate goal is to help improve a patient's self-image, allowing them to move closer to their ideal.

A private mansion on the Upper East Side is the site of **Dr. Garth Ballantyne's** unique laparoscopy surgi-center, one of the most luxurious treatment locations in the city. Patients ascend a 25-foot wide spiral staircase to the second floor waiting room where white marble sculptures adorn the walls under a handsome hand-carved ceiling. Dr. Ballantyne, a graduate of Harvard and the Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons, uses miniature one-fourth inch incisions to treat a wide variety of disorders—from gastrointestinal or gall-bladder dysfunction to hernias and colon resections. Laparoscopic surgery entails less pain than open surgery, and dramatically reduces a patient's recovery period.

One of the most pervasive problems for American men and women is excessive weight gain. Medical specialists **Dr. Patrick Moore and Dr. Robert Schultz** are now addressing this pernicious problem with new FDA-approved medications. By combining two drugs in the required dosages, the seratonin level can be raised and the metabolism increased, leading to painless weight-loss. The doctors are assisted by a team of highly qualified, caring professionals who collaborate to help clients understand their weight problems, both physical and psychological.

"Nutrition is at the core of good health, and poor nutrition can lead to a variety of illnesses," says Deanna Amato, founder of **Body by Design Nutrition**, a new weight-loss and nutritional counseling concept. After height, weight, lean body mass, and weight-loss goals have been established, clients receive a complete diet of personalized, high-protein, low carbohydrate meals that are prepared by a gourmet chef. Only the best, organic ingredients are used, and the meals are delivered twice weekly to the client's home. Weight-loss progression curves show clients, at every stage, exactly how long it will take to reach their goals. Amato monitors her client's progress at their homes or offices regularly. "It's about creating a diet that works," she says, "and you don't have to give up the foods that you love."

Dr. Luis Navarro, founder of **The Vein Treatment Center**, uses sclerotherapy, ambulatory surgery, and the latest laser technologies for the treatment of varicose and spider veins. The cause of varicose veins is unknown—most likely genetics plays a decisive role—but the condition can be aggravated by pregnancy, birth control pills, hormone therapy, obesity, extreme weight fluctuation, constipation, and even habitual or prolonged sitting or standing. Diagnosis at the center takes place after a thorough evaluation, and patients are prescribed a course of treatment best suited to their specific needs. Only five to ten percent of varicose veins require surgery, but if necessary, Dr. Navarro's advanced technique uses two small hidden incisions to achieve the optimal cosmetic result.



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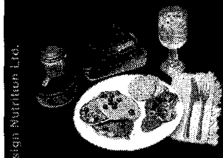

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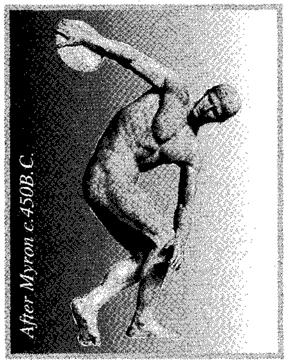

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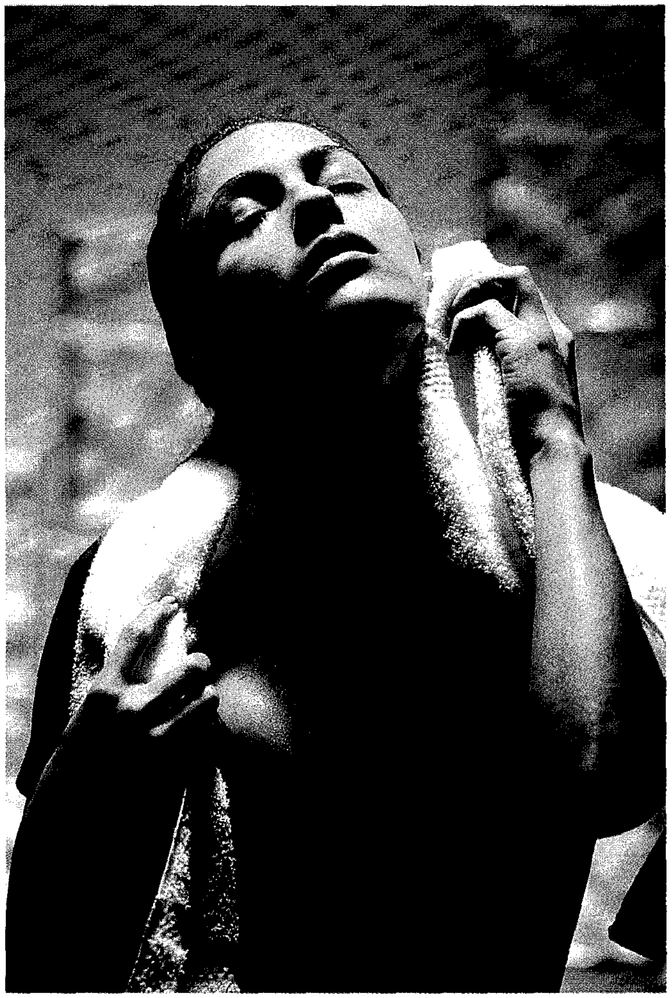

THE BEAUTY OF FITNESS

Fitness regimens now incorporate a total sense of beauty. New cosmetic tools and a new alternative beauty universe work together to achieve near-perfection.

Lia Schorr Skin-Care Inc. is an environment where people come to be pampered and to escape from their hectic schedules. As the season changes, Schorr offers a whole new roster of spa packages designed to make clients feel good about themselves. "Enhancement for the Face" includes a seaweed mask, glycolic treatment, and ionic eye treatment. Schorr's "Spring Cleaning" is a deep-pore facial, paraffin manicure, and pedicure. For a splurge try "Spring Getaway," a rejuvenating package consisting of two facials and two massages. The Schorr repertoire also includes special makeup parties for little girls that permit them to play with makeup and invent their own look.

In the tranquil and intimate atmosphere of **Faina's European Skin Care Center** patrons are soothed and treated by procedures that use only the finest natural products on the market. In her native Moscow, where licensed cosmetologists must first be fully trained nurses, Faina acquired an extensive knowledge of the skin and its needs. Sixteen different facials are offered at the salon, tailored to the requirements of mature, problematic, dehydrated, and irritated skin. Current specials include a European deep-pore facial ($41), luxurious facial ($52), deep muscular massage ($42), and a manicure and pedicure package ($32). Aromaplasty ($61) includes European digit pressure massage with essential oils, and a face masque to inhibit wrinkles that is prepared just before use and applied as a poultice.

After such a harsh winter, a rejuvenating, moisturizing facial at **Lida's Skin Care Center** is richly deserved. Educated in the fine European technique of skin care, Lida cautions, "winter dry skin needs special nourishment, and a deep-cleansing, exfoliating, seaweed facial is the perfect preparation for the active spring season." Lida indulges her client's skin using a variety of natural products rich in Dead Sea minerals. The salon also has a full range of services from relaxing body massage and exfoliating body treatment to restorative aromatherapy and spa-quality manicures and pedicures.

Effective skin-care regimens are personalized for **Joey New York's** clientele, which helps to maintain the healthy glow obtained from working out or meditating. The salon specializes in spa products collected from 40 exclusive world class spas. These products cannot be found in stores. To its total skin care concept, Joey New York has just added more than 15 shades of foundation, one for every skin color, tone, and texture. Before recommending a product, Joey's experts do a thorough evaluation in the privacy of the boutique.

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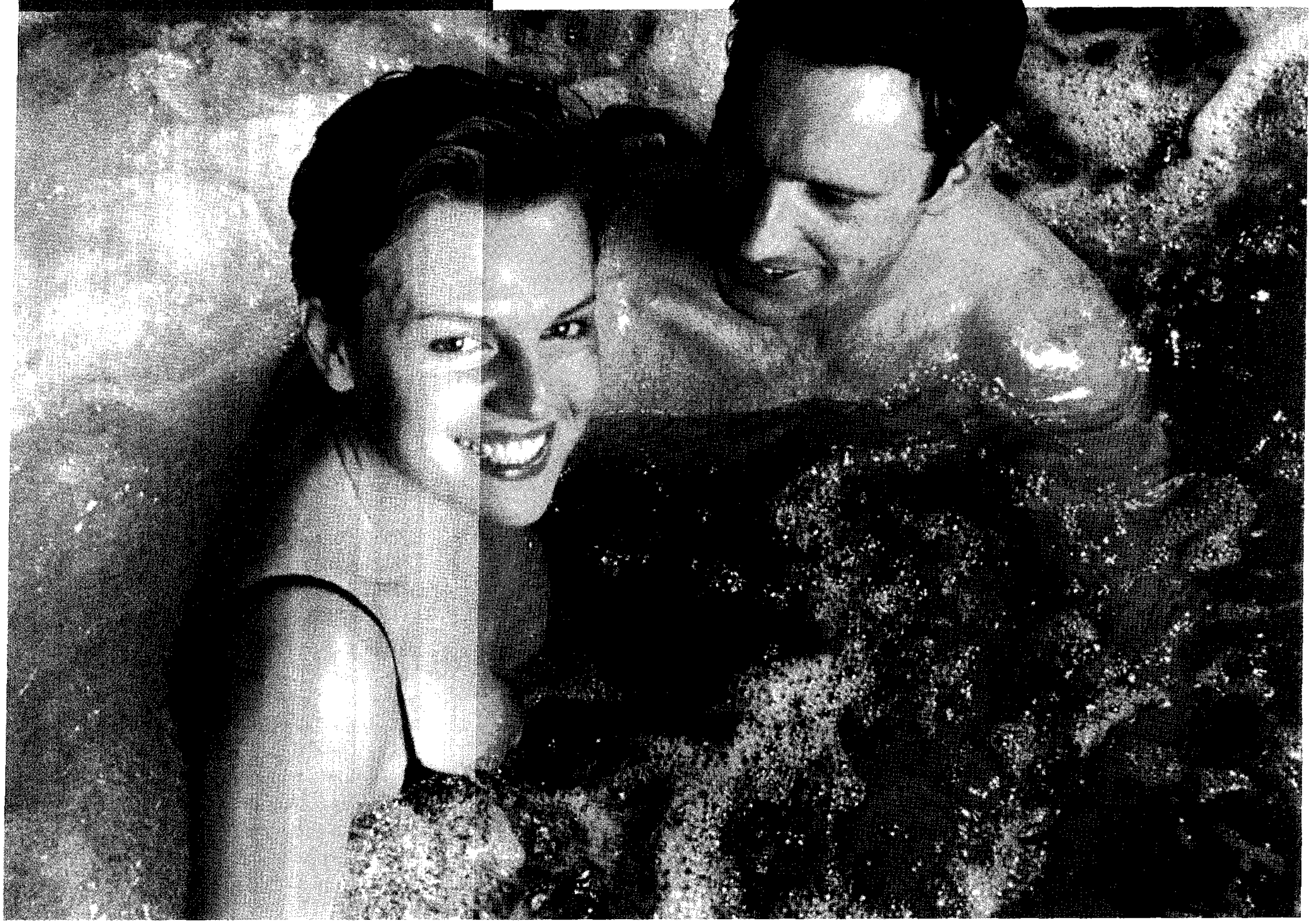

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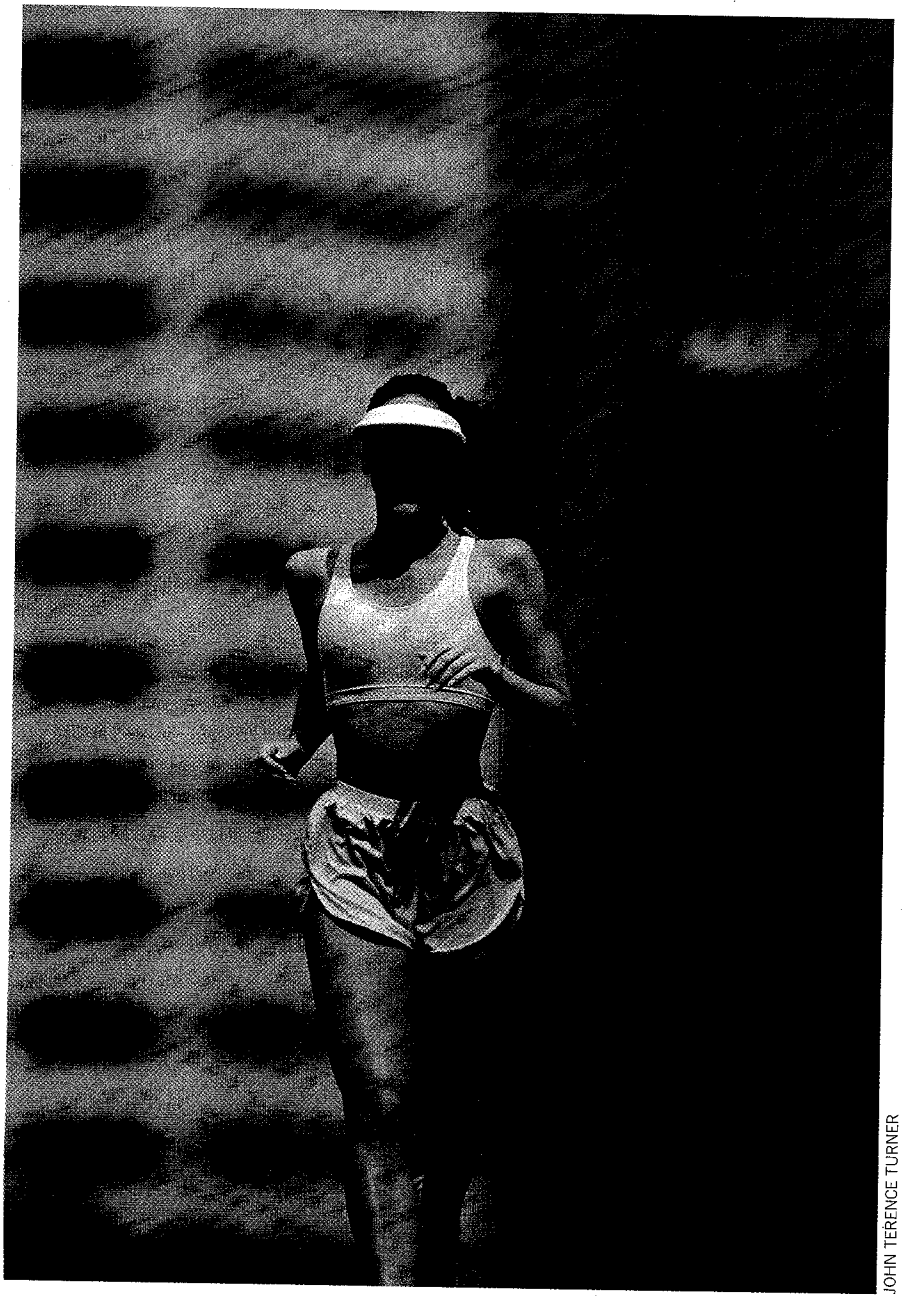
The Fitness Index



JOHN TERENCE TURNER

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GYMS

Asphalt Green
555 East 90th Street
212-369-8890

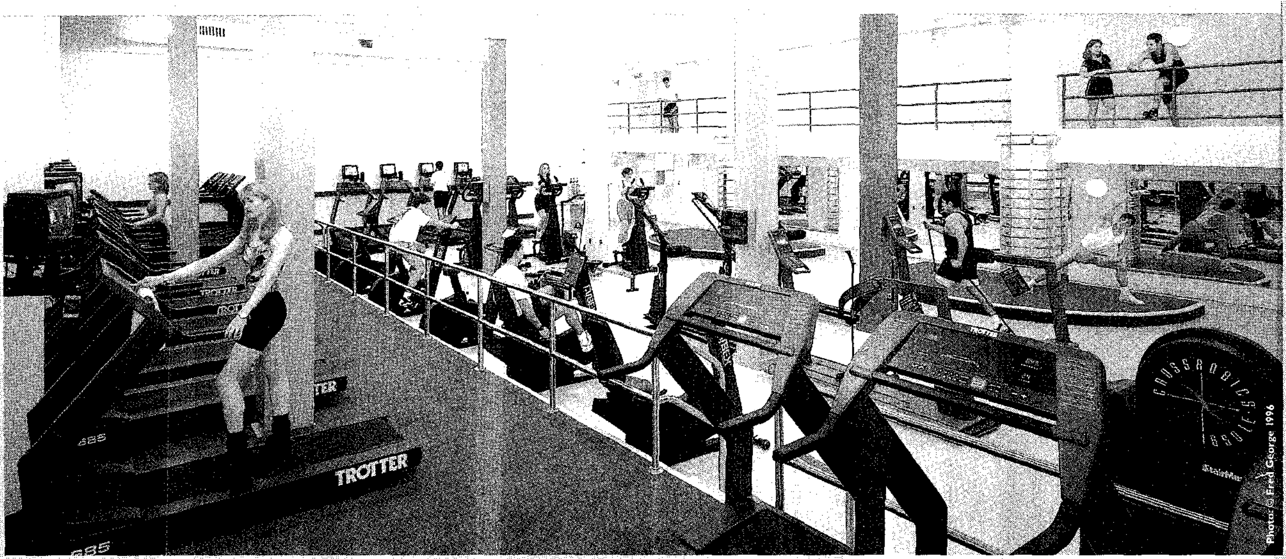
Asphalt Green is getting ready for summer in the city. The center provides a summer day camp for kids from kindergarten to 14 years of age at extremely reasonable rates. Look for the largest NY swim meet in recent history on May 18th, open to all kids 6 -16. The center's diverse sports programs and community spirit should be experienced by all.

David Barton Gym
30 East 85th Street
(and one other location)
212-517-7577

David Barton has created two gym environments, each suited to its respective neighborhood. Downtown, the gym is industrial and sparse, a place where the clients themselves make things happen. Uptown, the luxurious surroundings provide members with a greater range of classes and an aesthetic environment in which to work out.

Body By Boris
29 West 57th Street
212-421-4942

If rigor and classicism are appealing, come and be trained by Boris's experts. Each of them has been involved in athletics at a professional level, whether in performance or competition. There are individual training sessions, classes, and massage. Boris emphasizes full-body treatment, focusing on both physical and mental well-being.



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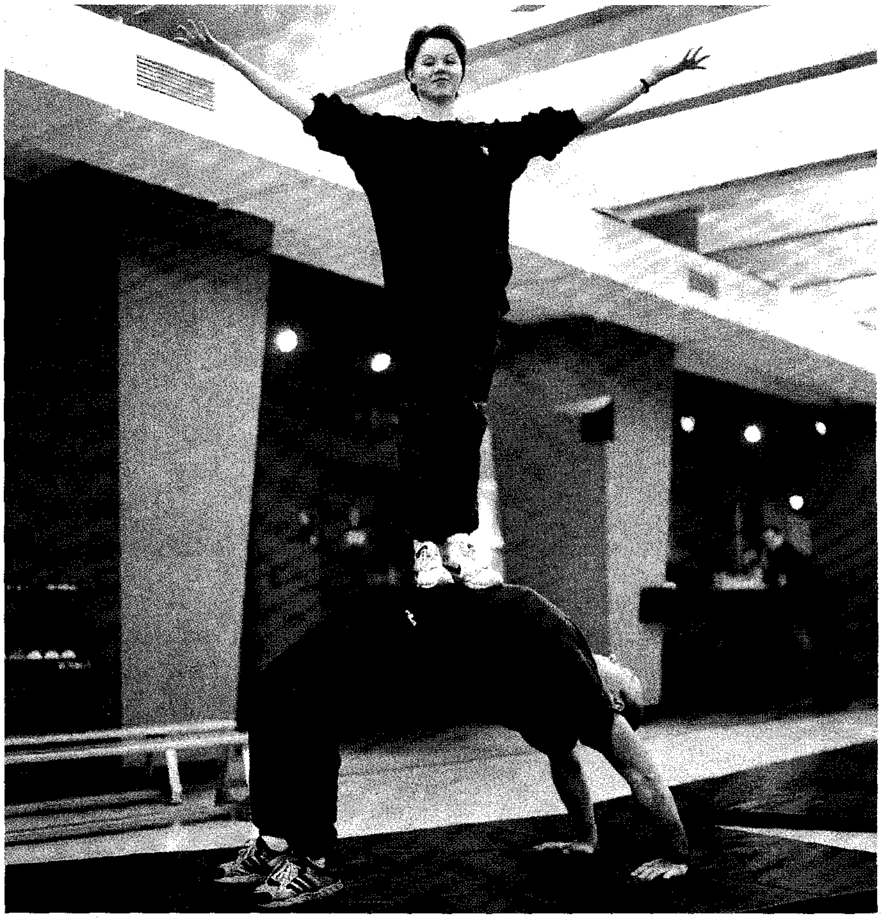


MARK MANN

An elevating experience: Body By Boris's professional staff includes former Russian gymnasts, acrobats, and weight lifters.

Callanetics Studios of Manhattan
154 West 57th Street
Carnegie Hall, Suite 832
212-765-2900

Many have seen their body quickly change shape through Callanetics with three classes a week. This is the only place in Manhattan that provides the non-impact, deep muscular stretch and contraction that forms the basis of the Callanetics discipline. This is a place for those who relish privacy—classes are small and unhurried.

Equinox Fitness Clubs
205 East 85th Street
(and three other locations)
212-987-8500

One-on-one training, a full range of workout equipment, and an exciting atmosphere keeps these clubs in high demand. The Errico family has made working out chic, trendy, and forward-looking. Their latest facility will open in early summer on the Upper East Side. Clarins, the highly respected European cosmetics concern, will be operating an institute at the new location offering its unique facials and body treatments.

New York Health and Racquet Club
39 Whitehall Street
(and five other locations)
212-269-9800

While squash and racquetball continue to be their mainstay, and are increasing in popularity, NYHRC is now venturing into the holistic, mind/body realm. There are meditation classes, and members can attend a series of lectures on nutrition, take a weight management workshop, or learn to cope with stress. Also available—reflexology, acupressure, Swedish massage, and sports massage therapy.

92nd Street Y
1395 Lexington Avenue
at 92nd Street
212-415-5729

Known for its poetry reading series, diverse adult education classes, and an ability to draw out notable speakers from literature and art, the Y has recently expanded its wellness repertoire. Look for dramatically enhanced programs in cardiovascular health, weight management, and osteoporosis prevention. The club's spacious new CardioCourt recently made its debut and a weight-loss clinic is in the works.

Reebok Sports Club/NY
160 Columbus Avenue
at 67th Street
212-362-6800

When Reebok opened its urban country club last year replete with palm trees, floor-to-ceiling windows, panoramic views, and a lushly landscaped sundeck, this vast Upper West Side space became the next best thing to the great outdoors. There is a downhill ski/snowboard simulator, a rockclimbing wall, or try Spinning, an exercise class for endurance and strength, which uses stationary bikes to recreate an outdoor cycling experience. There's a sparkling swimming pool with music piped in and a spa as well. A new business center with fax and photocopiers keeps execs in touch.

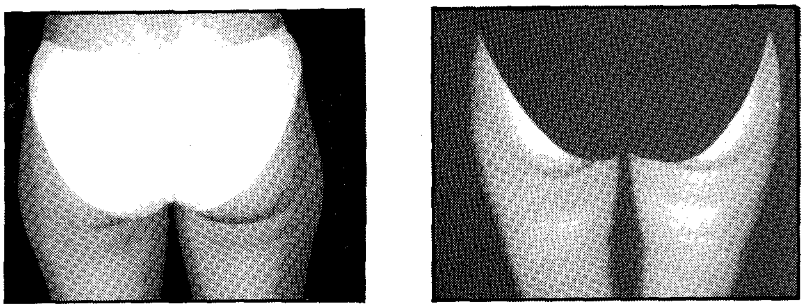
Synergy Fitness Clubs
1438 Third Avenue
at 81st Street
212-879-6013

With $500,000 invested in new fitness equipment, Synergy's three locations are sprucing up. Members receive a complimentary SAGA (Status & Goals Assessment) fitness testing four times a year. A martial arts program will be taught by U.S. National Team black belts. But there's a softer side to Synergy that also demonstrates a committment to fitness diversity. Irina Kulpikova, formerly of the Kiev Ballet and frequent partner to Baryshnikov, is the new director of the Synergy Classic Ballet Program.

Urban Yoga Center
900 Broadway, Seventh Floor
between 19th and 20th streets
212-505-0902

Try the trademark Urban Yoga Workout, which includes slow stretches, strengthening work, balancing, movement, massage, and more, all done to inspirational music. There's Iyengar yoga and pre- and postnatal instruction as well. Classes provide a vigorous

NOW YOU SEE IT...NOW YOU DON'T



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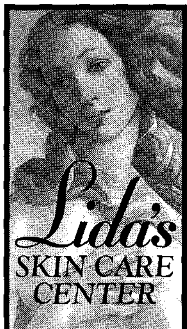

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Full Leg & Bikini Wax Reg. $55 Now $33
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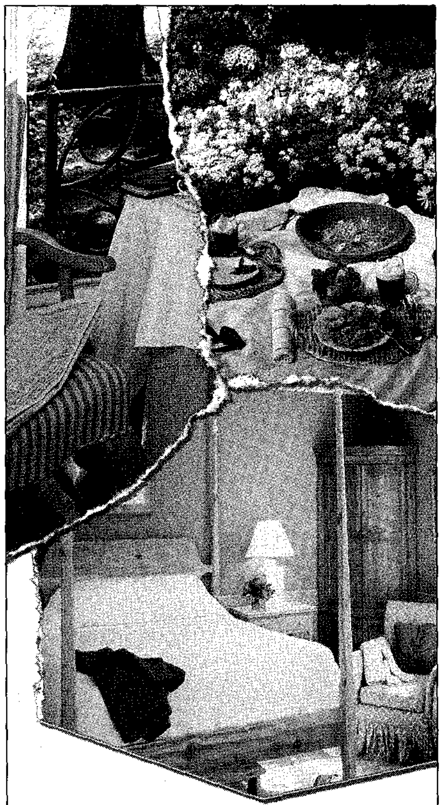

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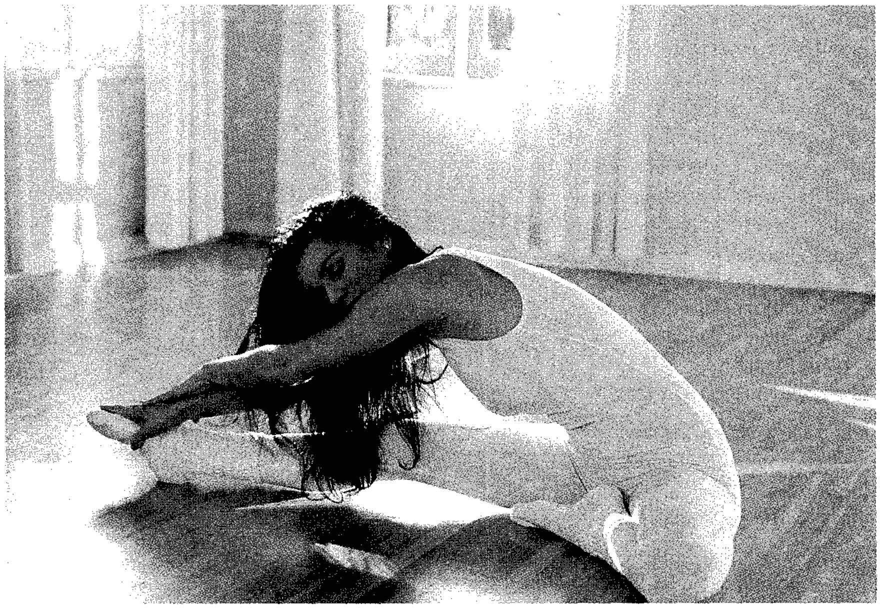
MARK SCOTT

Energizing warm-ups, relaxing cool-downs: Essential to the success of any workout regimen.

workout combined with tranquility and introspection in a serene environment.

The Vertical Clubs
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(and three other locations)
800-535-6111

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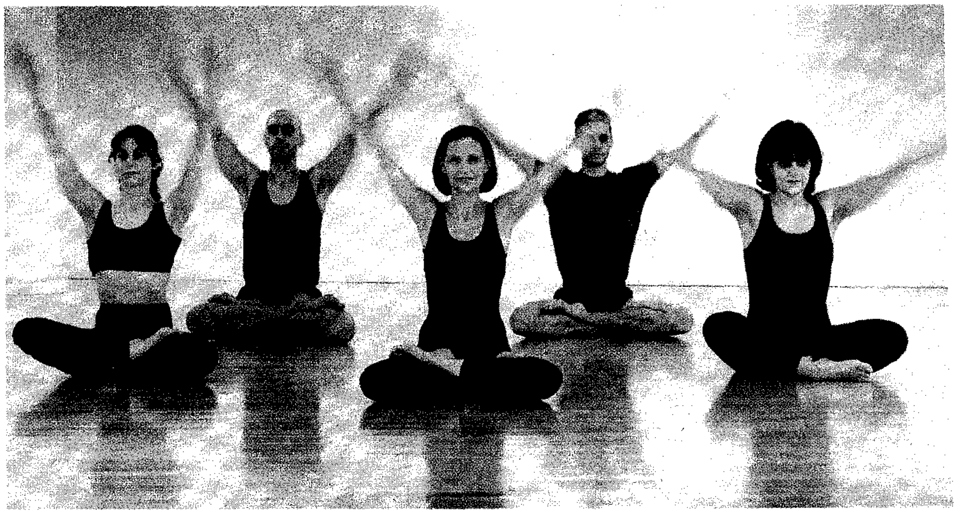
The Y of Greater New York
(four full-service Manhattan locations)
212-630-YMCA

The Y serves more than 300,000 persons (95,000 of whom are kids) in the Greater New York area, and has four fully-equipped facilities in Manhattan. With the slogan, "Every kid deserves a Y," its current focus is on youth, and the extensive programs for youngsters give their parents the freedom to work out nearby.



Proactive stress reduction: Reaching toward total wellness at the Urban Yoga Center.

BEAUTY AND RELAXATION SERVICES

Faina's European Skin Care Center
157 West 57th Street, Suite 304
212-245-6557

Faina recommends combining a program of sports fitness with a complete treatment for the body and spirit by skin care experts. Skin can be revitalized with European deep-pore facials and deep muscular massage; tender care for hands and feet (including reflexology) is also provided.

Joey New York
767 Lexington Avenue, Suite 500
between 60th and 61st streets
212-308-2233

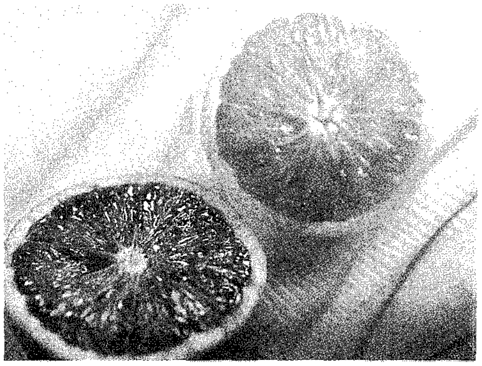
In the privacy of a lovely Upper East Side boutique, Joey offers home-care products from the world's finest spas. A wide selection of skin foundation products are available. The new Perfect Pair duo for combination skin eliminates excess oil, flakiness, and the appearance of fine lines. Serenity bath oil soothes away tension and stress.

Lia Schorr Skin-Care Inc.
686 Lexington Avenue, Fourth Floor
between 56th and 57th streets
212-486-9670

Schorr has pioneered the use of natural products in a salon where professional care is the mandate of its highly skilled experts. An Azu Chamomile Masque for all skin types is an icy blue gel that calms, smoothes, and reduces skin redness. An Algae Sea Masque detoxifier stimulates and refines the skin. With nearly 30 years of skin care experience, Schorr's personable pampering attracts a number of celebrities.

Lida's Skin Care Center
20 East 53rd Street, Fourth Floor
212-319-4422

Conveniently located in midtown, this full-service salon offers treatments ranging from a deluxe four-layer hydrating and peeling facial to expert spa manicures and pedicures. Lida creates skin care regimens designed for the individual, using natural, mineral-rich products.



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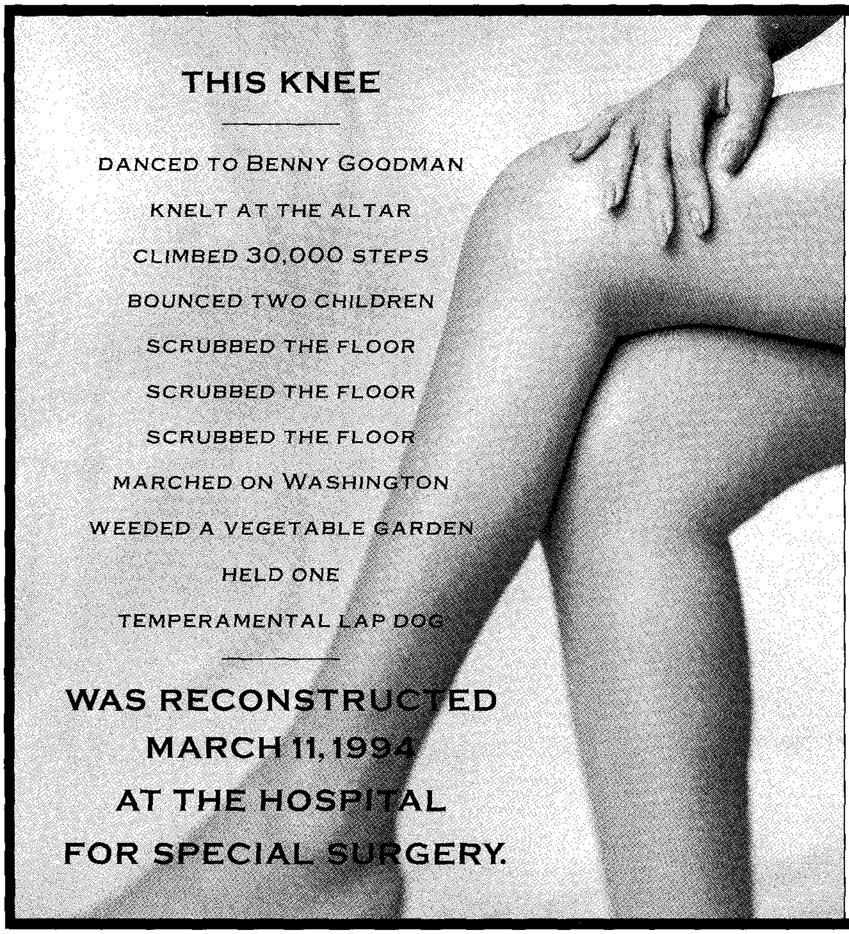

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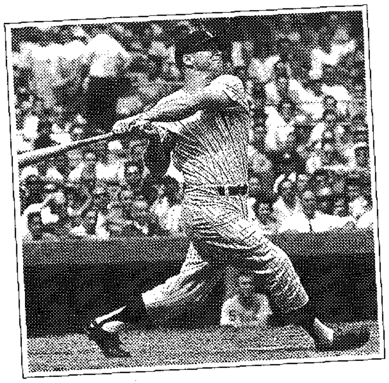

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Hospital for Special Surgery
535 East 70th Street
212-606-1000

With its $128 million modernization program taking the institution into the 21st century, a new building with facilities and accommodations to make patients more comfortable was unveiled last November. A motion analysis lab and centers for sports medicine continue to serve the public. Team members of the Giants and the Mets are treated here.

Patrick B. Moore, MD
Robert Schultz, MD
17 East 76th Street
212-717-4800

For those who need to take off weight and keep it off, Drs. Schultz and Moore have teamed up with other professionals to treat weight problems medically. Following a detailed evaluation a nutrition program is prescribed. FDA-approved medications are combined with the skills of trainers, physical therapists, and nurses to obtain the desired results. Clients are encouraged to interact with each other in a supportive environment.

James Reardon, MD
737 Park Avenue at 71st Street
212-832-0770

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Renaissance Plastic Surgery Associates
Michael A. Kalvert, MD
Paul R. Weiss, MD
1049 Fifth Avenue, Suite 2D
at 86th Street
212-861-2075

With today's emphasis on physical beauty, many are turning to Renaissance Plastic Surgery for the finishing touches on near-perfect forms. A state-of-the-art liposuction operating facility offers a range of procedures; imperfections can often be eliminated in one office visit.

Stanley Taub, MD
737 Park Avenue at 71st Street
212-628-8585

A specialist in cosmetic surgery and liposuction, Dr. Taub can resculpt the face as well as the body. Thighs, abdomen, hips, and knees often need recontouring, while cosmetic surgery can help rejuvenate the face and lift the spirits simultaneously.

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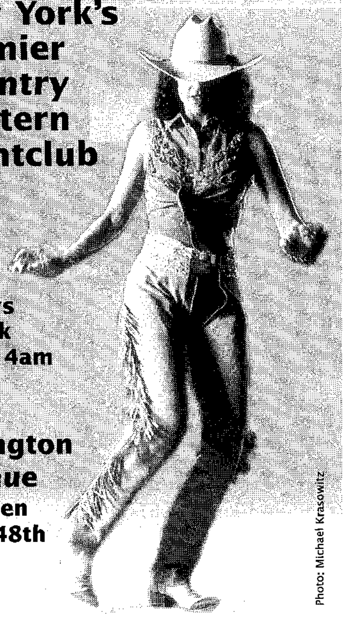
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Denim & Diamonds
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212-371-1600

This premier Country & Western nightclub offers gratis in-line and couples dancing lessons. No "hee-haw" antics here—Denim & Diamonds is for sophisticated, active New Yorkers who are looking for a great place to unwind. Hearty American grill is served, and whether clad in business suits or cowboy boots, everyone feels at home.

Mickey Mantle's Restaurant
and Sports Bar
42 Central Park South
212-688-7777

There's no need to miss your favorite game if you dine at this unique sports-related restaurant; TV monitors are distributed liberally about the room. Gaze at the gallery of original artwork or at Gehrig's and DiMaggio's game-worn jerseys, which are among the nostalgic relics preserved under glass. Spring-training specials offer a selection of low-calorie, low-fat fare.

Moran's Restaurant
146 Tenth Avenue at 19th Street
212-627-3030

If you've worked up an appetite playing golf or tennis at the Chelsea Piers, you may want to move on to this charming Irish establishment one block away. Old-fashioned traditional fare is served in a large dining room with cedar beams and Tiffany light fixtures. Oysters on the half-shell, steaks, prime-ribs, lobsters, and swordfish are among the satisfying specialties.●

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"What the drugs do is take away the thinking about food."
(WASHINGTON POST, December 6, 1994, Dr. Michael Weintraub, FDA)
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DAVID DENBY

Her Revolution

'I Shot Andy Warhol' depicts both Warhol's would-be assassin—the Ur–riot grrrl—and the frenetic sixties Factory scene with vividness and humor.

VALERIE SOLANAS, WHO WANTED TO MAKE A REVolution, or at least to write, lived on the street in sixties New York and then became a hanger-on at Andy Warhol's Factory. She burst into the news on June 3, 1968. Disappointed by Warhol's indifference to a play she had written, and by her diminishing status at the Factory, Solanas shot the great man two times in the chest. "He had too much control over my life," she said to a policeman as she gave herself up. Yet Solanas did not destroy Warhol; she destroyed herself. Sewn together, and resembling nothing so much as a white-haired Frankenstein's monster, Andy Warhol resumed his life of art production and partygoing. (In his later years, however, he preferred the company of socialites to that of street crazies.) Solanas spent some years in a psychiatric prison; later, she drifted about and died in San Francisco, of pneumonia, in 1989. **I Shot Andy Warhol,** an independent Anglo-American co-production, is a pungent but surprisingly entertaining and buoyant re-creation of Solanas's life up to the point of the shooting. The movie was written and directed by Mary Harron, who has contributed rock and theater reviews to British and American magazines and has worked extensively in British television. Harron (and Daniel Minahan, who collaborated on the screenplay) is distanced enough from the late sixties to see the period objectively—or, at least, in the round—as both frantic and trivial, apocalyptic and absurd. Her view of Solanas is similarly charged and ambivalent. Played by the fast-talking and lively Lili Taylor, Valerie is smart and funny but also a ferocious pain in the ass—a ranter whose innocent egotism and wild fantasies reached delusional proportions. *I Shot Andy Warhol* makes one uneasy (in a good way) because it refuses to turn Valerie into a merely good or evil person.

When we first see Valerie, she's a tart college student (at the University of Maryland) coming on to other women; the eagerness of her insolence is almost charming. Like a lot of young people in the sixties, she has a mouth, and she combines politics and street theater with unnerving enthusiasm. From time to time, Harron halts the narrative and poses Taylor against a white scrim, and the actress recites from the pamphlet Solanas wrote as the program for an imaginary revolutionary group, SCUM, or the Society for Cutting Up Men. In the pamphlet, Solanas combined a lunging attack on male domination with pop anarcho-lesbian visions of a future controlled by all-powerful "groovy" women. Commerce and "great art" would be brought to a halt; money eliminated; men eliminated, too. In the movie proper, Solanas, refusing to look for a job, fuels her hatred of men by working as a prostitute. She also writes, and has big ambitions. Harron doesn't sort out her contradictions, and perhaps no one can.

If Solanas had possessed a stronger instinct for self-preservation, she might have become a downtown celebrity, a women's-movement Don Rickles; or she might have pulled herself together and become a teacher, a writer, a lawyer. But she didn't do any of those things—she shot Andy Warhol. The movie addresses her disintegration but without "psychology" or analytic depth. Intuitively, and, I think, correctly, Harron stages the events in the Factory in pop terms, as one of the sixties scenes that went bad. She both celebrates and satirizes a period in which violence and dreams of revolution consorted with outrageous silliness and sheer fun. Valerie and her friends talk dirty in public places; they combine narcissism and parasitism into a flamboyant comic style. Valerie's friend, the Massapequa trans-

Lili Taylor (left), as Valerie Solanas, and Stephen Dorff in *I Shot Andy Warhol*.

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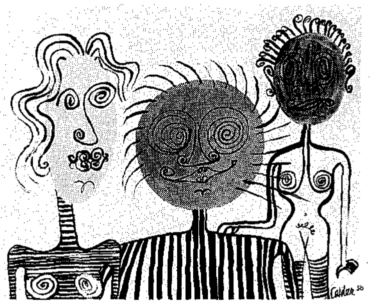
vestite Jimmy Slattery (Stephen Dorff), becomes Candy Darling, a purring beauty in a blonde wig. A creature of sheer artifice like Candy turns out to be well suited to the Factory, where nothing but style (and perhaps drugs and celebrity) is taken seriously. Within the silver-foiled walls, beautiful, disheveled people sit about languidly or do dirty things in the corners. Warhol himself (Jared Harris), a dreamy deity who speaks in half-sentences, as if waiting for others to complete the words with acts, tells Valerie that she looks "fabulous" and even uses her in one of his instant movies.

Younger viewers may be baffled. The Andy Warhol depicted here doesn't seem to do anything, yet everything revolves around him. But Harron's version squares with the standard accounts of the Factory: Warhol's curiosity, his passive invitation to the extreme, authorized the drugs, the perverse sex, the slouching-toward-Bethlehem squalor. Casually but cunningly, Warhol mocked the solemn religio-aesthetic ambitions of the previous era of New York painters and underground filmmakers. He emptied the content out of art. To make a movie, you had merely to turn on the camera and put a Warhol "superstar" in front of the lens. In the early years, Warhol and his entourage made five-hour Dadaist jokes about people sleeping and innumerable films in which the superstars sat around talking about themselves; they staged put-on orgies that were lewdly funny but rarely erotic (the actors were too zonked to perform). The movie gets it right: For all their decadence, the Warhol superstars, including the devil-tongued Ondine (Michael Imperioli) and Ultra Violet (Myriam Cyr), are not very serious about sex. Celebrity is the true turn-on.

After her initial success, Valerie Solanas bombs at the Factory because she's too intense—crazy in the wrong way for Warhol. She wants to defend herself, and to stand up for the dignity and power of women, and so she gets put down by Ondine, who operates as the guardian of Warhol's pleasures. Harron makes it clear that Valerie goes too far, that she's paranoid and delusional. But she also suggests that the gender antagonisms are real, that the campy atmosphere is poisonous for women. Fighting all the time, Lili Taylor comes at the role with tremendous verve. She gives Valerie's wildest remarks a natural comic's timing. Reading the SCUM manifesto in close-up, she might be the star performer of a lesbian cabaret. She doesn't deepen the character, but depth is perhaps not what's needed. (I cringe at the thought of the punitive acting genius Jennifer Jason Leigh in the role.) No, Valerie Solanas was too goofy to weep over. And Valerie herself would probably have enjoyed this scrappy, entertaining, semi-satirical version of her blighted life. ■

There's Always Something Interesting On the Block



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Fine Jewels
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Early Golf Equipment
& Memorabilia
1pm

THURSDAY 16
Latin American & Haitian Art
2pm

MONDAY 20
19th Century European
Paintings
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ART MARK STEVENS

I, Picasso

The show of Picasso's portraits at MoMA is a fascinating disappointment—a paean to our era's narcissistic decline.

'HE USED TO BE A GREAT ARTIST," BRAQUE said of Picasso, "but now he's only a genius." With this brilliant mot, Braque deflated the cult of genius surrounding Picasso in the fifties and captured the disappointment that some felt in the artist's later work. Unfortunately, criticism of Picasso is rarely as subtle as Braque's. It usually amounts to complaints that he became a nasty old goat—egotistical, cruel to women, and a sellout—whose aesthetic gifts declined with age. He deserves better from serious critics, for his weakness is now our own.

In Picasso, something goes importantly, brilliantly, wrong—a development in its way as revelatory and as definitive of the modern era as his masterly innovations were at the outset of the century. That "something wrong" is what fascinates me, as Picasso's century ends, for he hardly needs more acclaim; even his latest works now receive unmodulated praise. Among its many virtues, **Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation,** which opens this week at the Museum of Modern Art, is an almost perfect illustration of the weakness that haunts Picasso's power.

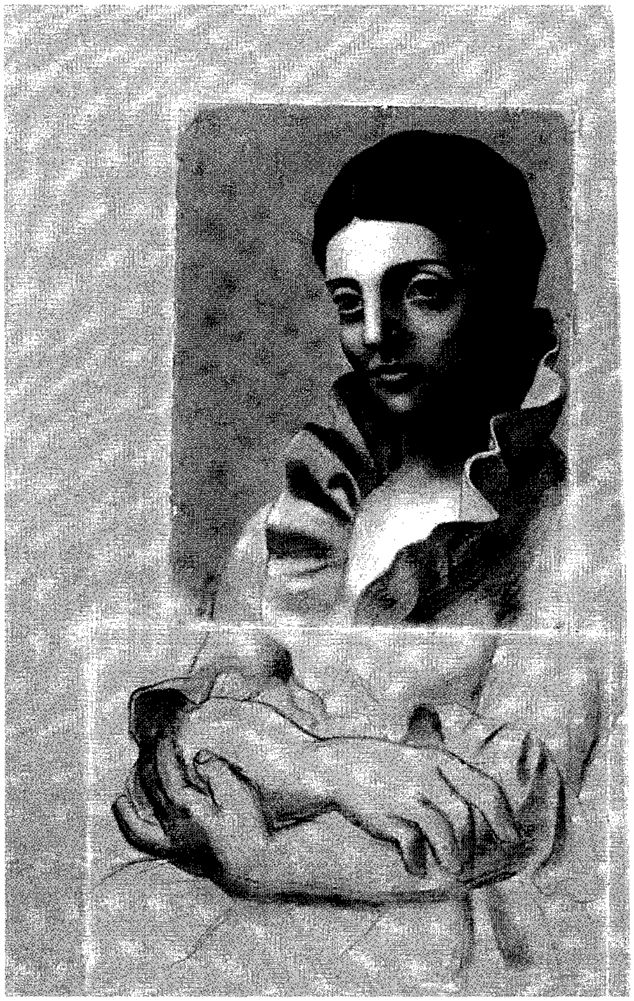
This is not, of course, the show's intent. Rich in examples of the painter's genius, accompanied by an enormous catalogue that is plush with scholarship, the exhibit is celebratory. And we should expect nothing less. If MOMA is the Vatican of Modernism, Picasso is its presiding saint. William Rubin, who organized the show and edited the catalogue, is one of Picasso's most intelligent and indefatigable scholars. Now the director emeritus of the Department of Painting and Sculpture at MOMA, he mounted the massive retrospective of Picasso at the museum in 1980 and the equally exhaustive "Picasso-Braque: Pioneering Cubism" of 1989, a work of museum choreography that identified every dance step in the collaborative development of Cubism.

Here, Rubin has gathered together portraits ranging from early academic studies of the late-nineteenth century to the self-portrait that Picasso painted in 1972, shortly before his death. Many pictures have not been seen before in this country. Several from private collections are being exhibited for the first time. All told, about 220 works are on display, an extraordinary number for a show that concentrates upon only one aspect of an artist's work. During his long life Picasso worked in many styles and portrayed many people, so a comprehensive show of his portraiture must be large.

Although Picasso portrayed male friends—and himself—women were his great subject, especially the women who fascinated him. The show is organized mainly around his successive love affairs (you could almost call it "The Painter and His Muses"), beginning with Fernande Olivier and ending with the wife of his old age, Jacqueline. In between, one can see pictures of, among others, Marie-Thérèse Walter, Dora Maar, and Françoise Gilot. We see these women through all the famous Picasso lenses: traditional, Cubist, Ingresque or neoclassical (as in the picture of his wife Olga, illustrated here), surreal, and the later hybrids of style.

The principal argument of the show is that Picasso transformed portraiture, leaving to photography the traditional responsibility to record a literal likeness and projecting himself into the portrait in a bold new way. This argument sounds more impressive than it looks. Parsing Picasso into genres has a boxy, academic interest, but finally seems artificial, forced, and misleading about his art. Picasso had one great subject, whatever the genre: Picasso being Picasso. Among other things, that meant no sustained tolerance for boundaries.

Under the mercurial and voracious hand of this artist,



Painter of a thousand muses: *Portrait of Olga,* 1921, pastel and charcoal on paper.

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

a guitar can be a woman and a woman a guitar; and if Picasso draws the Minotaur, doesn't he have a self-portrait in mind? Where, then, is one to draw the line at what is or is not a portrait? The question excites Rubin, but I wonder just how significant the answer is. That Picasso has a volatile sense of identity is important to know, but also obvious. Wouldn't a show that revealed how Picasso injected himself into all genres, using many surrogates for himself, more accurately make the point?

At the same time, many pictures included here as "portraits" seem so only through stretching the word to the point of near-meaninglessness. Faces Picasso knew well naturally entered his work; sometimes he combined elements from different faces. But that does not make such pictures particularly interesting to think about as portraits. Is almost every rendering of a figure to be a portrait? I doubt Picasso intended a portrait of Fernande, for example, when he composed his great *Woman With a Fan*. He borrowed her to make a painting. Picasso being Picasso usually seems so much more interesting than the fact that a work is a portrait; again and again in this show, one longs for the missing masterpiece of a period, but must make do with a secondary work that happens to be a portrait.

Whether it is by Frans Hals or Picasso, of course, every great portrait is also a self-portrait. Anyone who has spent a minute thinking about art knows this, including Rubin, who quotes Leonardo on the subject. The show celebrates Picasso for pressing this point home, for dispensing with much of the traditional ballast of portraiture. It seems to me, however, that this is a mixed blessing. It was Picasso's increasingly imperial sense of self—his lording about unchallenged by the world, without responsibility toward anything but his own imperial whims—that turned him into just a genius.

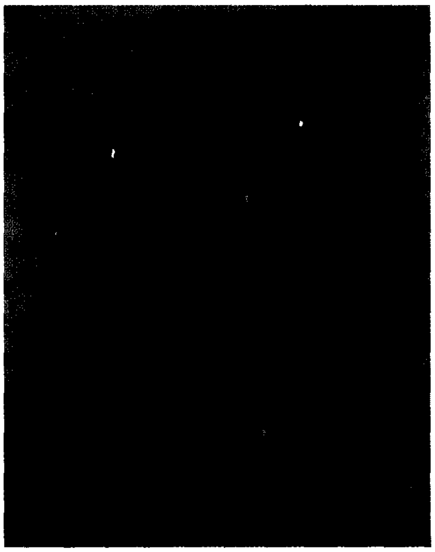
In his earlier work, Picasso's sensibility is more challenged by the world; his art has the vigor, the pictorial tension, that derives from sustained struggle. He flourishes in the labor to define himself in relation to tribal art; he is never more the master than when he suppresses the self in order to create the great classical style of the modern period, which is Cubism. In the same way, his most powerful portraits are those in which the subject somehow resists him—when he is forced to acknowledge, to confront, a power outside himself. That replenishes his art.

This is the case—in different ways—with his portraits of his wife Olga and his mistresses Marie-Thérèse and Dora Maar. In the earlier pictures of Olga, a woman interested in society and bourgeois life, there is something marble-cool and unreachable. In the paintings of Marie-Thérèse, by contrast, Picasso is sexually intoxicated, overcome, desperate. He paints to possess. But he must also lose himself in Marie-Thérèse's glorious sensuality; he must worship at her monument. These most sensual of paintings are also a dream that steals him away—transcendently physical. Dora Maar, in turn, is often full of angry, crying resistance: This is the painting of recrimination.

By the time he was 40, Picasso had developed a number of visual vocabularies. For the rest of his life, he took up these styles as he wished, becoming a virtuoso. He raided his own past, and he rummaged through the history of art. And the distinction between history and himself seemed to matter less and less. (Picasso was also the first postmodernist.) As he cultivated the power of the imperial "I," he found much of the world willing to serve in his court. His life filled with sycophants, toadies, hangers-on, and other moths looking for the flame.

There is a whiff of power worship in this show, too. The wall panel calls the pictures of Marie-Thérèse, for example, "the most passionate and sensual images in modern painting, perhaps in all art history." (I love the "perhaps," as if this were a carefully adjudicated distinction.) One must never forget the pecking order, in short, even when Picasso is in love. He must be declared more sensual and passionate than, say, Gauguin or Matisse. More so, perhaps, than anyone in history! The top banana!

Is the imperial I—or eye—really that admirable? Picasso is never without genius, of course, as Braque suggested. Those who love a big boy will forgive him anything. And those fascinated by the metaphysics of the modern self—by the flux of identity and the rise of narcissism—will find him a fascinating case study in how the modern self evolved in the twentieth century, and how the romantic ideal of genius declined into narcissism. Eventually, like Duchamp and, later, Warhol, Picasso becomes less important as a painter than as a performer of the role of artist. You can see his progeny today in the buffoonish swaggering of many contemporary artists.



Portrait of the artist's wife: *Rebecca*, 1921, by Paul Strand.

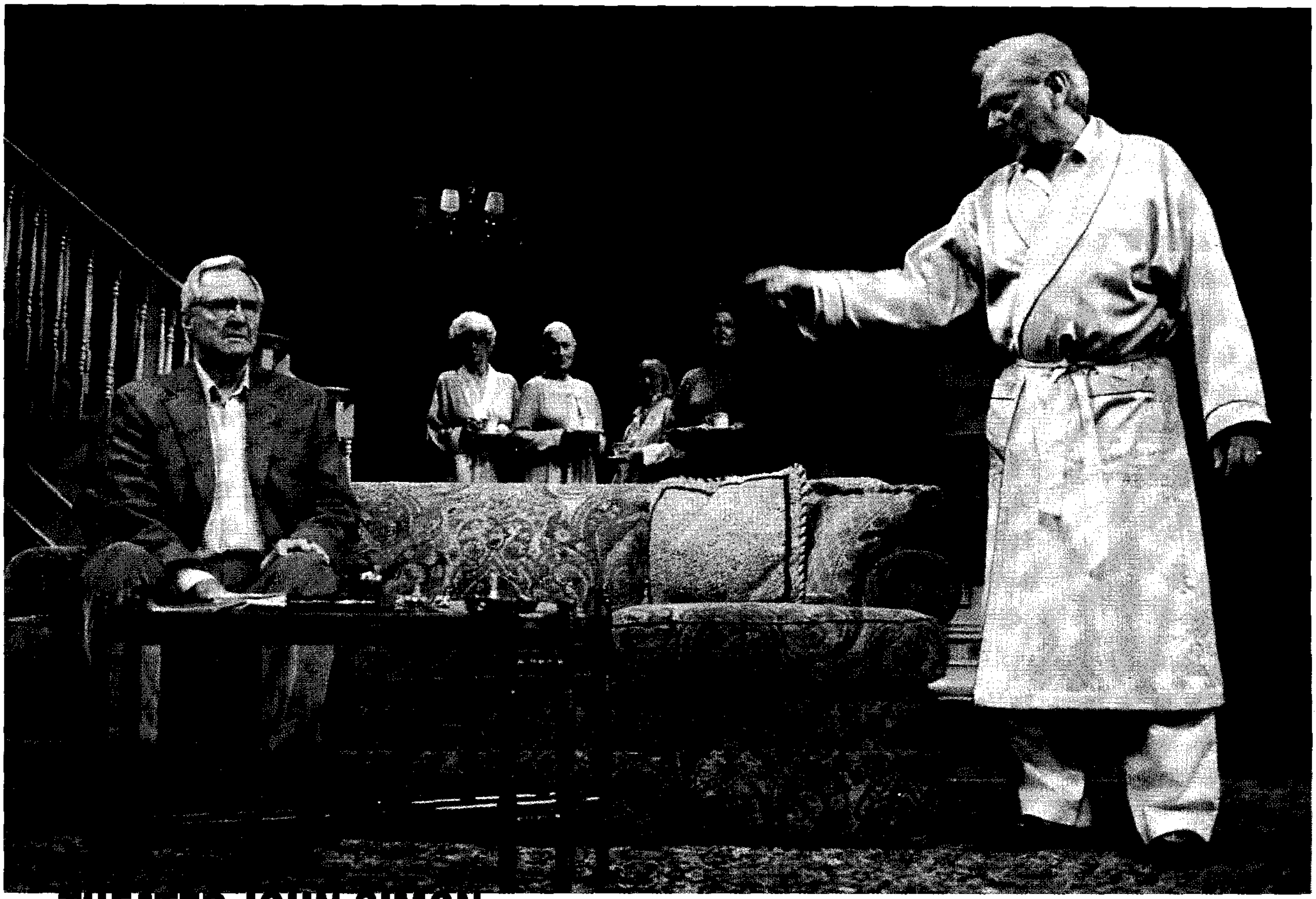
We have the right to ask more of the greatest artists. Some Picasso pictures are pictorially slack, just a great wrist. More important, Picasso's sensibility, as it plays out over a long life, seems finally too small in spirit, however voracious in energy and far-flung in its purview, when judged against the achievement of the greatest painters in art history. Picasso seems to have no profound aspiration beyond himself, unless it is to possess the world outside himself. The me-me-me finally seems old-man childish, too given to restlessness, tantrums, and showing off. The imperial I becomes an incontinent I.

An artist's complete *oeuvre* has a shape that casts a certain light across the mind. Recently, we have seen retrospectives of Mondrian and Matisse at MOMA. Mondrian did not have the genius of Picasso, but he was a greater artist. Matisse had a genius equal to Picasso's—if one accords color the same stature as line—and was also a greater artist. The light that these artists cast across the mind is a more profound light than Picasso's, in part because there is some release from the naked self—some joy taken in spiritual desire, some pleasure found in dreams of paradise. Picasso's haunting, honest self-portrait of 1972 seems desperately bereft, in a way that neither Mondrian nor Matisse was at the end: The naked self is a skull.

BETWEEN 1920 AND 1932, THE PHOTOGRAPHER **Paul Strand** (1890–1976) made some marvelous portraits of his first wife, Rebecca Salsbury, fourteen of which are now on display at the Robert Miller Gallery (through May 4). They possess a certain air—a way of presenting women—that now seems lost to male artists. This Rebecca is a moody kind of muse, lost in dreamy thoughts that the artist cannot quite reach; her eyes often seem moist with yearning. She reminds me of the women in D. H. Lawrence.

For all her vulnerability, however, Rebecca appears neither soft nor mushy-spirited. Strand usually presents her in close-up, often tightly cropped, as if to unlock or puzzle out her meaning. Rebecca herself is what used to be called a "handsome" woman—that is, attractive in a strong and almost masculine way, rather than just gauzily pretty. Strand himself seems an active and powerful part of these pictures, but he does not overwhelm her and the portraits seem a kind of collaboration. Strand was a man who possessed a woman with the camera and who was, in turn, possessed. ■

Photograph by Paul Strand/courtesy of Robert Miller Gallery.



THEATER JOHN SIMON

Sweet Nothings

Edward Albee's 'A Delicate Balance' is an exercise in futility; 'Bring in 'da Noise, Bring in 'da Funk' is still a tap show with intellectual pretensions.

A delicate cast: From left, John Carter, Elaine Stritch, Rosemary Harris, Mary Beth Hurt, Elizabeth Wilson, and George Grizzard.

IN MY 1966 REVIEW OF EDWARD ALBEE'S **A Delicate Balance,** I pointed out that in stage works nothing much need happen, but that Shaw, for example, "fills his nothingness with incisive speculation . . . ; Beckett raises nothingness to fierce, tragicomic heights. But the nothingness—perhaps more accurately nothinginess—of Albee's plays is petty, self-indulgent, stationary. Albee's nothing is as dull as anything."

A Delicate Balance, a Pulitzer Prize–winning lucubration in three acts, concerns Tobias and Agnes, an affluent, middle-aged, suburban Wasp couple; Claire, Agnes's alcoholic younger sister, who, to everyone's annoyance, lives with them; Julia, their 36-year-old daughter, who stays with them whenever one of her marriages breaks up, as the fourth one just did; and their best friends, Harry and Edna, who, when a nameless terror suddenly grips them, decide to move in with Agnes and Tobias, possibly in perpetuity. To say that people are not seized by "the Fear" in the middle of their mundane activities, and, if so seized, do not insist on moving in with their friends forever, and, if undertaking such a *démarche,* would roundly be sent packing is beside the point. Albee does not write about people: He writes about humanoid constructs of his agenda-addled brain. You can call these puppets symbols, fantasies, or paper dolls, depending on your tolerance for three-dollar bills.

To fill out the gaps in the pseudo-action, Albee comes up with riffs. One such is Claire's disquisition on whether she is "an alcoholic" or "a alcoholic." Another is Tobias's reminiscing about his unhappy relationship with a cat he once had—good for three and a half pages of maundering text. Yet another is Claire's two-page account of trying to buy a topless bathing suit in October. And so on. Albee fancies himself and his characters to be great talkers—in paragraphs, no less—unlike ordinary mortals who, it seems, speak in sentences, if that. In witness whereof, Agnes opens the play with an interminable monologue, artfully interlarded with little asides from both her and Tobias. It is built up on a sentence that, unfortunately for Albee's vaunt, does not parse. (I have shown in greater detail in one of my books how tenuous Albee's grasp of grammar and syntax is.)

There are funny moments in *A Delicate Balance*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

whenever the famed Albeean bitchy repartee takes over. Claire gets most of the good and nasty lines, but others also receive their fair share. If the point is—as it seems to be—to show how obnoxious these people are, the play certainly comes off. In other respects, Albee is the playwright with the longest eclipse: Between *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (1962) and *Three Tall Women* (1994), both important, everything he wrote is either poor or pitiful.

Gerald Gutierrez has directed with his usual suavity, and Rosemary Harris, Mary Beth Hurt, Elizabeth Wilson, and John Carter expertly convey both the storm and the teapot. George Grizzard is, if possible, even finer, far surpassing Hume Cronyn's performance in the premiere. But, for all her masterly timing and dry-martini delivery, Elaine Stritch is way too old to play Agnes's younger sister (a part very well handled in 1966 by Rosemary Murphy), and her search for a topless swimsuit emerges somewhere between ludicrous and obscene. But her balancing of a tumbler is delicate indeed.

IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW MUCH YOU LIKE TAP DANCING. Personally, I enjoy it as much as I do tapas, tapenade, and—no, forget about tapioca. But I don't enjoy overdosing on it, and the two 40-minute acts of *Bring in 'da Noise, Bring in 'da Funk* seem to me a bit too much, even as 80 minutes to fill a theater evening may not be enough.

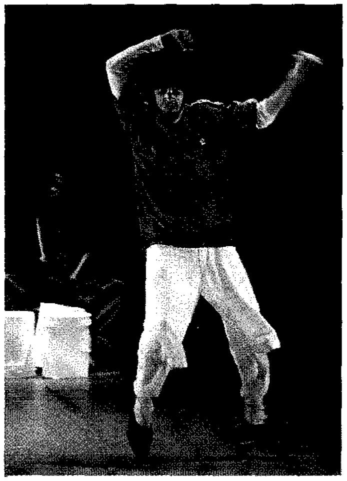
The show is an improvement over its Off Broadway version. It is, of course, still the retelling of black-American history in terms of tap dancing, as conceived and directed by George C. Wolfe, choreographed by Savion Glover (whose idea it partly was), with a book by Reg E. Gaines and music by Daryl Waters, Zane Mark, and Ann Duquesnay. Miss D. also sings most of the songs blaringly enough to make their lyrics hard to decipher, which may be just as well.

We are shown, in various tap dances, how the genre first developed, when southern slaves were no longer allowed drums and substituted their tapping feet; then how it evolved against the background of Chicago factories and race riots, suffered a setback in Hollywood and white nightclubs, and reemerged triumphant through gospel, hip-hop, and showbiz. In other words, boyz meet 'da beat, boyz lose 'da beat, boyz get 'da beat. Wolfe, with his glitzy visual sense, has supplied surtitles and slide projections, and has gotten neatly minimalist scenery from Riccardo Hernandez, jaunty costumes from Paul Tazewell, and, newly added, eye-popping lighting from Jules Fisher and Peggy Eisenhauer.

The lyrics, as much as fat-and-sassy Mama Duquesnay's delivery lets us divine, are standard rap, but when the gifted Jeffrey Wright artfully tosses them off they gain a lot. The seven-man pit band performs the serviceable music gamely, but is no match for the artistry of the two onstage drummers, Jared Crawford and Raymond King, who from pots, pans, trash cans, and drumsticks coax more varieties of rhythm and resonance than you would think possible, though still not enough to make up for the absence of melody.

And then the tappers. Baakari Wilder, Jimmy Tate, Vincent Bingham, and Dulé Hill, both in solos and ensemble numbers stylishly devised by Savion Glover, give "putting your foot in it" a resoundingly positive meaning. Glover himself, in his solo turns, is even more astounding as he taps into all the roots and tap roots of the form, carrying it to its traditional heights and adding new peaks of his own. Even so, I don't think that the genre has anywhere near the range that, say, ballet has, and believe that less of this show would have been more, at least artistically. But perhaps the more is in those hypertrophic apostrophes before the *da*s that had me reflecting on the role of the apostrophe in black-theater titles. Back in the works of Melvin Van Peebles (*Dont Play Us Cheap* and *Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death*), it was suppressed as a honky hex; now it is overappropriated as a sign of empowerment. The present title may turn out to be the Appomattox of the Apostrophe Wars.

ON THE FACE OF IT—OR, RATHER, THE FACE OF *him*—Nicol Williamson is hardly the man to portray John Barrymore. Barrymore was extremely handsome; Williamson is anything but. J.B. had a gorgeous voice; N.W.'s is grainy, even a bit whiny. J.B. was American; N.W. is British. As the lights go up on **Jack: A Night on the Town With John Barrymore,** you think the only actor whom Williamson could convincingly personate is Michael Caine on a bad hair day.



Tap boyz: Savion Glover (front) and Jared Crawford.

The monodrama by Williamson and the Irish TV documentarian and filmmaker Leslie Megahey, who also directed, is a reasonably clever compilation of facts and anecdotes, interspersed with speeches from Jack's Shakespearean roles. As delivered by Williamson, they sound no more like Barrymore on his records than Williamson looks like him in photographs. And, frankly, they are not even outstanding Shakespearean readings, though they contain flashes of bravura. Then is this two-hours-plus show a waste of time, a big lie? Not so. The "Night on the Town" part is pleasantly true, even though it is more of a night out with Williamson than with Barrymore.

Granted, the story is funny, sad, and weird enough, but more important is the stage presence of N.W., who is a thorough entertainer. The way he rattles through stories, segues from unfinished sentence to erupting next one, cavalierly tosses off lines, mugs and mutters, slinks and sashays—his entire verbal quick-change artistry—makes him raffishly, buoyantly good company.

The first act, Jack in the theater, is the better one, because N.W. is better at comedy, and here things go laughingly well for our hero. Act Two, mostly in Hollywood, is largely about the downfall through drink, and tragedy suits Williamson less well.

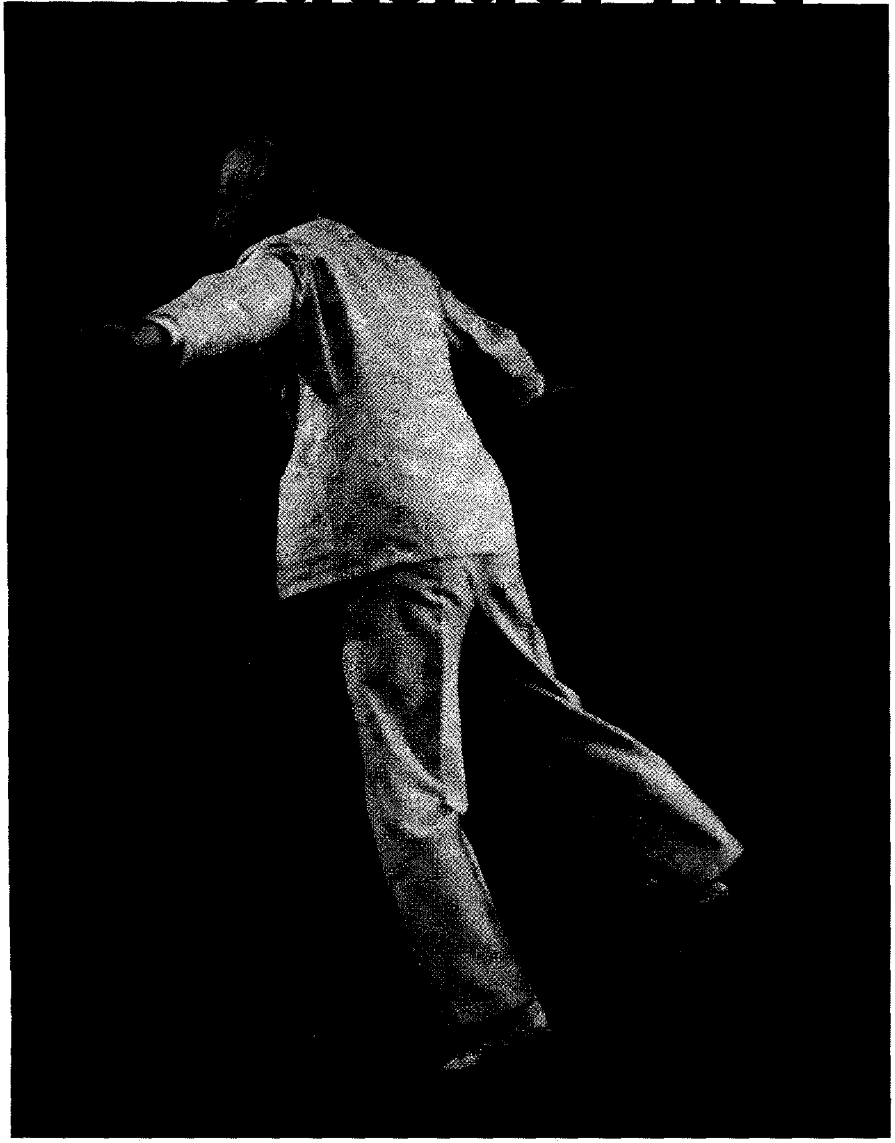
The bottles on the little onstage table accumulate, but the pathos does not. It may well be that Barrymore wasn't all that great, but for the duration of the show, we had better believe he was. Williamson allows us to entertain that belief but not truly to feel it. A heartstring is plucked here and there, but tragic awareness does not wash over us. Still, if Williamson, to quote from the Hamlet soliloquy he treats us to, does not "amaze indeed / The very faculties of eyes and ears," he does tickle our funnybone and capture our benevolence. ■

"...In 'Bring in 'da Noise,' Savion Glover gives **'putting your foot in it'** *a resoundingly positive meaning. In his solo turns, he taps into all the roots and tap roots of the form, carrying it to its traditional heights and adding* **new peaks of his own...**"

DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Outsider Art

A pair of postmodern choreographers who, packing their dances with words, make use of the margins.



Acting out his age: Stuart Hodes in Koplowitz's *Dirty Old Man.*

Photograph by Paul Taylor.

Stephan Koplowitz SPECIALIZES IN WORKING WITH performers routinely excluded from mainstream dance—among them, the disadvantaged young. For two years, he's led the Creative Club House, which serves just such a population, and his recent concert at Dance Theater Workshop featured the youngsters—not as a novelty but as nearly the whole show.

I'm of two minds about this kind of display, which rejects the modest ambitions of a school recital to claim full professional status. The experience is undeniably positive for the fledgling performers. The preparatory physical training channels and refines their natural energy and polishes their sense of dynamics (knowing how much and when should serve them far beyond the confines of the stage). The collaborative choreographic process in which Koplowitz engages them honors the expression of their concerns and feelings; it also encourages cooperation. The performances, besides teaching projection and the uses of charisma, offer that irresistible moment in the spotlight.

But what does the audience—apart from an inner circle of the dancers' well-wishers—get out of this? One's delight in the skill, aplomb, and freshness of these artists-in-embryo is offset by a feeling that their youth is being exploited. The choreography Koplowitz has evolved with them is sub-mediocre and imposes stale conventions of modern and postmodern dance that actually stifle the adolescents' originality. Performed by adult, seasoned pros, these dances wouldn't be worth watching. Four different pieces, two of them new, did little more than air the generic joys, sorrows, and confusions of growing up, in terms that are banal verbally as well as choreographically. The occasional flash of irony in the spoken texts was as welcome as the infrequent sunny hour this past winter. The training, too, seems insufficient, leaving the ostensible dancers-in-the-making only halfway to mastery. If raw talent is any indication, some of these kids are destined—doomed, Martha Graham might have said—to make a career in the theater. This being the case, they need more rigorous work in dancing and diction—urgently.

Another of Koplowitz's interests is dancers in the last third of life—clearly past their athletic prime but rich in human and artistic wisdom. (The choreographers Liz Lerman and Jiří Kylián have successfully mined this field, creating material for mature personnel, while some, like Merce Cunningham, just do the job for themselves.) The single piece on the Koplowitz program about which I have no reservations—only a memory of pure pleasure—was a collaboration with the two people who performed it: the 71-year-old Stuart Hodes, a Graham alum, and, as Hodes's foil, Sara Hook (merely 34), a talented choreographer in her own right.

Called *Dirty Old Man*, the duet gives us the white-haired Hodes as a dapper fellow in a vanilla-hued suit and accessories, maintaining his equanimity in the face of approaching extinction yet buoyantly planning to "make it into the twenty-first century." He plays the violin, teeters along an imaginary tightrope, suavely executes a dance that consists of rhythmically nuanced gestures, and partners vigorously, deftly, and salaciously. His muse, if you will, is got up like a Raymond Chandler chantoosie—shoulder-length auburn tresses, body-hugging dress with spangled fringes, great gams—and treats Hodes with the spunky defiance women accord to the virile and deny the decrepit.

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As is typical of Koplowitz's work, there's lots of talking. The spoken word is often a poor cover-up for the inability to find the right moves, but here, at least, it's tartly funny—and touching, too, especially when Hodes (who wrote the text with Koplowitz) delivers his take on what it's like to be old: "I'm sick of sarcasm. Exhausted by egos. I don't want to be unique." I hope the underage participants in the program were listening.

Bebe Miller's *Tiny Sisters in the Enormous Land,* recently given its New York premiere at the Joyce Theater, also relies heavily on words. Of course, its theme makes the dance world's current penchant for talking almost inevitable. Miller's piece was inspired by *The Silent Twins,* an account of two sisters living in rural isolation who developed a secret language of gesture that drew them into the depths of their own imagination, bound them inextricably to each other, and cut them off from the wider world. The world being the world, it insistently demanded their participation in its affairs. (According to her program note, Miller sees this tale as a parable of the "drastic" elements in the evolution of a mature identity, but this is asking too much of the dance—or, indeed, of any dance.)

This dance does a stunning job of describing the initial situation, then fails to go anywhere with it but on and on and on. Some ten minutes' worth of effective material is reiterated in the course of an unbroken hour. The overall effect is dull, disappointing, frustrating, enraging even, yet the good elements are knockouts. Miller renders the sisterly pair as a female sextet—a strategy that intensifies the impression of a terrible, fascinating organism in which egos, symbiotically meshed, lose their individual identity and perceive any intrusion as a death threat.

Wearing pale, heavy, childlike jumpers that suggest a faraway, haunted place and time—the Brontë girls in their pinafores might have looked like this—the women move in a manner that combines fluidity and stiff, angular awkwardness. Their faces are masks of paranoia. From their throats come the high-pitched monotonal chants that serve the mad as conversation. They cluster like frightened waterfowl, then split away, nervously eyeing one another as if to verify the connection to their sister selves. Intermittently projected on the background scrim is a soft-focus film of another group of women, first in a desolate landscape, then in a Gothic-style institutional building. Like the live performers, these echo-dancers, pacing and swaying to some strange internal rhythm, are secure only in the prison of their own construction. ■

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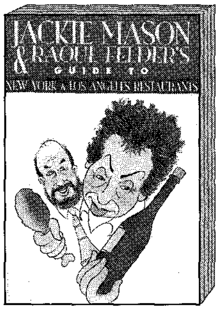

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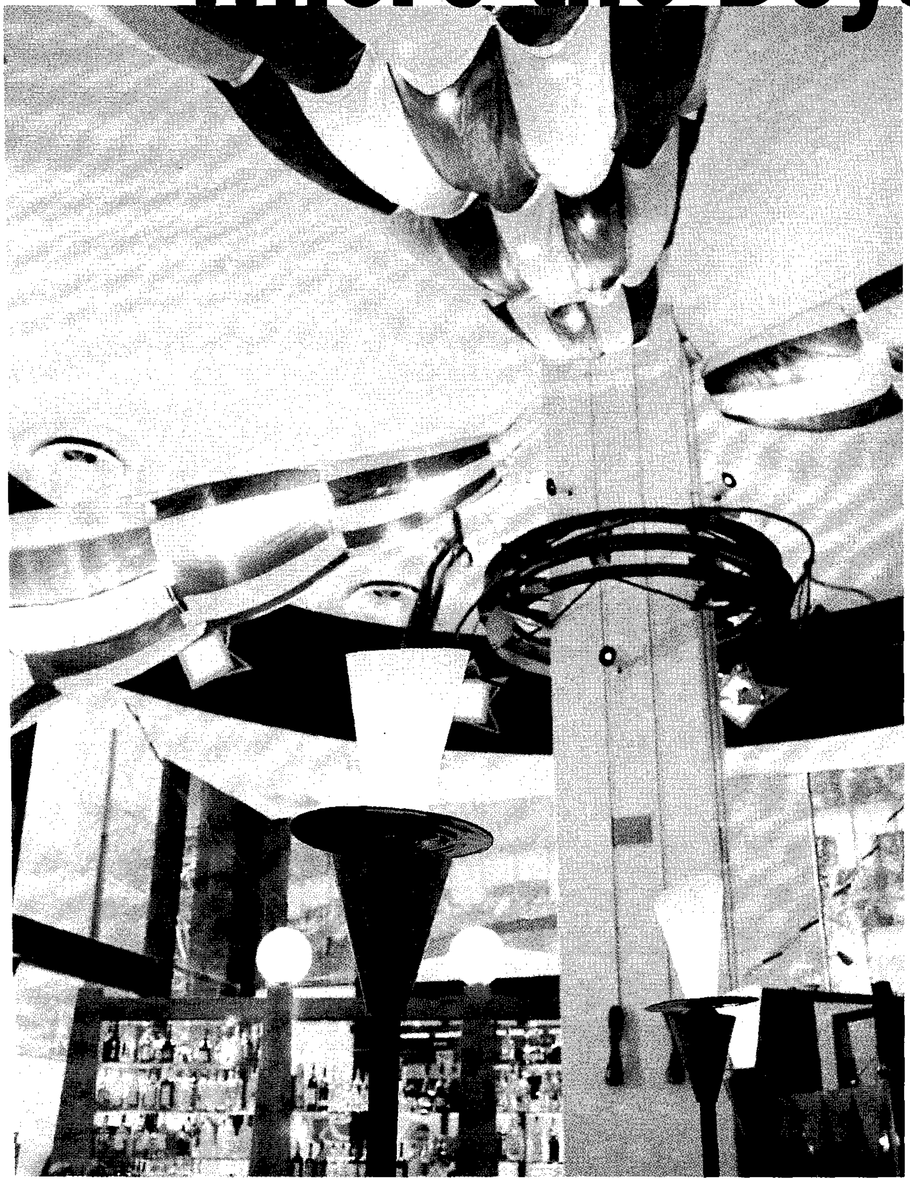
THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Where the Boys Are

Mario, Marco, and Mauro Maccioni do the Sirio at Circo. A second-generation Cipriani takes the act downtown.



Children's menu: The Maccioni kids run Osteria del Circo.

SIRIO MACCIONI IS AMUSED TO CALL LE CIRQUE "a bistro." So all those years when he talked about one day opening a humble trattoria for his wife, Egidiana, and their three sons ("I begged them to be doctors, lawyers, anything but—") he probably meant exactly this: **Osteria del Circo.** An elegant and whimsical sideshow for his mollycoddled pets—the power peerage and the parvenus—starring pizza and smart Mediterranean dainties. And we love it. We're here. Yes, the kitchen is splintered, the food uneven. The simple clarity of dishes designed by Egi, as everyone calls her, is often overwhelmed by the dizzying fuss her co-chefs favor. But we know what we like now and come primed for the fun.

Even as we watch the Maccioni heirs dodging the tentative serving crew (less green now, having been pruned and drilled into a reasonable celadon) and a hint of smoke from the testy exhaust hits the nose, the space feels electric, cozy, familiar, familial. One man's family is ours. The well-tutored princelings (prepped at Les Crayères in Reims, the Moulin de Mougins on the Côte d'Azur, and the Paris Ritz) woo us in relays. They are doing the Sirio, a dance of staccato attendance that can make you feel essential. Tonight it's Mario, the senior son, and little Mauro, who is the tallest. Even before we can order, a crackle of "pizza pazza" arrives, with splendid prosciutto on bubbling mascarpone-tomato sauce. That sauce on its own, modest and pristine—Mama Egidiana insists you must have it on the side, just in case, even though you ordered butter and sage with her bitter-greens-and-ricotta-plumped ravioli. Choreographing dinner for the president of Italy across town at Le Cirque, Sirio, never one to suffer in silence, observes that he is competing with himself. One of those ambivalent triumphs.

Sunday is family night. With Le Cirque closed, Sirio can give Mario and second son Marco a night off. God rested, but not Sirio. He's driving Mauro crazy, hissing at the waiters, racing away for napkins to keep the tables turning. Barbara Walters may give her lunch trade to Harry Cipriani, but she's here tonight. Le Cirque stalwarts roll their eyes as Sirio leads an unlikely tourist duo to a table. Denim pedal pushers? Fat? Well, these things happen west of Sixth Avenue. Egi takes her granddaughter for a walk so Mario and his wife can finish eating their dinner. "It's Sunday," she says, "and it's the only way we can all be together." She is the natural charmer—unsuave, unrehearsed, unshellacked.

Her by-now-mythic 30-vegetable soup (or 25, depending on the market), the homemade tagliolini with garlic oil and hot peppers (ask for that tomato sauce too), or the tepid spaghetti dressed with raw tomato, basil, and garlic are what I expected to find here. A precise measure of tomato and Parmesan creates perfect balance against the musk of her homey tripe. But how many of Sirio's blondined darlings will eat tripe? Not only must Egi arrive at 6 A.M. to claim a space in the too-tiny kitchen, she must argue her case to the chefly triumvirate. "They don't want to do my vegetable lasagna. But I'm pointing my toes," she swears, Egi-ese for "putting my foot down."

Sirio is convinced his groupies must have lobster salad, cod, seared tuna—all the inevitables at this Mediterranean moment in Manhattan. Beefy rare tuna with white beans, red pepper, and a trail of olive pesto

Photographs by Minh + Wass.

A Tale of Two Cities.

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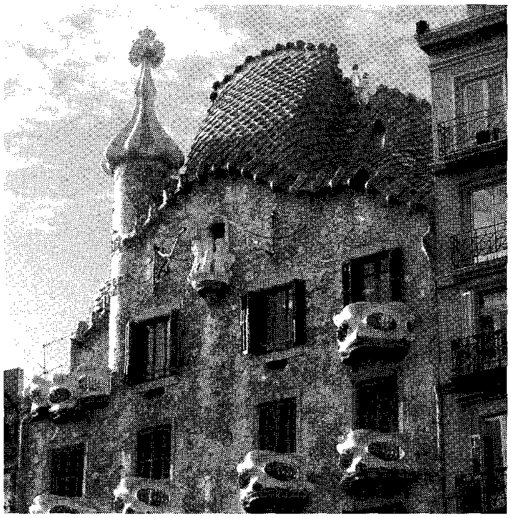

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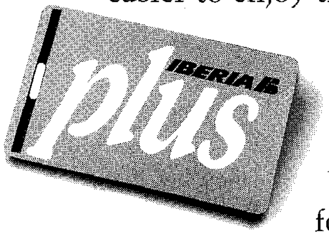

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is actually sensational. Basil and olive pestos add pizzazz to whole calamari stuffed with a mince of shrimp and vegetables. Slight overcooking is my only regret about the giant sea scallops with roasted fingerlings and leeks, or the grilled striped bass with cranberry beans, black olives, roasted peppers, and zucchini crisps. Artichokes, pancetta, and goat cheese is my least-favorite topping for the bubbling, cracker-like pizza. But it's hard to resist the olive focaccia or the cheese-flavored bread sticks that arrive one evening hot from the oven (and have since disappeared from the repertory).

Downtown, a Cipriani toehold in SoHo.

> *"...Downtown already has crowds piling in. Bankers and Euros and runway gazelles with a* **spicing of art-world satraps.** *It's SoHo for uptowners who find the commute dislocation enough..."*

Too many ingredients—perhaps too many cooks—muddy the potato gnocchi, oversalted lamb ravioli, and one night's cavatelli. A daily special of roast cod is unseasoned, its clams overcooked. But listless minestrone and the monotone of tagliatelle with duck-and-porcini ragù are quickly forgotten in the lunchtime dazzle of Egi's winning room-temperature spaghetti, her potato-mascarpone ravioli with minced walnuts and chopped tomato, the delicate wild-mushroom tortelloni, and the grilled-vegetable-and-bel-paese sandwich made with arugula-pestoed focaccia.

Sure, it's all much more expensive than expected: entrées $13.50 to $24.75 at lunch, $18 to $28 at dinner, the $8 desserts. But so was construction. Two and a half million as Sirio obsessed endlessly during the summer of delays. Supposedly relaxing in Montecatini, he ranted and pleaded long-distance, then calmly assigned Le Cirque's tables from a reservation list faxed nightly by Marco. With architect Adam Tihany's signature rare woods and custom everything, you can almost feel the whiplash of negative cash flow. For me, it's a shade too good-taste, too sparse, not enough fun. You have to look up to see the red-and-yellow banners, the absolute brilliance of revolving monkeys and the metal mannequins dancing over the kitchen. Plush toy monkeys tugging ropes below and hugging a magnum of champagne at the bar add a welcome silliness. The impoverished can always stop by for soup and a pizza at the bar or order takeout from Circo's tiny new shop on the building promenade—everything from breakfast bagels and Tuscan doughnuts to prosciutto-and-green-tomato sandwiches and Valrhona brownies.

Now Mario insists, very à la Papa, that we sample a parade of desserts. Two minutes later, Mauro glides by: "You must try a dessert tasting." "Mario beat you to it," we say. He shakes his head disconsolately. "I'm behind the ball. Please don't tell my father." Perhaps there could be a smarter balsamic kick in the latte cotto custard, more oomph in the chocolate torta. I wish the sorbets had more citric sting. But I love the espresso cream disguised as cappuccino. And the custard-plump bomboloncini guarded by a candy clown are irresistible. This was meant to be a circus, after all.

Osteria del Circo, 120 West 55th Street (265-3636). Lunch, Monday to Saturday 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.; dinner, Sunday to Wednesday 5:30 to 11 p.m., Thursday to Saturday till 11:30 p.m.. A.E., M.C., V.

Downtown RUNS IN THE FAMILY, TOO. THE LATEST LOCAL SEEDLING of the legendary Harry's Bar in Venice, its determined perversity (definitely genetic) already has crowds piling in. Bankers and Euros and runway gazelles with a spicing of art-world satraps. It's SoHo for uptowners who find the commute dislocation enough. Pops, Arrigo "Harry" Cipriani, might drop in to join pals for dinner, but this is son Giuseppe's turf (though he seems to have vanished for the moment—off opening still another pod in Buenos Aires).

We are pressed into a restless clot of pilgrims trying to look nonchalant while waiting 40 minutes to be seated. The cloakroom attendant wanders in a daze, and lucky preppies get herded like lambs to a cramped table—four on a stern park bench meant for three. "This is our new neighborhood place," loft-dwelling friends confide. "It's an accident of fate that we live downtown. We're really uptown people."

Of course, the plates are small. How else could the house shoehorn five grown-ups into a table for two? And these prices may be steep for SoHo—entrées $15 to $25, but the $25 monkfish costs $11 more when Dad's dishing it out. Word's gotten around that the food can be wonderful. I suspect a veteran cook from Fifth Avenue was imported for the launch and has since snuck home. Clam-and-mussel soup is pleasant enough, and tonight's cannelloni is rich and seductively creamy. But the veal ragù on polenta is pathetically plain; the calamari, undistinguished. The baked tagliolini gratinati that I never can resist uptown taste frozen, thawed, and rewarmed here. It's rare to find lamb chops this tough and tasteless. And the hamburger of beloved memory at Cipriani seems chewy as bubble gum, its onions soft but not meltingly sweet.

Spring at last brings a beneficence at lunch. Light pours into the cream-hued room, and what looked like cellophane still wrapping the grandiloquent chandelier is now clearly the glassblower's whimsy. Perhaps if the Bellini were icier, the prosecco and peach purée wouldn't seem quite so flat. Still, the kitchen seems to have perked up a bit. Salt, pepper, a splash of olive oil is all the bean soup needs, but the cook's been too stingy with balsamic and seasoning on the otherwise fine tuna. The pesto tastes like stale grass, and sticky tagliolini noodles seem to grow on the plate as I unravel them. Our good-natured waiter promises my liver with onions will be rare. And on the second try, it is. Now it's time for the Cipriani ritual of show-and-tell desserts: Meringue and frosting fluff are not my weakness. But the chocolate cake has sweet heft and the pecan tart only one scorched nut.

At the next table, a couple is lighting up. "Can we call the police?" I ask the waiter.

"We can't do nothing," he whispers. "This is a European restaurant."

I am determined to try once more. Who said this isn't work? Back again with reinforcements for one more joust with dinner. No need to catalogue the mundane. Downtown is not about gastronomic epiphany, for goodness' sake. If you hunger for theater of the absurd, by all means book ahead. Nibble a breadstick. And take a cue from those two six-foot stunners content to feast on the scene and sip water for two hours at the table against the wall under the painting of the fully erect cigar.

Downtown, 376 West Broadway, at Broome Street (343-0999). Noon to midnight daily. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

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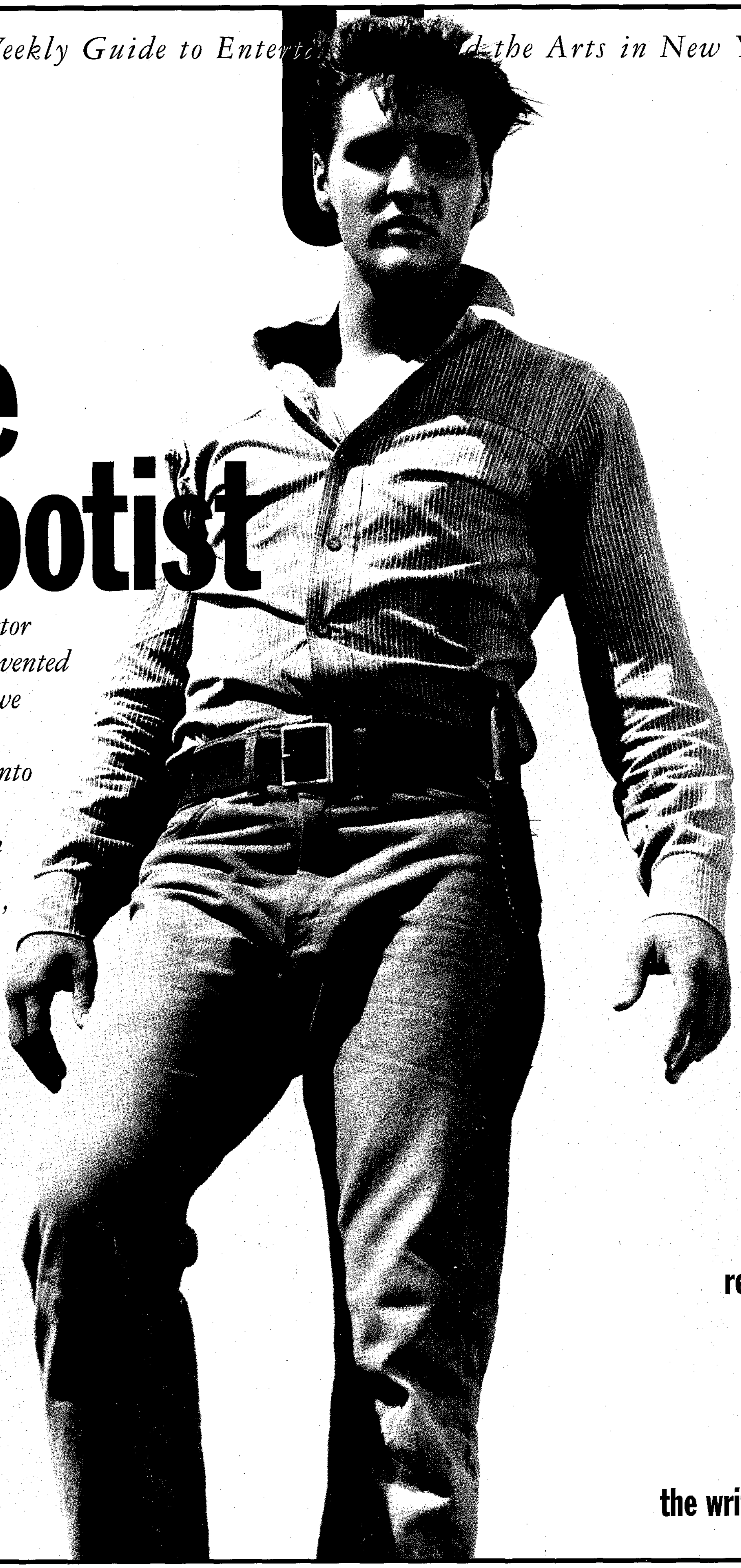
A Weekly Guide to Entert d the Arts in New York



The Shootist

Maverick director **Don Siegel** *invented the outlaw as we know him and coached Elvis into his best screen performance, in the rarely seen 'Flaming Star.' Catch it at MoMA's exhaustive tribute to the renegade auteur* (page 99)

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The Pallbearer . . . Brooklyn's Best New

New Films

★**Angels & Insects**—In the early 1860s, a young naturalist, William Adamson (Mark Rylance), returns to England after years spent in the Amazon. He is dependent on the patronage of a wealthy, aristocratic family, the Alabasters, in whose great Gothic house he takes residence. The ugly gray pile seems haunted—by the withdrawal, perhaps, of divine beneficence from the natural order, or by some dirty secret. Oblivious, Adamson goes on with his work. He marries the eldest daughter, Eugenia (Patsy Kensit), and makes a professional alliance with the tutor of the young Alabaster children, Matty Crompton (Kristin Scott Thompson), a severe and exciting young woman who burns with ethical and sexual passion. Director Philip Haas, working with his wife, Belinda, has adapted a marvelous 1992 A.S. Byatt novella, shrewdly preserving Byatt's volatile mix of science, sex, and Victorian class warfare. (Denby; 2/5/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Antonia's Line—A multigenerational story about four women and their various struggles with men. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris. In Dutch with English subtitles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema 3.*

August—Anthony Hopkins makes his directorial debut with this fresh interpretation of Chekov's "Uncle Vanya." Also starring Kate Burton, Leslie Phillips, and Hugh Lloyd. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse.*

Babe—A wonderful fable about a pig (Babe) who doesn't fit in with all the other animals on his farm. So he defies convention and dares to become a sheepdog. Based on Dick King-Smith's children's book *The Sheep-Pig.* Directed by Chris Noonan. (1 hr. 31 mins.; G) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Barb Wire—Pamela Anderson Lee stars as the titular superhero who wages some kind of one-woman warfare in the not-too-distant apocalyptic future. Directed by David Hogan. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

★**The Birdcage**—Director Mike Nichols and writer Elaine May have set this remake of *La Cage aux Folles* in Miami's South Beach. Above the Birdcage club live Armand (Robin Williams) and Albert (Nathan Lane), who have been together through so many versions and productions that they easily qualify as the world's most famous married couple. Armand's son is about to be married to the daughter of an ultraconservative couple (the bride's father, played by Gene Hackman, is a right-wing senator), and Armand and Albert have to put on a respectable show for the parents. Williams gives one of his most restrained and beautiful performances; he's the soul of the movie, a hardworking husband in love with a funny hysteric whom he will take care of till his dying day. Armand and Albert put on a memorable and hilarious dinner party for the senator and his wife, and the loveliest thing about this scene is that caricature turns to benevolent farce. When the senator finds himself charmed by a man dressed as a woman and even becomes jealous of the woman's "husband," he is softened and transfigured by absurdity. Opposites suddenly recognize each other as soulmates, and from this recognition flows reconciliation. (Denby; 3/11/96) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Metro Cinema.*

Brain Candy—The Kids in the Hall's comedy about an addictive anti-depressant that enslaves the nation. With David Foley, Bruce McCulloch, Kevin McDonald, Mark McKinney, and Scott Thompson. Directed by Kelly Makin. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Waverly; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Butterfly Kiss—Two disturbed women (Amanda Plummer and Saskia Reeves) fall in love on a doomed road trip. Directed by Michael Winterbottom. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR). *Area theaters.*

Captives—Julia Ormond plays a dentist working in a prison, and Tim Roth is the inmate she falls in love with. Directed by Angela Pope. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR). *Area theaters.*

The Celluloid Closet—An engaging documentary about Hollywood's treatment and depiction of gays and lesbians in film. Based on Vito Russo's acclaimed book. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Celtic Pride—Two ardent Boston Celtics fans (Dan Aykroyd and Daniel Stern) kidnap an opposing team's star player (Damon Wayans). Written by Judd Apatow. Directed by Tom DeCerchio. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Cemetery Man—Rupert Everett stars as a cemetery watchman who must re-execute the living dead. He faces a dilemma, however, when the woman he falls in love with is killed. Directed by Michele Soavi. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; 84th Street Six.*

★**Chungking Express**—Thirty years ago, Jean-Luc Godard identified his youthful characters as "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola"; writer-director Wong Kar-Wai's characters might be called the children of global hypercapitalism and Coca-Cola. *Chungking Express* was shot mostly at night inside a vast network of stores, fast-food restaurants and markets in the Hong Kong tourist district. This, we gather, is the future: a shopping-concourse Babel where the many languages and identities are held together, momentarily, by a change of goods, a chance meeting of interest and desire. Wong tells separate stories about two lonely Hong Kong policemen, each trying to cope with the loss of his girlfriend. In the first, a young cop known only by his badge number (223) decides to wait a month for his girl to come back to him. She left on April 1, so every day he buys a can of pineapple (her favorite food) with an expiration date of May 1. When he runs out of cans to buy, he'll know the affair is over. In the second story, a flight attendant, having decided to dump her policeman

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Retrospective
The Outsiders

Henry Fonda was our Everyman, so of course Fritz Lang and Alfred Hitchcock exploited our affinity for him: He was framed for murder in Lang's *You Only Live Once* (left) and mistaken for a criminal in Hitchcock's *The Wrong Man* (right). Other parallels between the émigré masters will doubtless surface in "Alfred Hitchcock and Fritz Lang in America," beginning May 4 at the American Museum of the Moving Image. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.," for info.)

Photographs courtesy of the American Museum of the Moving Image.

"Cue" cover photograph by Photofest.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

boyfriend, No. 663 (Tony Leung), leaves the key to his apartment at the fast-food stand where he stops every night. A strange girl who works there becomes obsessed with the abandoned cop; she takes the key and repeatedly goes to his apartment, brightening the place up. On the whole, Wong seems more at home with solipsistic characters, dreaming their time away, than with men and women together. When the policeman and his admirer finally face each other in his apartment, they can hardly speak. *Chungking Express* is charming and right up to the second; its theme is the transiency, the fleetingness, of life in the present. (Denby; 3/25/96) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Cold Fever—A young Tokyo executive decides to spend his vacation not in Hawaii, as originally planned, but on a remote river in Iceland—the spot where his parents died. Directed by Fridrik Thor Fridriksson. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

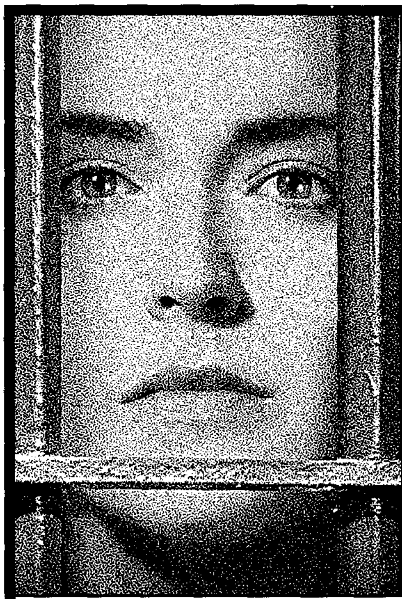
The Craft—A coven of teenage witches exercise their powers in suburban L.A. With Fairuza Balk, Robin Tunney, and Skeet Ulrich. Directed by Andrew Fleming. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Dead Man Walking—A few minutes of Sean Penn's performance and you know he's got the role of Louisiana death-row inmate Matthew Poncelet down right. He defines "shifty"; he's mean, cut-off, mocking. His Poncelet tries to bully and seduce a nun, Sister Helen Préjean (Susan Sarandon) who takes an interest in his case; when she proves to be tougher than he thought, he slowly opens up to her. Based on a book by the actual Helen Préjean, this is the story of Matthew Poncelet's redemption and death. Poncelet has been convicted of murdering two teenagers, and as Sister Helen defends him, she takes abuse from the parents of the dead kids. Robbins observes the parents' rage neutrally, without turning them into vengeful hysterics. But at the end, as nun and murderer reach out to each other in the death chamber, the filmmakers blow the case they are plainly making against capital punishment. The implication is that Poncelet shouldn't be executed because he has accepted God and may become a good man. But if you are truly against capital punishment, you're against executing the redeemed and unredeemed alike. (Denby; 1/8/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; 62nd and Broadway.*

Diabolique—The 1954 original, directed with devastating precision by Henri-Georges Clouzot, was set in a boys' school outside Paris. Two women in thrall to the school's sadistic master—his religious wife and his knowing and tough-souled mistress—conspire to murder him, with unexpected consequences. This remake, directed by Jeremiah Chechik *(Benny & Joon),* puts new seats on an old chassis, and nothing feels quite right—not the school, now placed outside Pittsburgh; not the casting of the very urban and proletarian Chazz Palminteri as the school's menacing director; not the performance of Isabelle Adjani as the religious wife. The new movie is more explicit sexually but less interesting, and with the exception of Sharon Stone—the wickedest, most beautiful witch in the movies—it's a botch. (Denby; 4/1/96) (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Tower East.*

Executive Decision—Six military operatives board a hijacked plane in midair and attempt to defuse a bomb loaded with nerve gas. With Kurt Russell and Steven Seagal. Directed by Stuart Baird. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin.*

★Fargo—In the dead of winter, a car drives toward us through a whiteness so enveloping that we cannot tell where ground and air meet. The



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brilliant opening shot of *Fargo*—a devastating new comedy-thriller from Joel and Ethan Coen—suggests something unspeakably sinister, a void without gradation or limits. The film is about Jerry Lundegaard, a Minneapolis auto salesman who hires two thugs to kidnap his wife. Why? So he can cop part of the ransom money his rich father-in-law will pony up to get his daughter back, of course. He arrives in a roadhouse north of Minneapolis and meets two thugs, one of them a jumpy little creep (Steve Buscemi) and the other a monosyllabic, barely conscious stone killer of indeterminate Scandinavian origin. Buscemi's punk is highly puzzled by Jerry's scheme to have his wife kidnapped and then collect part of the ransom himself. Why doesn't Jerry just *ask* his father-in-law for the money? Buscemi's demand that crime make sense becomes a running joke in this peculiar north-country world, in which the conversational engine turns over and over but never really catches fire. As the Coens see it, people in northern Minnesota are so devoted to surface pleasantness that they don't notice the dark abyss opening at their feet. Joel Coen (who directed) stages the scenes as a deadpan comedy of squareness—but just when the satire is approaching burlesque, Frances McDormand turns up as police chief Marge Gunderson, and we see that blandness may have a hidden meaning. *Fargo* is not completely an exercise in attitude; it's a fable of good and evil, in which the pregnant Marge gets to restore order, one syllable at a time. ((Denby; 3/18/96)) (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Fear—A thriller about a spurned young man (Mark Wahlberg, a.k.a. Marky Mark) who goes psycho on his ex-girlfriend (Resse Witherspoon). (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; 84th Street Six.*

★**Flirting With Disaster**—David O. Russell's new comedy not only flirts with disaster; it waltzes, tangos, and goes to bed with it, yet somehow survives and even flourishes. Russell's hero is Mel (Ben Stiller), an adopted son undergoing an identity crisis—he wants to find his real parents. Who can blame him? He was brought up by a pair of warring Manhattan neurotics (George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore) who would probably make anyone look for new parents. The adoption agency sends out a very aggressive but "understanding" woman (Téa Leoni) along to observe, and with this intruder in tow, Mel, his wife (Patricia Arquette) and their baby take off on a quest in which we know everything has to go wrong. The movie is a malicious satire on the current psychobabble about roots, caring, and identity; although it's not always fun watching people undergo one humiliation after another, Russell is persistent. He clings to his idea and he scores. Everyone Mel meets is a mess (as is he), and the pace never lets up—with five or six people together in a scene, all blabbing about their inner lives, the texture of nutty confessions grows almost symphonic. This is one of the rare comedies that actually get stronger as they go along. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Flower of My Secret—In Pedro Almodovar's latest comedy, Marisa Paredes plays a romance novelist who finds it impossible to write when her marriage falls apart. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

For the Moment—An Australian airman is sent to Canada to train as a pilot before flying off into World War II and falls in love with a rural Canadian woman. Starring Russell Crowe and Christine Hirt. Directed by Aaron Kim Johnston. (2 hrs. ; PG-13) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

Homage—Frank Whaley stars as an obsessed fan who stalks a TV star. With Blythe Danner. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Gemini Twin.*

I Shot Andy Warhol—See David Denby, p. 82. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**James and the Giant Peach**—Based on one of Roald Dahl's children's books, director Henry Selick has turned *James* into a sophisticated fairy tale that doesn't choke on self-consciousness.In the beginning, a little boy (James) lives in perfect harmony on the English coast—until the parents are eaten by a rhinoceros. A rhinoceros! Even children will know that the movie is really about imaginary stories, and that the next sequence, in which the unhappy little boy is turned over to his witchy aunts Spiker (Joanna Lumley) and Sponge (Miriam Margolyes), is a riff on the more dolorous sections of old Disney movies. Lumley and Margolyes overplay deliciously, and just when we've had enough, James climbs into the giant peach he has made on the front lawn, and the movie goes from live action to stop-motion animation with puppets. Inside the peach, James joins a selection of talkative insects. The peach and its jabbering crew take off for New York, and James and his friends have terrific adventures in the air with menacing sea creatures—all done with puppets moving very freely but with more weight and body than drawn or computer-animated figures. The charming *James* flags slightly when it lands in New York, but it's got a freer and bolder visual style than anything Disney has done in years. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 20 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Jane Eyre—Franco Zeffireli's version of the Charlotte Brontë classic about a young governess who eventually wins the man she loves. Starring Charlotte Gainsbourg, William Hurt, Joan Plowright, and Anna Paquin. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Paris Theater.*

Last Dance—See David Denby, p. 82. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Guild 50th Street.*

The Last Supper—A black comedy about a group of liberal college grad students whose politically-charged dinner parties always reach a morbidly satisfying end. Directed by Stacy Title. (1 hr. 24 mins.; R) *Village East; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Loaded—Seven young friends spend a weekend filming a dark fantasy, and the line between fact and fiction becomes increasingly blurred. Directed by Anna Campion (Jane's sister). (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Ma Saison Préferée—Catherine Deneuve plays a woman who is revered for her beauty but seemingly incapable of loving anyone; when her mother takes ill, she is forced to confront her estranged brother and daughter. Directed by André Techiné. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Madame Butterfly—An adaptation of Puccini's opera featuring Ying-Huang and Frédéric Mitterand (nephew of the late French president). (2 hrs. 9 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

The Monster—A comedy about a hapless man in a small Italian village who is fingered by police as a serial killer. Written by, directed by, and starring Roberto Benigni. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Mrs. Winterbourne—Through circumstances too improbable to write down, Ricki Lake's Connie Doyle, poor, shabby, and pregnant, is taken into the home of a wealthy New England family that is under the illusion that she is their surviving daughter-in-law after a train wreck. Connie, with a new baby and nowhere to go, doesn't break the illusion, and the family, including Shirley MacLaine and the young Brendan Fraser (beefy, but rather deft) fall in love with Connie, who is reborn as "Mrs. Winterbourne." They love her good-heartedness; they see her true class as a human being. There's only one problem: Ricki Lake really is common. Her talk-show persona spills into the performance: She lunges at her emotions, throws up her arms, and shouts, and in general she's rather clunky and anxious. And the movie, which cries out for the high style of a swank MGM production of 55 years ago, is also rather commonplace. Director Richard Benjamin, whose talents have spiraled bafflingly downward since *My Favorite Year,* uses TV lightings and the squarest of camera setups. *Mrs. Winterbourne* is old-Hollywood fantasy without the old technique and glamour. (Denby; 4/29/96) (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Data Ad Infinitum

Retreads sometimes work out fine, but we'd like to declare a moratorium on any further interpretations of the French play *La Cage aux Folles*, which spawned a French film followed by two sequels, an American remake, and now a book based on the screenplay based on the original material! (Not to mention the long-running Broadway musical.)

Michel Serrault in 1978's 'La Cage aux Folles.'

Ugo Tognazzi and Serrault in the 1980 sequel.

Up to trouble again in the third installment (1985).

The American remake, 'The Birdcage' (1996).

The birdcage
robert rodi
elaine may

The novel based on the screenplay based on . . .

Photographs: top to bottom, Photofest (2); Neal Peters.

Mulholland Falls—Four cops, members of the Los Angeles Police Department's "Hat Squad," investigate what appears to be a routine murder. Starring Nick Nolte, Melanie Griffith, and Chazz Palminteri. Directed by Lee Tamahori (*Once Were Warriors*). (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Mystery Science Theater 3000—The movie version of the TV series in which a man is forced to watch hilariously bad movies with two robots. Here, you watch them watching *This Island Earth* and making wisecracks. Directed by Jim Mallon. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Lincoln Square.*

Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud—A lonely writer takes Nelly, a fragile young divorcée, under his wing, falls deeply in love with her, and begins to wither when he realizes that his publisher is also in love with her. Winner of two César awards (France's equivalent of the Oscar). Directed by Claude Sautet. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Pallbearer—A black comedy about an affable loser named Tom Thompson (David Schwimmer) whose life takes a comic turn for the better after he agrees to deliver the eulogy for a high-school classmate he never knew. Directed by Matt Reeves. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Embassy 1.*

The Postman—As the film opens, the late Massimo Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet, at first brusque, gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *23rd Street West Triplex; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Primal Fear—Richard Gere stars as a cutthroat, vainglorious defense lawyer who becomes invested in helping his client beat a murder rap. With John Mahoney and Andre Braugher. Directed by Gregory Hoblit. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; New York Twin; UA East; 84th Street Six; Pavilion/Windsor.*

The Quest—Jean-Claude Van Damme makes his directorial debut with this film, in which he stars as a globe-trotting pickpocket. With Roger Moore. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Regency; Plaza Twin; Plaza.*

★**Sense and Sensibility**—Emma Thompson adapted Jane Austen's novel herself, and has brought the material as close to conventional romantic comedy as possible without betraying the anxieties lying behind the story: In the England of the 1800s, women without a dowry enjoy very few options. Two wealthy young men make advances to the Dashwood sisters (Thompson plays the elder, Elinor, and Kate Winslet is Marianne), and then turn away, causing the women extreme anguish. Taiwanese director Ang Lee stages the walks, dinners, teas, and balls very directly, without pomp; the emotional and erotic goings-on become intimately connected to the flowing lawns and great rooms. And Thompson and Lee get the relationship between the two sisters right, the play of strength and weakness, candor and concealment—sense and sensibility merging in each sister, until both Marianne and Elinor become complete human beings. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

The Substitute—Tom Berenger plays a mercenary who infiltrates the Miami school system and straightens out a bunch of unruly minority kids. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Embassy 2–4; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Sunset Park—Rhea Perlman stars in the latest film about a white instructor who turns around the lives of poor, inner city minorities (she's a gym teacher; the kids play basketball). Directed by Stefe Gomer. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza.*

A Thin Line Between Love and Hate—A hip-hop comedy about a nightclub owner who gets involved with the wrong woman. With Martin Lawrence—who also directed—and Bobby Brown. (1 hr. 48

Tom Thompson will have to become someone he never knew to win the woman he's always loved.

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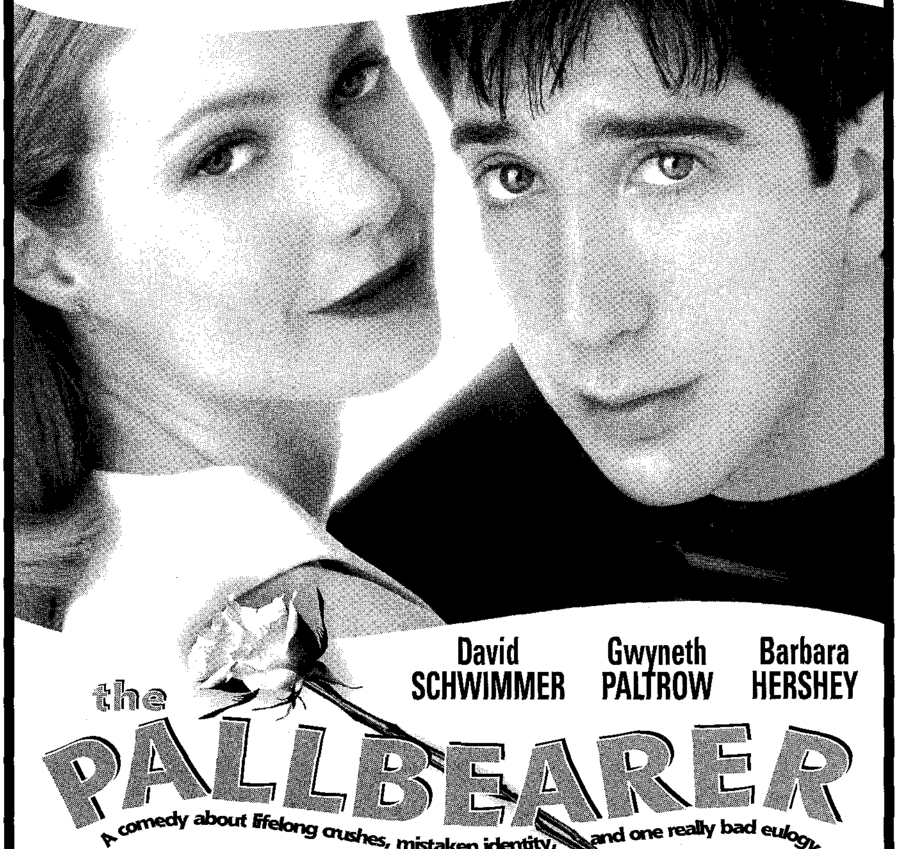

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Gombèlè
Issa Traore, Burkina Faso. 1994.

SAT MAY 4, 2PM FRI MAY 10, 7PM
The Battle of the Sacred Tree
Wanjiru Kinyanjui, Kenya. 1994.
A Taxi for Aouzou
Issa Serge Coelo, Chad. 1994.

SAT MAY 11, 2PM SUN MAY 19, 2PM
Haramuya
Drissa Touré, Burkina Faso/France. 1995.

SUN MAY 12, NOON SAT MAY 18, 2PM
Albert Schweitzer, the "Great White" of Lambarene
Bassek Ba Kobhio, Cameroon. 1994.

SUN MAY 12, 2PM FRI MAY 24, 7PM
Wariko, the Jackpot
Kramo-Lanciné Fadika, The Ivory Coast. 1993.

FRI MAY 17, 7PM SAT MAY 25, 2PM
Interferences
Raymond Tiendre, Burkina Faso. 1994.
Head in the Clouds
Jean-Marie Teno, Cameroon. 1995.
The Voyage of Memory
Ahmed Diop, Senegal. 1993.

SAT MAY 18, 2PM SUN MAY 26, 2PM
The Succession
Vincent Glès, The Ivory Coast/Canada. 1994.

SUN MAY 26, 2PM SUN JUNE 2, 2PM
I Am the Future
Godwin Mawuru, Zimbabwe. 1994.

FRI MAY 31, 7PM SAT JUNE 1, 2PM
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mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; Plaza Twin.*

★**The Truth About Cats & Dogs**—When Abby Barnes (Janeane Garofalo), a young veterinarian, is on the air, hosting her popular L.A. radio call-in show, she's crisp and authoritative. But for all her genius with animals, she's skittish with men. A handsome young British photographer, Brian (Ben Chaplin), falls in love with her voice and asks for a date, and Abby panics, asking her neighbor, a blonde model (Uma Thurman), to stand in for her. The photographer, easily smitten, falls in love with Abby on the phone and Noelle in the flesh; he thinks they are both the same person, and both women are too involved in the deception to end it. The charm of *The Truth About Cats & Dogs* depends precisely on its slightness and improbability—the sense that the entire concoction might blow away if the photographer actually noticed the most obvious contradictions or asked a single question. In mood and tempo, the picture is a contemporary variant of thirties-Hollywood screwball comedy—casual and right-up-to-the-minute, though it flirts with feminist ideas and the eternal question, Why are men so hung up on looks? As Abby, Garofalo is fast and confident. She handles sophisticated ideas and big words, and sounds very much like she knows what they mean. Her Abby may long for the banal perfections of TV-style beauty, but she knows that such perfection is a false ideal. The filmmakers drag out the suspense for as long as possible: Will Brian accept the actual Abby as the woman he loves? Director Michael Lehmann moves along lightly and quickly, but there are no tricks; the movie is carried forward by the performances and by many, many intimate moments. *The Truth About Cats & Dogs* is graceful and entertaining; it knows its own weight and wants only to charm us, which it does. (Denby; 4/29/96) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Beekman; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Thundercrack!—Camp underground porn about a group of strangers stuck in a haunted house. (NR). *Lighthouse Cinema.*

Two Friends—Jane Campion's first feature revolves around the intense yet highly precarious friendship between two teenage girls, told in flashback from its demise to its beginnings. Modest and incredibly affecting. (1 hr. 16 mins.; NR). *Film Forum.*

Up Close & Personal—Michelle Pfeiffer plays a tense, ambitious Reno weathergirl who fakes a demo tape and gets an interview at a bustling Miami TV station, where she falls under the tutelage of Robert Redford's newsroom pro, a man of great integrity who is mysteriously on his way down. *Up Close & Personal* is big, dull, and familiar; the story is another go-round for *A Star is Born*, one of whose earlier versions was written by the same screenwriting team (Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne). Directed by Jon Avnet. (Denby; 3/4/96) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; PG-13) *Embassy 2–4.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Antonia's Line; Chungking Express; Cold Fever; Flower of My Secret.* Opening 5/1: *I Shot Andy Warhol; Jane Eyre.* Through 4/30: *Loaded.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Fargo; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) See also "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Two Friends.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Lighthouse Cinema—116 Suffolk St. (979-7571) *Thundercrack!.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *August; Ma Saison Preferee; Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud; The Monster.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Celtic Pride; Cemetery Man; Flirting with Disaster; Mulholland Falls; Sunset Park; The Last Supper; The Substitute.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; James and the Giant Peach; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mystery Science Theater 3000; Primal Fear; The Birdcage.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Brain Candy; The Quest.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Celtic Pride; Fargo; Mulholland Falls; Sunset Park; The Substitute.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Executive Decision; James and the Giant Peach; The Postman.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *The Birdcage.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Primal Fear; The Quest; The Substitute.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Fear; Flirting with Disaster; Mrs. Winterbourne; Primal Fear; The Birdcage; The Quest; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Fargo; Flirting with Disaster; Mulholland Falls; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Leaving Las Vegas.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *The Last Picture Show.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Primal Fear.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Birdcage.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *The Celluloid Closet; The Postman.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Antonia's Line.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Celtic Pride; Flirting with Disaster; For the Moment.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Broken Arrow; Diabolique; Executive Decision; Rumble in the Bronx; Sunset Park; The Birdcage; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate.*

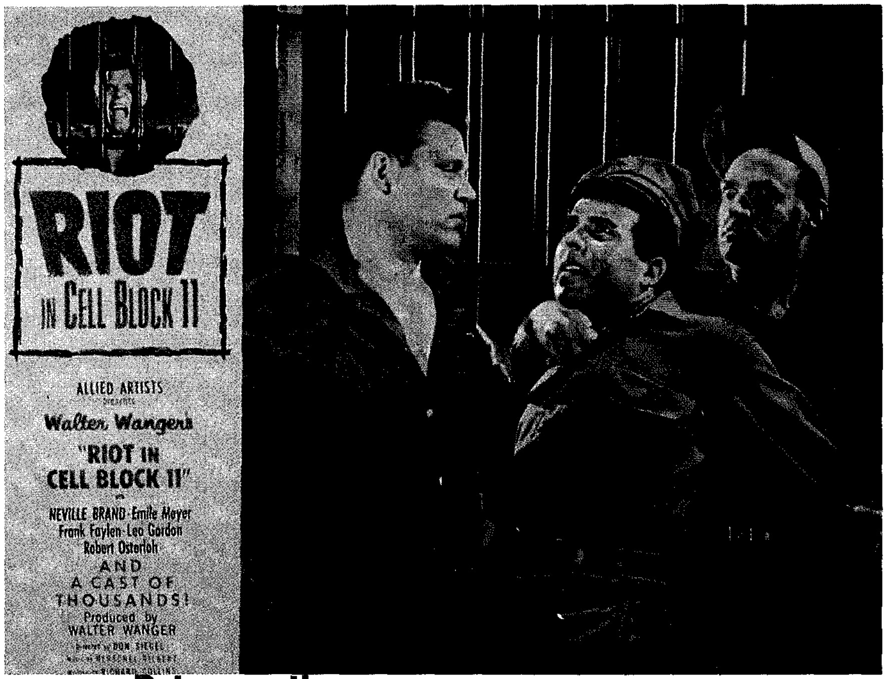
Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *August.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Celtic Pride.* Opening 5/3: *The Pallbearer.*

Opening
A Friend Indeed

David Schwimmer (above, with Gwyneth Paltrow) is Tom Thompson, a 25-year-old whose static life gets moving after he delivers an unintentionally amusing eulogy—for a classmate he never knew—in 'The Pallbearer' (opening May 3).

Photograph by Barry Wetcher/Miramax.



Retrospective Tough Guy

Though Don Siegel had a curiously spotty career—especially toward the end, when he cast Burt Reynolds as a smarmy jewel thief in the warmed-over *Rough Cut*—it was never uninteresting. His most enduring works—*Riot in Cell Block 11, Escape From Alcatraz, Invasion of the Body Snatchers, Dirty Harry*—deftly mixed literal and psychological warfare, and rightly solidified his reputation as a near-genius. The Museum of Modern Art salutes Siegel with the most comprehensive retrospective yet assembled beginning May 3. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Flirting with Disaster; The Substitute; Up Close & Personal.* Opening 5/3: *Celtic Pride; James and the Giant Peach.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *James and the Giant Peach.* Opening 5/3: *Last Dance.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Fear; The Substitute.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Broken Arrow; Executive Decision; From Dusk Till Dawn; Hellraiser 4: Bloodline; Rumble in the Bronx; Unforgettable.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Casino; The Quest.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Jane Eyre.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Mulholland Falls; Cemetery Man.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Mighty Aphrodite; James and the Giant Peach.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Babe; Beautiful Girls; Bed of Roses; From Dusk Till Dawn; Jumanji; The Juror; Twelve Monkeys.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Fear.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *The Monster.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Fear; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; James and the Giant Peach.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Brain Candy; Dead Man Walking; Mulholland Falls; Sense and Sensibility; Sunset Park; The Last Supper; The Quest.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Executive Decision; Mrs. Winterbourne.* Opening 5/3: *Homage.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Primal Fear; Fargo.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Celtic Pride; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mulholland Falls; Sunset Park; The Birdcage; The Quest; The Substitute.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Diabolique.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Primal Fear.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Dead Man Walking.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Celtic Pride; Cemetery Man; Fear; Primal Fear; Sunset Park.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Angels & Insects; Flower of My Secret; Ma Saison Préferée; Mighty Aphrodite; Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud; Wallace & Gromit.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Across the Sea of Time; Brain Candy; Fargo; Fires of Kuwait; Flirting with Disaster; Imagine; Into the Deep; James and the Giant Peach; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mulholland Falls; Mystery Science Theater 3000; The Substitute; The Truth About Cats & Dogs; Wings of Courage.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *The Birdcage; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Celtic Pride; Sunset Park; The Quest; The Substitute.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Sunset Park; The Quest; The Substitute.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *The Quest; James and the Giant Peach.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Quest.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Celtic Pride; Fear; James and the Giant Peach; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; Sunset Park; The Birdcage; The Quest; The Substitute; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Celtic Pride; Fear; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; Sunset Park; The Quest; The Substitute.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; The Quest; The Substitute.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Mrs. Winterbourne; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Celtic Pride; Fear; James and the Giant Peach; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mulholland Falls; Oliver & Company; Primal Fear; Sunset Park; The Birdcage; The Quest; The Substitute.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Brain Candy; James and the Giant Peach; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; The Birdcage; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Mulholland Falls; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Sunset Park; The Quest; The Substitute.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Fargo; Flirting with Disaster; James and the Giant Peach; Jane Eyre; Mrs. Winterbourne; The Monster.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Celtic Pride; Fear; Sunset Park; The Quest; The Substitute.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Celtic Pride; Sunset Park; The Quest.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Celtic Pride; Sunset Park; The Quest.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Celtic Pride; Fear; Sunset Park; The Quest; The Substitute.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Mrs. Winterbourne; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; The Birdcage; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Fear; Primal Fear; The Birdcage; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (777-FILM#829) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Celtic Pride; Sunset Park; The Quest.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Flirting with Disaster; James and the Giant Peach; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; The Quest.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Celtic Pride; Mulholland Falls; Sunset Park; The Quest; The Substitute.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Brain Candy; Executive Decision; Flirting with Disaster; James and the Giant Peach; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; Sgt. Bilko; The Birdcage; The Quest; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Fear; Primal Fear; Sunset Park; The Birdcage; The Substitute.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Celtic Pride; Fear; Flirting with Disaster; James and the Giant Peach; Mulholland Falls; The Birdcage.*

Photograph by Photofest.

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Celtic Pride; Fear; James and the Giant Peach; Sunset Park.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Primal Fear; James and the Giant Peach.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Fear; Flirting with Disaster; The Quest.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Sunset Park; The Substitute.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Celtic Pride; Fear; James and the Giant Peach; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; The Quest; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *James and the Giant Peach; Primal Fear; Sunset Park; The Substitute.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Jane Eyre; The Birdcage.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Flirting with Disaster; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; The Birdcage; The Quest; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Celtic Pride; Mulholland Falls; The Substitute.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Executive Decision; Fear; Primal Fear; Sgt. Bilko.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Executive Decision; Fargo; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mulholland Falls; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *James and the Giant Peach; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; The Birdcage; The Quest; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Fargo; Flirting with Disaster.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *The Quest; Sunset Park.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Celtic Pride; Sunset Park; The Birdcage; The Quest.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Sunset Park; The Quest.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Mrs. Winterbourne; Primal Fear; The Substitute; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Celtic Pride; Fear; James and the Giant Peach; Primal Fear; The Quest; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.* Opening 5/3: *Last Dance; The Craft.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Celtic Pride; James and the Giant Peach; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; All Dogs Go to Heaven 2; Brain Candy; Celtic Pride; Fear; James and the Giant Peach; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mulholland Falls; Primal Fear; Sgt. Bilko; Sunset Park; The Birdcage; The Quest; The Substitute; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Alfred Hitchcock and Fritz Lang in America." 5/4: *M* (1931) and *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (1934). 5/5: *Fury* (1936) and *Rebecca* (1940). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Anthology Film Archives—4/30: "Cine Club." "New York on Film." Through 5/12: "John Cassavetes." 5/3: *A Woman Under the Influence* (1975). 5/3 and 5/5: *Opening Night* (1978). 5/4: *Minnie and Moskowitz* (1971). 5/4 and 5/5: *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie* (1978). Also, 5/4: Hugo Haas's *the White Plague* (1937). 5/5: Jiri Trnka's *The Emporer's Nightingale* (1948). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Brooklyn Museum—"Third African Film Festival." 5/3: *The Journey, Maral Tanie,* and *Gombélé.* 5/4: *The Battle of the Sacred Tree* and *A Taxi for Aouzou.* 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 330); $6.

Center for Urban Folk Culture—5/4: "City Lore Presents: Disturbing the Peace," a one-day festival of film and video focusing on the relevance of protest movements. Call for complete schedule. 72 E. 1st St. (212-529-1955); $12.

Cinema Village 12th St.—"Chow Yun-Fat: Hero With a Thousand Faces." 4/29 and 5/3: *Full Contact* (1992) and *Prison on Fire* (1987). 4/30: *Hard-Boiled* (1992) and *City on Fire* (1987). 5/1: *A Better Tomorrow* (1986) and *Tragic Hero* (1987). 5/2: *God of the Gamblers* (1989) and *Once a Thief* (1991). 5/3: *Full Contact* (1992) and *Prison on Fire* (1987). 5/4: *Peace Hotel* (1995) and *The Killer* (1989). 5/5: *Treasure Hunt* (1994) and *Dream Lovers* (1986). 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

A Different Light—5/5: *The Lavender Lens* (1995). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—4/30: *Pull My Daisy* (1959) and *David Holzman's Diary* (1973). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—Jacques Demy's *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* (1964). Through 5/30: "Musicals Before the Code." 4/29: *Whoopee!* (1930), *Good News* (1930). 4/30: "Technicolor Treasures from Turner" and *Lord Byron of Broadway* (1929). 5/1: *Love Me Tonight* (1932) and *One Hour With You* (1932). 5/2: *The Broadway Melody* (1929) and *It's a Great Life* (1929). 5/3 and 5/4: *Wonder Bar* (1934) and *Madam Satan* (1930). 5/5: *42nd Street* (1933) and *Palmy Days* (1931). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Movie Listings Online

***New York* Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at *go* NYMAG.**

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Abbas Kiarostami Retrospective and Recent Films From Iran." 4/29: *The Blue-Veiled* (1995) and *The Journey* (1995). 5/1: "Kiarostami." *The Traveler* (1972) with *So Can I* (1975), *Fellow Citizen* (1983) with *Toothache* (1980), and *Regular or Irregular* (1981). 5/2: *The Traveler* (1972) with *So Can I* (1975), *The Spouse* (1994), and *Regular or Irregular* (1981). 5/3: *For the Sake of Hanieh* (1995). 5/3 and 5/4: *Salaam Cinema* (1995). 5/4: *End of Childhood* (1994) and *from Karkheh to Rhein* (1993). 5/5: *The Actor* (1993) and *Kimia* (1995). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—4/30: *Gribouille* (1937). Through 5/5: "An Homage to French Comedy." Call for detailed program info. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Gen Art First Exposure Series—4/29: *Personal Belongings* (1995). 4/30: *Man With a Plan* (1995). 5/1: *God's Lonely Man* (1995). 5/2: *Squeeze* (1992). 5/3: *Synthetic Pleasures* (1995). Gramercy Theater, 127 E. 23rd St. (462-9400); $8.

German Film Club—5/4: *Darling of the Gods* (1930). Zion-St. Mark's Church, 339 E. 84th St. (369-7114); $4.

Lighthouse Cinema—Through 5/2: "Coming to Power: Sexually Explicit Films by Women Artists." 116 Suffolk St. (bet. Rivington and Delancey Sts.) (979-7571). $7.

Museum of Modern Art—"From the Archives." 5/2: *The Battle of Chile: Part I and II* (1973–76), *The Blue Light* (1933), and *Salvador* (1986). "Latin America." 5/3: "Personal Views of People, Part I," and "Conundrums." 5/4: "Personal Views of People, Part 2." 5/5: "Literature and Prose" and "Animation and Shorts." "Century of Cinema." 5/3 and 5/4: *2x50 Years of French Cinema* (1995). "Don Siegel." 5/3: *A Peter Smith Specialty: Table Tennis* (1936), *Montage from Yankee Doodle Dandy* (1942), *Star in the Night* (1945), *Hitler Lives?* (1946), *Riot in Cell Block 11* (1954), and *Escape from Alcatraz* (1979). 5/4: *The Verdict* (1946) and *Charley Varrick* (1973). 5/5: *The Lineup* (1958) and *The Killers* (1964). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—Through 5/18: "Directed by John Frankenheimer: The Television Work." 25 West 52nd St. (621-6710); $6.

National Museum of the American Indian—"North/South: Selections from the 1995 Native American Film Festival." 5/5: *Then There Were None* (1995). Call for program info. 1 Bowling Green (825-6914); free.

Symphony Space—4/30: "An Offer You Can't Refuse—Mafia Marathon." *The Godfather* (1972) and *The Godfather, Part II* (1974). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $7.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Lesbian Genders." 5/1, 5/3, and 5/5: Two programs of shorts: "Femme Hyperbole" and "Boy Realness." Call for detailed schedule. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.

The Pavilion
JAMES & THE GIANT PEACH
PRIMAL FEAR
BRAIN CANDY KIDS IN THE HALL
CAFE NOW OPEN
STARTS FRIDAY MULHOLLAND FALLS & FLIRTING WITH DISASTER

Previews

Art *and* Commerce

In Manhattan, moviegoers define themselves by their choice of art house or multiplex. But in Brooklyn, things are more vox pop: Norman Adie, the developer of Park Slope's newly opened, revamped Pavilion Theater (188 Prospect Park West), brokered a compromise. He's divided the house up—three screens for commercial blockbusters and family fare like *James and the Giant Peach,* and two as-yet-unopened screens for the fringier, artsier stuff. And but for a few Park Slopers who'd like only Kurosawa retrospectives, the neighbors are thrilled.

Photograph by Andrew Goldberg.

art

Latin American Photography...Judy Fox

Openings

The third annual **Gramercy International Art Fair** returns to the Gramercy Park Hotel on May 4, 5, and 6, from 12 to 8 daily. This year's edition features a special exhibition by McDermott & McGough and an evening of performances sponsored by Vincent Fremont. Call 777-ARTS for additional information.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Bill Barrett/Biala—Recent welded bronze sculptures/A survey of the artist's paintings of landscapes and interiors from the past five decades. Through 5/25. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

Stanley Boxer—New mixed-media paintings; 5/1–6/1. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Fritz Bultman—A survey of the artist's geometric abstract paintings, collages, and bronze sculptures; through 5/18. Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St. (734-3600).

Willem de Kooning—Paintings made between 1982 and 1986; through 6/1. C & M, 45 E. 78th St. (861-0020).

Fred Deux—Recent pencil drawings; through 5/31. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (734-3670).

Richard Diebenkorn—Sixty figure drawings from the artist's estate that were produced between 1958 and 1967, when the California artist took a hiatus from abstraction; through 5/23. Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. (734-6300).

Katharina Fritsch—A recent series of silkscreened works based on images from the children's version of *Bildwörter Duden*, an illustrated lexicon or dictionary published in Germany in 1936; through 6/8. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Nancy Graves—Thirteen sculptures that were produced by the artist during the two years preceeding her death in October 1995; through 5/24. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Addie Herder/Lucian Freud—Collages of found materials that deal with the urban landscape/A selection of paintings, drawings, and etchings by the British artist. Through 5/31. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

Morton Kaish—Paintings executed over the past year, including a series titled "Stars and Stripes" that combines images of American flags, barn doors, and intricate antique hardware; through 5/15. Taggart, 48 E. 73rd St. (628-4000).

George Maciunas—The first exhibition devoted to the full range of the Fluxus founder's work, including a selection of commercial and Fluxus graphics, unique biographical artworks, and original paste-up mechanicals spanning the years 1959 to 1976; 5/4–6/22. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

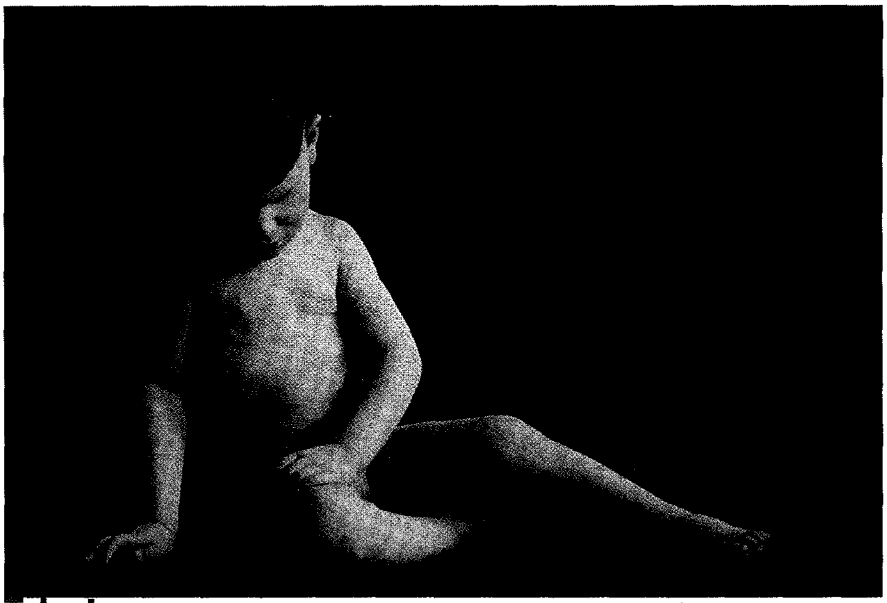
Henry Roderick Newman—Watercolors by the American pre-Raphaelite; through 6/7. Jordan-Volpe, 958 Madison Ave. (570-9500).

Jedd Novatt—New welded steel sculptures; 5/1–6/1. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of P.P.O.W.



Talent **Naked and unsettlingly real, Judy Fox's painted clay sculptures of life-size children are modeled and carved by hand, not cast. But it is their solemn poses and self-possession, not their nearly perfect rendering, that gives them a human presence. At P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway; through May 25.**

Pablo Picasso—Portraits in works on paper and ceramic; through 6/28. Avanti, 22 E. 72nd St. (628-3377).

Carol Ross—Minimal geometric sculptures; 5/1–6/15. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

57th Street Area

Giovanni Anselmo—New granite works that explore the potential of color; through 6/1. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Ken Buhler—Paintings and monotypes from the past three years; 4/30–6/1. O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. (355-3330).

Charles E. Burchfield—Watercolors painted between 1915 and 1920, when the artist was still living in his hometown of Salem, Ohio; through 6/1. Kennedy, 730 Fifth Ave. (541-9600).

John Chamberlain/Elizabeth Murray—New painted steel sculptures/New collage drawings on cut paper; 5/2–6/8. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Sue Coe—A retrospective of paintings and works on paper from the past decade celebrating the publication of the artist's book *Dead Meat;* through 5/24. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Gregory Gillespie—New allegorical paintings that draw on the artist's subconscious, at Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545), through 6/7, and paintings executed between 1978 and 1995, at Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200), through 5/31.

John Koch—Paintings from the fifties and sixties that depict figures in interiors; through 6/7. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

Lika Mutal—A retrospective of the artist's stone sculptures from the past three decades; through 5/14. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

John Newman—Recent drawings, sculpture multiples, and prints; through 5/18. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

John Opper—A survey of the artist's abstract paintings; through 5/31. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Pablo Picasso—An exhibition of drawings and paintings executed in Spain during the artist's formative years that focuses on his rebellion against his academic training, through 6/15, at Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876), and unique ceramic works from the Jacqueline Picasso collection, 5/1–6/11, at Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. (644-4400).

Daniel Spoerri—Assemblages based on a nineteenth-century medical text and its gravures illustrating various medical operations; through 6/14. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Francisco Toledo—A group of paintings and gouaches that have not been previously exhibited and were acquired from the artist by the photographer David Douglas Duncan in 1966; 5/2–31. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

William Tucker—New sculpture and drawings; through 5/25. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

John Wilde—A survey of paintings dating from the fifties to the present; 5/1–6/1. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Martin Erik Andersen—Recent sculpture; through 5/25. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

David Baker—Recent oil and enamel paintings and unique Xerox-collage drawings; through 5/18. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Paul Bloodgood—New black-and-white abstract paintings that refer to works by Jackson Pollock; through 5/18. 303, 89 Greene St. (966-5605).

Louise Bourgeois—A retrospective of 100 drawings by the artist known for her quirky, fetishistic sculptures and room-size installations; through 6/8. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166).

Squeak Carnwath—New paintings that incorporate text and pictographs; 5/2–6/15. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Michael Ray Charles—New paintings; through 5/25. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Margaret Cogswell/Jill Viney—Reent sculpture by both; through 5/18. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Nancy Dwyer—Wooden sculptures of letters that form words, and paintings; through 5/25. Cristinerose, 395 W. Broadway (431-1862).

John Carhart Ebeling—New paintings whose sanded surfaces reveal traces of brushstrokes and words; through 5/18. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Judy Fox/Bo Bartlett—Painted clay sculptures of life-size naked children/Two recent large-scale paintings—*Homecoming,* which presents a scene from a high-school prom night, and *Oil Painting,* which depicts the burning oil wells in Kuwait after the Gulf War. Through 5/25. P. P. O. W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Hamish Fulton/Susan Leopold—Photographs and text documenting seven one-day walks taken by the artist in Kent, England, during February 1996/New works. Through 5/18. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Gregory Gillespie—Portraits, self-portraits, fantasy scenes, and other paintings made between 1971 and 1996; through 5/31. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200). See "Solos," "57th Street Area."

Ann Hamilton—A new installation titled *filament* that uses video and projected imagery in tandem with a human sitter; 5/3–31. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Paula Hayes/Aki Fujiyoshi—An ongoing garden "construction" on the gallery's back terrace/Videos that explore the traditional genres of still life and self-portraiture. Through 5/18. AC Project Room, 15 Renwick St. (219-8275).

Jan Henle—Film drawings from the artist's "La Jibarata" project, begun in the December of 1991 when the artist and four *jibaros* (Puerto Rican mountain men) built a large-scale land sculpture on an abandoned coffee plantation in Puerto Rico; through 6/1. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Damien Hirst—New sculpture and paintings by this British artist whose work has explored metaphors of pharmacology, media propaganda, and the estrangement from nature; 5/4–6/15. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Fabrice Hybert—The French artist's first exhibition in America consists of three-dimensional works derived from real objects, drawings, paintings, and preparatory notes; through 5/18. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Kahn/Selesnick—An installation of fresco portraits by the collaborative team Nicolas Kahn and Richard Selesnick; through 5/18. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2093).

Steve Keister—Cast sculptures of styrofoam packaging materials; through 5/18. Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

Jung Hyang Kim—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper that juxtapose botanical and geometric forms; through 5/31. API, 470 Broome St. (343-2599).

Martin Kline—New watercolors that employ the grid as an underpinning for strong overlaid color; through 5/18. 65 Thompson Street, 65 Thompson St. (219-2219).

Hedy Klineman/Marcus Leatherdale—Paintings, prints, and sculpture that are the artist's personal shrines to Asian deities/Photographic portraits of Indians from his "Bharat–India" series. Through 5/24. Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

Yayoi Kusama—The Japanese artist's works from the fifties and sixties, including her characteristic *Infinity Net* paintings on paper and canvas, collages, photo-collages, pastel drawings, and the notorious *Accumulations*—furniture and other household objects to which she attached a profusion of sewn and stuffed phallic or yam-shaped forms; 5/3–6/21. Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (674-0766).

Roy Lichtenstein—New prints; through 5/24. At Castelli, 568 Broadway (941-9855), and Gemini G.E.L. at Joni Moisant Weyl, 375 W. Broadway (219-1446).

Guy Limone—An installation titled *67,857 inhabitants per square mile (Manhattan's population density)* that consists of plasticine figures, fluorescent tubes, and collections of appropriated color-coordinated images; through 6/1. Klagsbrun, 80 Mercer St. (925-5157).

Jody Lomberg—New paintings; through 5/18. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Charles Luce—Paintings in gouache on paper that chart the great rivers of the world and invite a viewer on a cosmological rafting trip; through 5/31. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Dwight Makintosh—Works on paper and recent clay-incision drawings by the 90-year-old self-taught artist; through 6/1. Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. (780-0071).

Creighton Michael/Jean-Marie Haessle—An installation of drawings and sculpture/Paintings that incorporate Renaissance allegorical images and European anthropomorphic alphabets. Through 5/18. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Jill Moser—A series of 40 works in casein and ink on paper that explores the same vertically linked curvilinear forms present in her paintings of the past few years; through 5/18. Kramarsky, 560 Broadway (966-6601).

Laura Newman—Large-scale paintings that read like gigantic autobiographical notations; through 6/1. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

John Okulick—New free-standing sculptures and wall constructions; through 5/29. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Pepon Osorio—An installation titled *Badge of Honor* that confronts the subject of family separation and consists of two adjoining rooms, a prison cell and a teenage boy's fantasy bedroom retreat; through 6/1. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Tony Oursler—An installation of fiberglass spheres that resemble enlarged eyeballs onto which videos culled from television surfing, films, and computer games are projected and matched with corresponding soundtracks; through 5/25. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Manu Parekh—Recent paintings by the Indian artist; through 5/18. Bose Pacia, 580 Broadway (966-3224).

Kingsley Parker—A mixed-media installation of a slave ship containing human cargo, celestial maps, and terrestrial globes that is intended as a portrait of *fin de siècle* civilization; through 5/18. Condeso/Lawler, 524 Broadway (219-1283).

Pat Passlof—Paintings that depict images of centaurs and classical caryatids; through 5/24. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Dan Peterman—An installation utilizing reprocessed plastic; through 5/18. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Richard Phillips—Large, confrontational paintings of female heads that draw on Pop Art and popular photography from the seventies; through 5/25. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Lucio Pozzi—"Rag rug" paintings constructed from scraps of paint laid down in strips; through 5/31. Penine Hart and P.H.G. Antiques, 457 Broome St. (226-2761).

Joseph Rhone—Large constructions that appropriate architectural forms; 5/2–6/1. Roeder, 545 Broadway (925-6098).

James Rosenquist—A reconstruction of the front room of the Leo Castelli Gallery when it was at 4 East 77th Street, and new paper pieces from Gemini G.E.L.; through 5/18. Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160).

Claire Seidl—Recent abstract paintings; through 5/18. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838), Wed. and Thurs. 11–7, Fri. and Sat. 11–6.

Alyson Shotz—An installation that explores genetic engineering; through 5/18. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Georgina Starr—Two recent video installations; through 5/25. Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (431-3334).

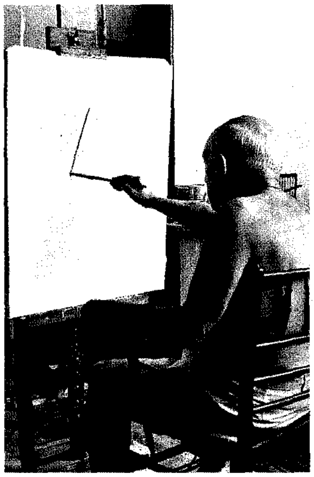
Jerry Zeniuk—Recent abstract watercolors; through 5/25. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Other

Todd Alden—A project titled "Collector's Shit" that comprises hundreds of framed examples of correspondence wit from international art collectors and 81 sealed cans containing excrement that was originally mailed to and canned by Alden to be in-

In Print

Private Eye



When the photographer David Douglas Duncan paid a visit to Villa La Californie in 1956, he never imagined his introduction to Picasso taking place in the bathroom—Pablo in the tub, Jacqueline, his future wife, scrubbing him. Or that a year later, his parvenu dachshund, Lump, would choose to move in with them ("The first time I took him there, I could see he was casing the joint," says Duncan). Or that he would be allowed, indeed encouraged, to photograph the couple at home: having dinner with friends; playing with assorted children and pets; and spending affectionate moments alone together. Those intimate photographs have already filled six of Duncan's books documenting Picasso's world. But the trust Picasso placed in his camera-wielding friend is most clearly expressed in Duncan's photographs of the artist at work on a portrait of Jacqueline. They're the subject of Duncan's newest book, *Picasso Paints a Portrait* (Abrams; $19.95) and on view at Jan Krugier Gallery (41 East 57th Street; through June 30).

Even with the entrée afforded him, Douglas—who was unaware of MOMA's survey of Picasso portraits (see Mark Stevens's review, page 84) when he pitched his concept to Abrams a year ago—never presumed familiarity with the master's muse. "What makes me laugh is when the 'experts' try to explain what Picasso was thinking when he was making a painting," says Duncan, now 80. "I never had the faintest idea what he was thinking. Nobody knew what he was thinking, not even Jacqueline. Something would trigger his imagination and the work would just flow." **EDITH NEWHALL**

Photograph courtesy of Harry N. Abrams.

cluded as works in his collection; 5/2–5. Crozier Fine Arts Warehouse, 541 W. 21st St. (229-2453).

Mary Beyt—Paintings whose monochromatic fields of color are painted over thin impressions of floral-patterned lace; through 6/2. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753), Wed.–Sun. 11–6.

Willem de Kooning—Three monumental bronze sculptures depicting the artist's classic elemental woman and a group of thirteen hand-size bronzes based on the huam figure that were made in 1969, three of which served as maquettes for the monumental works; 5/3–6/30. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

Raquel Rabinovich—A survey of the Argentinian-born artist's minimal, abstract drawings from 1978 to 1995; through 6/7. Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. (695-6134), Mon.–Fri. 12–6.

John Wesley—A three-decade survey of the artist's paintings of men and women interacting with animals; through 5/19. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555), Wed.–Sun. 11–6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). "Hare's Fur, Tortoiseshell, and Partridge Feathers: Chinese Brown- and Black-Glazed Ceramics, 400–1400." An exhibition of Chinese black and brown-glazed pottery organized by the Arthur M. Sackler Museum, Harvard University; 4/20-7/6.

Czech Center—1109 Madison Ave. (288-0830). Recent sculpture by six contemporary Czech glass artists; through 5/17.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Yanks Paint Brits" features portraits of English subjects painted over 200 years by American artists, including works by Romaine Brooks, Red Grooms, John Singer Sargent, Nelson Shanks, Gilbert Stuart, James McNeill Whistler, Andy Warhol, and others; through 6/28.

New York Academy of Sciences—2 E. 63rd St. (838-0230), Mon.–Fri. 9–5. "Health and Happiness in 20th-Century Avant-Garde Art," with works by Beal, Chihuly, Cunningham, Fish, Graves, Matisse, Picasso, Toby, others; through 6/21.

York—21 E. 65th St. (772-9155). Metalpoint drawings by Joseph Goldyne, John Storrs, and Joseph Stella; through 6/7.

57th Street Area

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Paintings on paper from the forties and fifties by the playwright Clifford Odets; WPA mural studies and other works from that era by Carter, Covarrubias, Gellert, Hirschfeld, Reiss, Shahn, others; through 6/8.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). Paintings of Cape Ann, Massachusetts executed between 1840 and 1940, by Avery, Davis, Hartley, Hassam, Homer, Hopper, Lane, Prendergast, Sloan, and Twachtman; through 6/22.

Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). Paintings, sculpture, and drawings by Bladen, Brooks, Hofmann, E. de Kooning, W. de Kooning, Smith; through 5/18.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "Domestic Partnerships: New Impulses in Decorative Arts From the Americas," with works by David Avalos, Los Carpinteros, Maria Elena Gonzalez, Kukuli Velarde, Saul Villa, others; through 6/29.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "Mr. Dead and Mrs. Free: The History of Squat Theatre" features original Squat Theatre stage props, films, and videos from the seventies and eighties; through 5/25.

Blum—99 Wooster St. (343-0441). "In Quest of the Absolute," with paintings by Federle, Malevich, Marioni, Mondrian, Newman, Marden, Martin, Reinhardt, Rothko; through 6/8.

Clocktower—108 Leonard St. (233-1096), Wed.–Sun. 1–7, $2 suggested admission. "Departure Lounge," an exhibit that explores the "present future" created by new technologies and expanded modes of communication, with works by Bolande, Chang, Ganahl, Hajamadi, Long & StereoLab, McCaslin, Scher, D.J. Spooky, Staehle, and others; 5/3–6/30.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Counterculture: Alternative Information From the Underground Press," a historical exhibition that examines the role of the alternative media in America from 1965 to the present through a selection of more than 1,000 newspapers, magazines, 'zines, and new digital publications; through 5/18.

Kent—67 Prince St. (966-4500). Paintings by Leon Golub, R.B. Kitaj, and Irving Petlin; through 6/8.

123 Watts—123 Watts St. (219-1482). Works on paper by Stephanie Brody Lederman, Michael Filan, and Marie-Charlotte de Maupeou; through 6/4.

Room—25 Thompson St. (226-1831). "Architecture/Application/Complication," with works by Peter Halley, Glen Seator, and Matthew Ritchie; through 5/25.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Abstract paintings and sculpture by Briggs, Hasen, Jagger, Meadmore, Park, Ruben, and others; through 5/25.

Other

Brooklyn Waterfront Artists Coalition—141 Beard St., Red Hook, Brooklyn (718-596-2507), Sat. and Sun. 12–6. The "Pier Show IV," featuring painting, photography, installation, sculpture, film, and performance by Brooklyn artists; through 5/27.

Kirkland—504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930). The gallery's inaugural exhibition, "Ripe," presents works by David Jelinek, Deborah Kammer, Laura Larson, Melissa Marks, and Ellen Ross; through 6/2.

Mansion/Dorfman Projects—54 St. Marks Place (505-7055); Thurs.–Sat. 1–5. "Personal/Impersonal," with works by De Sana, Glantzman, Malka, Minter, O'Hara, Sandlin, Simmons, Webster; through 5/30 (by appointment after May 1).

Photography

Aperture—20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555). "France: New Visions," with works by contemporary French photographers, among them Jeanloup Sieff, Raymond Depardon, Jean-Françoise Lepage, Keiichi Tahara, and others; through 5/18.

Rebekah Blu—Portraits of Trent Reznor, Joan Osborn, Juliana Hatfield, Quentin Crisp, and others; through 5/12. CB's 313, 313 Bowery (677-0455), daily 1–7.

Susanna Briselli/Margaretta K. Mitchell—Hand-painted black-and-white still lifes and landscapes/Iris digital prints of garden and flower imagery. Through 5/25. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Andrew Bush—Works from the new series "Business Cards" and "Short Snorters"; 5/2–6/2. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). "Chicago Photography 1935–1965," with works by Callahan, Cartier-Bresson, Evans, Feininger, Moholy-Nagy, Siskind; through 5/18.

David Douglas Duncan—Photographs of Picasso accompanied by the artist's works in all media; through 6/30. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Barbara Ess—Recent large-scale color photographs of landscapes and figures that continue her exploration of the ways in which humans perceive and situate themselves in relation to nature; through 5/25. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Horst—A survey of photographs from the beginning of his career, in the thirties, to the present, including fashion work, nudes, still lifes, landscapes, and architectural interiors; through 6/1. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Josef Sudek: The Pigment Prints, 1947–1954"; "Highlights From the ICP Permanent Collection"; through 7/7.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.-Sun. 11–6. "Horst: A Retrospective." A survey of works by the fashion photographer who is also the recipient of the 1996 ICP Master of Photography Award; through 6/2. . . . "Intimate Nature: Ansel Adams and the Close View." Photographs that depict the minute, specific aspects of nature; through 6/2. . . . "She Loves It, She Loves It Not: Women and Technology and Mistaken Identities," multimedia installations by Christine Tamblyn; through 6/2.

Reagan Louie/Helen Levitt—Color photographs that explore the uneasy meeting of ancient culture and modernity in Asia and the islands of the South Pacific/Rare vintage prints from her 1941 trip to Mexico, color work done in New York City in the 1980s, and newly uncovered work from New York made in the late thirties and early forties. Through 5/23. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Inge Morath—Photographs from her 1995 book *The Danube* that are a visual chronicle of the cultures that thrive along the Danube River and span the fifties to the present; 5/3–6/12. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Carl Mydans—A collection of historical images made for the government's Farm Security Administration in 1936; through 5/31. Life Gallery of Photography, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center (522-3200), Tue. and Fri. 11–3.

Irving Penn—Works made between 1939 and 1995 that have not been previously exhibited, among them a recent series of still-life images and self-portraits; through 5/11. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Bastienne Schmidt—A photo-essay on the subject of death and funerary rites in Latin American cultures; through 5/18. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Louis Stettner—Photographs of New York's original Penn Station that were taken in 1958; through 6/1. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Jerry Kearns: White Lies." Paintings that splice and combine images of well-known early American paintings, comic art of the fifties, and original drawings, together with historical images, to suggest a revisionist perspective of American history; through 6/8. 594 Broadway (226-2158), Tues.—Sat. 11–6; $3 donation suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Klaus Moje Glass." Fifty mosaic glass works created between 1977 and 1994; through 6/9. . . . "The Art of Peter Voulkos." A survey of the artist's ceramic sculptures and related collages and monotypes produced since 1978; through 6/9. . . . "Form-Light-Glass: Contemporary Glass From the Czech Republic"; through 6/9. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Amber: Window to the Past." A history of amber in fossil specimens and decorative objects; through 9/2. . . . "Witness: Endangered Species of North America." Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"Worlds Within Worlds: The Richard Rosenblum Collection of Chinese Scholars' Rocks"; through 8/18. . . . "Points of View: Selections From the Permanent Collection"; through 5/5. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. 6-8 free), Sun. 12-5; $3; $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Bronx Spaces." Works by 23 Bronx-based artists; through 6/23. . . . "Amidst the Silence: Enrique Martinez Celaya and Alberto Rey"; through 6/23. . . . "Women of Hope: African Americans and Latinas Who Made a Difference"; through 6/23. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"The Art of Thomas Wilmer Dewing: Beauty Reconfigured"; through 6/9. . . . "Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America." Paintings, sculpture, costumes, textiles, domestic and religious objects, and manuscripts from the Spanish colonial viceroyalties of New Spain and Peru; through 7/14. . . . "Alone in a Crowd: Prints of the 1930s–1940s by African-American Artists From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams"; through 4/21. . . . "Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum." The museum's own collection of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian panel paintings; through 8/31. . . . "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Hanne Darboven: Kulturgesschichte 1880–1983"; through 6/29. . . . "Jessica Stockholder: Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume"; through 6/29. . . . "European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin"; through 6/23 . . . . "Komar and Melamid: The Most Wanted Painting on the Web"; through 6/29. . . . "Gerhard Richter: Atlas"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"Image and Memory: Latin American Photography, 1880–1992"; through 6/13. . . . "Portrait: A Site-Specific Installation by Carla Preiss"; through 6/16. . . . "Recent Acquisitions: Works From the Permanent Collection"; through 5/6. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Soane: Connoisseur & Collector." A selection of architectural drawings from the collection of works housed in Sir John Soane's Museum in London; through 7/7. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Abstraction in the Twentieth Century: Total Risk, Freedom, Discipline." The history of abstraction, from paintings made as early as 1912 by Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich to works made by Frank Stella and Richard Long specifically for this exhibition; through 5/12 (from 5/2 through 5/12 certain sections of the exhibition will be closed to the public). 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

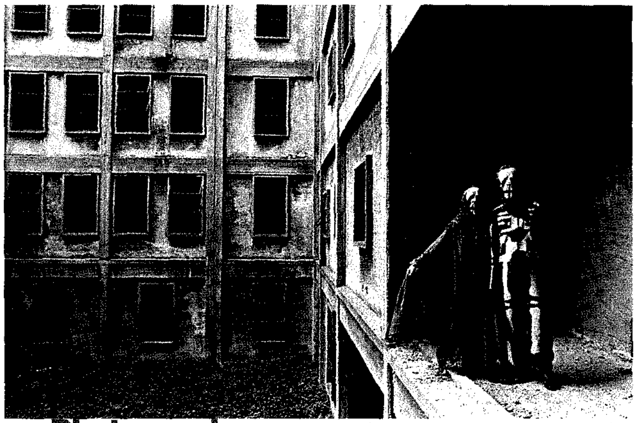
Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum—More than 250 works by the sculptor (1904–1988), displayed in his former studio and garden. 32–37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-721-1932); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 11–6 (on Sat. and Sun., the museum operates a shuttle-bus service from Manhattan departing from 70th St. and Park Ave. beginning at 11:30 a.m. and making hourly trips on the half hour; round-trip fare is $5); $4, $2 seniors and children.

Jewish Museum—"Marc Chagall 1907–1917." An overview of the artist's early career, including paintings, gouaches, and drawings; through 8/4. . . . "Too Jewish? Challenging Traditional Identities"; through 7/14. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Splendors of Imperial China: Treasures From the National Palace Museum, Taipei." The full breadth of Chinese art is displayed in this exhibit of 475 objects from the Neolithic period through the eighteenth century, including paintings, calligraphy, ceramics, and jades; through 5/19. . . . "Modern Glass in The Metropolitan Museum of Art."; through 10/30. . . . "Making Music: Two Centuries of Musical Instrument Making in New York"; through 7/28. . . . "Bare Witness: Clothing and Nudity"; through 8/18. . . . "Art of the Deccani Sultans"; through 8/25. . . . "Klee in Munich." One in a series of continuing installations from the Berggruen Klee Collection, which was a gift to the museum in 1984, this exhibit traces the artist's stylistic development during his most formative period; through 6/30. . . . "Enamels of Limoges"; through 6/16. . . . "Works Progress Administration Color Prints in the Metropolitan"; through 6/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History." An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; through 9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:3440–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of Modern Art—"Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation." The first comprehensive survey of the artist's portrait work, beginning with the early studies from his years in Barcelona, then moving through his life via intimate portrayals of his family, lovers, and friends; through 9/17. . . . "Roy DeCarava"; through 5/7. . . "Projects: Hirsch Perlman"; through 5/21. . . . " Refining the Sports Car: Jaguar's E-Type"; through 8/20. . . . "Come Sunday: Photographs by Thomas Roma"; through 6/18. . . . "From the Collection: Abstraction, Pure and Impure"; through 5/21. . . . "Deformations: Aspects of the Modern Grotesque"; through 5/21. . . . "Sol LeWitt Prints 1970–1995." More than 200 of the artist's prints, ranging from his early, austere screenprints to the baroque, undulating woodcuts of 1995; through 5/7. . . . "Lilly Reich: Designer and Architect"; through 5/7. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).



Photography
¡Mira, Mira! On the Wall

The rich, vast, and ongoing history of Latin American photography is celebrated in "Image and Memory: Latin American Photography, 1880–1992" at El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Avenue; through June 13.

Museum of the City of New York—"Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York"; through 10/27. . . . "The Talk of the Town: Rea Irvin of *The New Yorker*." Original covers, drawings, and cartoons by *The New Yorker*'s first art director, from the museum's own collection; through 5/5. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"The Figure in American Sculpture: A Question of Modernity." Organized by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, this exhibition explores the basic concepts of early-twentieth-century modernism through the works of 80 figurative sculptors, among them Alexander Calder, José de Creeft, Harriet Frishmuth, Malvina Hoffman, Paul Manship, and Isamu Noguchi; through 5/5. . . . "Rodin: Sculpture From the Collection of Iris and B. Gerald Cantor"; through 5/19. . . . "American Masterworks From The National Academy of Design Collection"; through 5/25. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—An exhibition of works by more than 130 artists that will be auctioned to benefit the museum on May 5; through 5/12. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 12–8 (6–8 free), Sun. 12–6; $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"The Global Library http://www.nypl.org." An exhibit that examines the digital revolution within the context of a 5000-year history of communications; through 8/17. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Metropolitan Lives: The Ashcan Artists and Their New York, 1897–1917"; 5/1–8/4. . . . "New York Then and Now: The Upper West Side." Vintage photographs of New York's Upper West Side from the Society's permanent collection; through 5/19. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Through British Eyes: Images of Bermuda, 1815–1860." An exhibition of early-nineteenth-century drawings, watercolors, and prints of Bermuda that was organized by the Bermuda National Gallery and the Bermuda Government Archives; through 8/18. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Dennis Adams: Ederle." A site-specific installation based on the Gertrude Ederle Amphitheater, a 1939–40 World's fair ruin located in Flushing Meadows Corona Park; 4/18–7/7. . . . "Larry Sultan: Pictures From Home." A series of 202 photographs that traces the entire adult lifetime of the photographer's parents; 4/18–7/7. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Explorations in the City of Light: African-American Artists in Paris, 1945–1965"; through 6/2. . . . "The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Kienholz: A Retrospective." The first museum retrospective of the artist's own work and his twenty years of collaborations with his wife and partner, Nancy Reddin Kienholz, including more than 100 pieces ranging from intimate objects to house-scale environments; through 6/2. . . . "Willem de Kooning's Door Cycle." Paintings on doors that were created in the mid-sixties and explore the motif of a single, standing woman; through 5/26. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Jane Dickson: Paradise Alley." Paintings from the artist's "Times Square" series; through 6/28. Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 5/1 at 10 and 2: "Impressionist and Modern Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture, Part II." On view from 4/27. 5/7 at 7: "Contemporary Art, Part I." On view from 5/4.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 5/7 at 1: "Contemporary Art." On view from 5/3.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 5/1 at 10: "Important Estate Jewelry." On view from 4/27. 5/2 at at 10: "European and American Paintings and Sculpture." On view from 4/27.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 5/1 at 7 and 5/2 at 10:15 and 2: "Impressionist Paintings and Sculpture." On view from 4/27. 5/3 and 5/4 at 10 and 2: "Old Master and 19th- and 20th-Century Prints." On view from 4/27. 5/5 at 12: "Contemporary Prints." On view from 4/27.

Photograph courtesy of El Museo del Barrio.

in concert

Ralph Shapey...Midori...La Gran Scena

Classical Music

Tuesday, April 30

Chamber Music Society—Performs an evening of serenades by Nielsen, Dvořák, and Mozart. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $22–$30.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Mendelssohn's *Violin Concerto in E minor;* Herbert Blomstedt, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Philadelphia Orchestra—Performs works by Beethoven and Strauss; Wolfgang Sawallisch, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$75.*

Dakota Piano Trio—Performs chamber works by Beethoven, Franck, and Ravel. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (408-8453), at 8; $8.*

Young Concert Artists—Oboist Diana Doherty and pianist David Korevaar perform works by Schumann, Berio, and Pasculli. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $15.*

Wednesday, May 1

Pavarotti Plus!—Luciano is joined by the New York City Opera Orchestra, and other opera stars. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; sold out.*

Thursday, May 2

Robert Shaw Chamber Singers—Shaw leads 80 singers in Rachmaninoff's *Vespers,* Op. 37. *Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (247-7800), at 7; $20–$50.*

Bargemusic—Music by Beethoven and Tchaikovsky for piano, violin, and cello. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs with pianist Yefim Bronfman; Paavo Berglund, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Evelyne Crochet, Pianist—Performs an all-Schumann program. *Miller Theater, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799), at 8; $16.*

Friday, May 3

New York Philharmonic—See 5/2, at 11.

Midori, Violinist—With pianist Robert McDonald, performs works by Mozart, Schubert, and Prokofiev. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $14–$65.*

Saturday, May 4

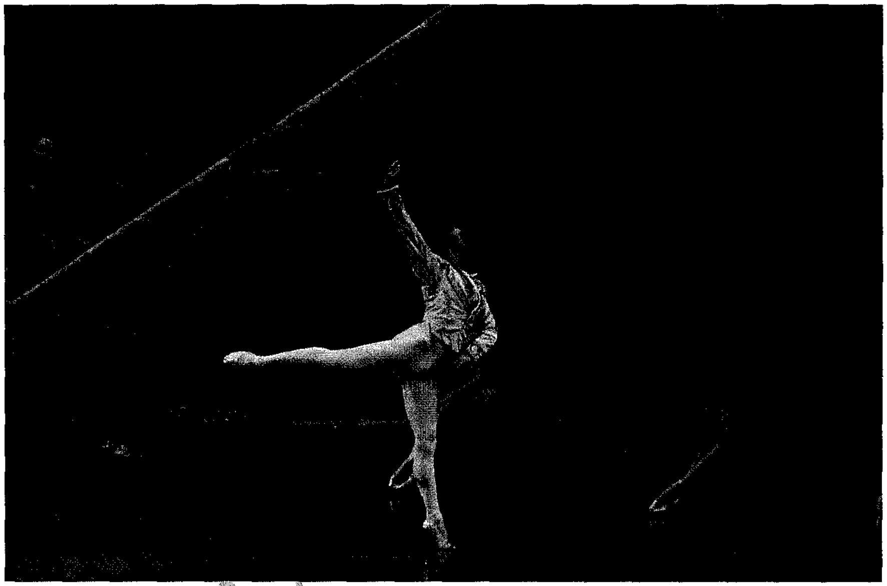
Philharmonia Virtuosi—Performs works by Ibert, Fasch, and Mozart. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 7; $15.*

Lauren Flanigan, Soprano and Emma Tahmizián, Pianist—Perform works by Hindemith, Beethoven, and Deborah Drattell. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $25.*

New York Philharmonic—See 5/2.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Opening

Don Julio

Julio Bocca celebrates his tenth anniversary at the American Ballet Theatre with an April 30 performance of the title role in *Don Quixote.* The ABT's spring season opens April 29 at the Metropolitan Opera House with four nights of Cervantes's madman, then moves on to Twyla Tharp, *Swan Lake,* and *Manon.*

Sunday, May 5

Brentano String Quartet—Performs chamber works by Haydn and Mendelssohn. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 11; $15.*

Emerson String Quartet—Performs the New York premiere of Ned Rorem's *String Quartet No. 4. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2; $30.*

Emanuel Ax, Pianist, and Yo-Yo Ma, Cellist—Perform an all-Beethoven program. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $14–$70.*

Ralph Shapey Tribute—A seventy-fifth-birthday tribute to the composer by cellist Joel Krosnick and pianist Gilbert Kalish. *Miller Theater, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799), at 3 and 7:30; $15.*

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Roussel, Chausson, and Debussy; Leon Botstein, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $20–$42.*

Bargemusic—See 5/2, at 4.

Jessye Norman, Soprano—Performs works by Brahms, Wolf, and La Montaine. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 5; $25–$55.*

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Ravel, Strauss, and Ginastera; Joann Falletta, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $10–$100.*

Monday, May 6

Todd Palmer, Clarinetist—Performs works by Prokofiev, Barber, and Weber. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 7; $10.*

Anne-Marie McDermott, Pianist—Performs works by Clementi, Schubert, and Prokofiev. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.*

Toshiba Philharmonic Orchestra—Performs works by Mozart, Dvořák, and Tchaikovsky; Yoshinori Kawachi, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $12–$40.*

Opera

Amato Opera—Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera.* 5/3 and 5/4 at 7:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $18.*

La Gran Scena Opera Company—Ira Siff stars as Madame Vera Galupe-Borszkh in this all-male opera troupe's fifteenth-anniversary season. 5/3 and 5/4 at 8. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448); $20–$37.50.*

Dance

New York City Ballet—All-Balanchine program on 5/4 matinee. 4/30–5/4 at 8, 5/4 at 2, 5/5 at 3. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$62.*

American Ballet Theater—*Don Quixote* from 4/29 to 5/2 at 8, 5/1 at 2; all-Tharp program 5/3 and 5/4 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $18–$65.*

Garth Fagan Dance—Celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary with the new ballet *Mix 25.* 4/30–5/4 at 8, 5/5 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Jeanette Stoner & Dancers—Perform recent works including *Into* and *Without a Set.* 5/3 at 9, 5/4 and 5/5 at 8. *Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (226-1576); $10.*

Charles Dennis—Performs *Greenhouse,* a sequel to 1994's *Full House.* 5/2–5/5 at 9. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288); $12.*

Photograph by Mira.

theater

Joel Grey...New Group...The Singing Nun

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Chicago—$25–$50. 5/2, 5/3, 5/4 at 8; 5/4 at 2, including a post-performance discussion. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, arrives on Broadway from London's Haymarket—the same theater, ironically, from which its successful debut production was withdrawn a century ago following the writer's arrest and imprisonment for homosexuality. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 5/1. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Rent—Hours after his newest production's first dress rehearsal, the talented young writer and composer Jonathan Larson died—suddenly, unexpectedly, and sadly—of a heart attack. The show—a reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village—in the best theatrical tradition, goes on, having become in the process the most talked-about theatrical production of the current season. Following the end of its downtown run at the New York Theatre Workshop, it's made the move from there to Broadway. $30–$67. 50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opening 4/29. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100)*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Christianne Tisdale plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Big—A musical adaptation by John Weidman, Richard Maltby, Jr., and David Shire of the 1988 film that starred Tom Hanks as a 12-year-old kid who makes a wish for an adult body and, to his surprise, gets it. With Daniel Jenkins, Crista Moore, and Jon Cypher; directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. $42.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk—Miss it at the Public a few months ago? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. $20–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Buried Child—Playwright (as opposed to actor) Sam Shepard, a mainstay of avant-garde New York theater for more than 30 years, is currently making his Broadway debut with a revival of what is perhaps his best script, a grotesquely funny chronicle of an American family hiding a dark secret. $42.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Delicate Balance—The writer who infused continental absurdism with a distinctively American accent ends his far-too-long absence from Broadway with this Lincoln Center Theater revival of his 1966 Pulitzer Prize-winning drama about a family torn between love, fear, and madness. $35-$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum —A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

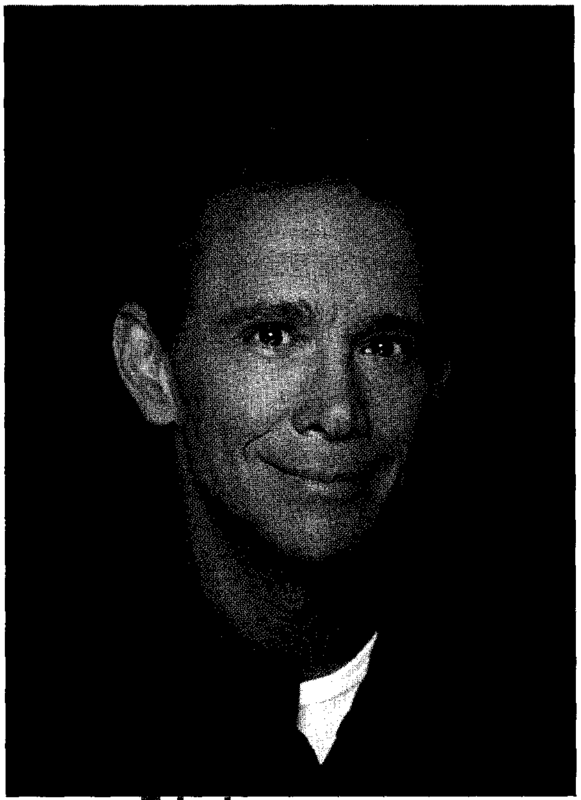
Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joe Barbara ("Another World") as bad boy Danny Zuko, disco diva Jody Watley as Rizzo, and Chubby Checker (no identification necessary) as Teen Angel. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, aggressive young striver J. Pierrepont Finch (the role created by Robert Morse) rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. Matthew Broderick has recently returned to the starring part in which he opened the production last spring, this time opposite his real-life girlfriend Sarah Jessica Parker as the girls-just-wanna-get-married secretary Rosemary. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Inherit the Wind—Since it opened on Broadway in 1955, there's been literally no time when Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee's fictionalized version of the Scopes "Monkey" trial—the 1925 court case pitting biblical against scientific accounts of creation—hasn't been playing somewhere. Tony Randall's National Actors Theatre revival—Broadway's first—stars George C. Scott and Charles Durning in the roles based on Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/2. *Royale, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6280).*

Jack: A Night on the Town With John Barrymore—"Though undisciplined," wrote John Mason Brown of John Barrymore, he "crackled with the lightning of personality." Nicol Williamson, about whom similar sentiments prevail, is the writer and star of this stage portrait of the man still regarded by many as the greatest American actor yet. $15–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the current Broadway production of *State Fair,* the



Talent

Wilkommen! Bienvenue! Welcome!

Kander and Ebb veteran Joel Grey, who came to fame as the leering emcee in the pair's 1966 *Cabaret,* returns to town this week as Amos Hart in *Chicago,* this season's third and final production in the City Center "Encores!" series.

Rodgers-and-Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. $37.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Zoe Caldwell as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Midsummer Night's Dream—How like a winter hath their absence been! England's Royal Shakespeare Company returns to New York for the first time in eight years with its current and enthusiastically received production of the Master's most sweetly lyric play. $30–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 5/26. *Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Molly Sweeney—Brian Friel's story of a woman blind from birth who, owing to the efforts of an ambitious ophthalmologist (Brian Murray) and a Micawberish husband (Colin Lane), regains partial vision after 40 years but—feeling that an essential dimension of her personality has been lost in the process—ultimately chooses to revert to sightlessness. "You will be glad to see a play as fine as Brian Friel's *Molly Sweeney;* you'll be thrilled to catch three performers making drama the way a marvelous chamber group plays, say, the Fauré trio; and you'll be telling your grandchildren that you saw, at the apex of this triangle, Catherine Byrne as Molly. Do not, I implore you, miss this play, miss this cast, miss Ms. Byrne's self-tamed tiger burning bright." (Simon; 1/22/95.) $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theater at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Moon Over Buffalo—In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce, Carol Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins.*

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams didn't rely on tricks of dramaturgical strategy to compose his plays; they're written directly from a volatile mixture of emotion and nerve, a manner of working that faltered with the declining energies of his later years. When he was on his game, though, the results were incomparable. Cherry Jones (*The Heiress*) and William Petersen star in this production of Williams's final (1961) commercial and critical success, in which a lusty widow and a defrocked priest seek for some sort of shared solution to the agony of their common loneliness. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Stage Right, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

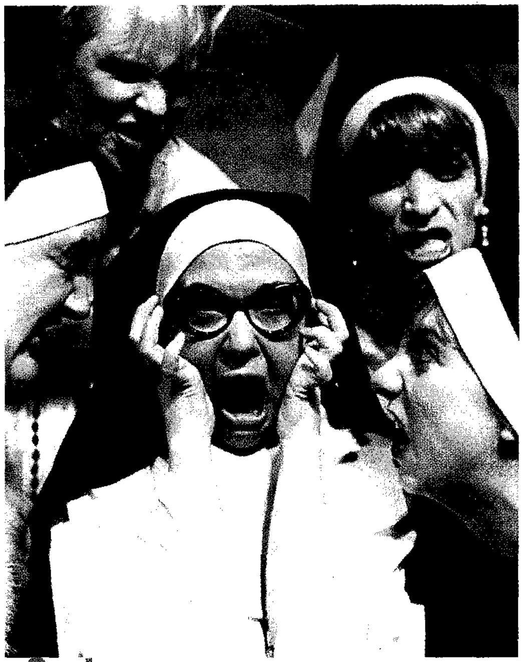
The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Seven Guitars—"Things as they are / Are changed upon the blue guitar," wrote Wallace Stevens. No one knows that better than playwright August Wilson, whose flashback-laden story of a blues guitarist's premature death is the latest installment in his exploration of the black experience in America. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of

Ground Rules:

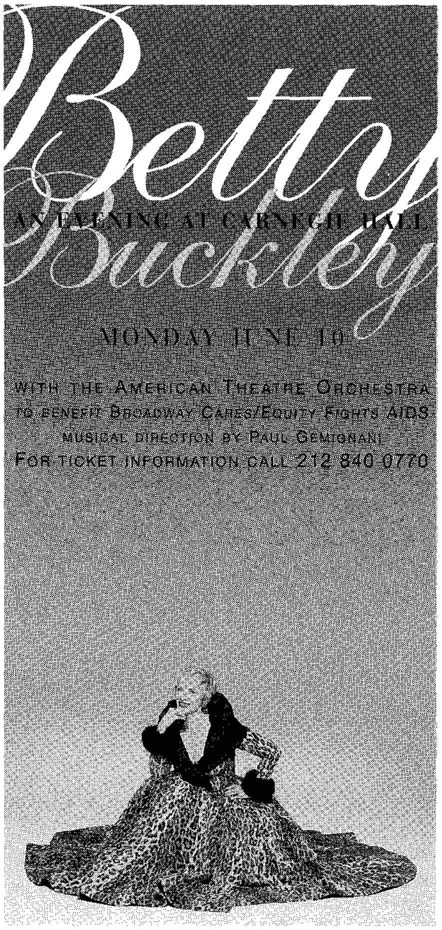
Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.



Onstage

Breaking the Habit

'The Tragic and Horrible Life of the Singing Nun' takes a distinctly un–Sally Fieldish approach to the real-life story of Jeanine Deckers, the Belgian 'soeur' who captivated American audiences in the sixties.


Betty Buckley
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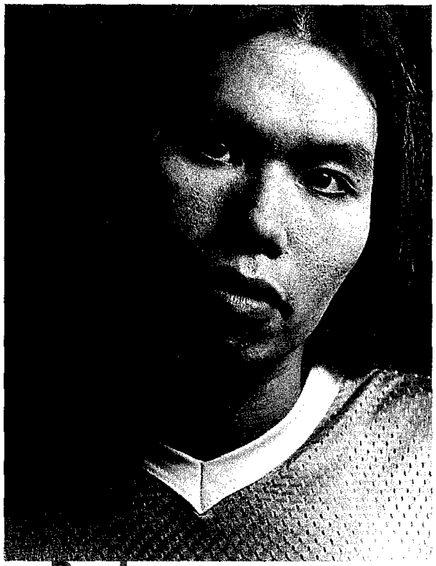


Previews

Western Blues

Philippine-born playwright Han Ong's *The Chang Fragments* documents one Asian clan's search through ethnic prejudice and family collapse for a taste of the American Dream. At the Public.

families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $60–$70. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

State Fair—A new (and first-time-ever) stage adaptation of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II's 1945 musical film about corn-fed Midwesterners experiencing pretty much the complete range of human emotions (boy meets girl, farmer meets pig, etc.) at the Iowa state fair. $60–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Sunset Boulevard—"Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest." (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Arts & Leisure—$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. Through 6/9. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

By The Sea, By The Sea, By The Beautiful Sea—Three one-act plays by Terrence McNally, Joe Pintauro, and Lanford Wilson. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Chang Fragments—$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun.at 7. Through 6/2. *Public Theater , 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Dark Rapture—Eric Overmyer (*On the Verge, or The Geography of Yearning*) has gone into the languorously shabby shadows of full *noir* mode for his latest work, a Raymond Chandleresque mystery that tracks a screenwriter pursuing money and his missing wife through varied bars, greenhouses, and used car lots as a gang of distinctly threatening thugs pursues *him*. With Marisa Tomei (*My Cousin Vinny*) and Scott Glenn; directed by Scott Ellis. $37.50–$42.50. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 5/23 opening. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway (873-6103).*

Papa—In stripping American prose to its hard essentials, Ernest Hemingway fell prey to a self-created myth that ultimately claimed his life. Len Cariou stars as the writer in John deGroot's one-man play. $37.50 in previews, $40 thereafter. Tues.–Sat. at 87, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 5/5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

The Skriker—England, always this country's master with regard to ghost stories and the uncanny in general—must have something to do with all those ruins—continues its dominance in that field with British playwright Caryl Churchhill's contemporary drama about a shape-shifter who invades the lives of two young women. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 5/12 opening; through 5/26. *Newman Theater at the Public, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Venus—A new script by Suzan-Lori Parks (*The America Play*) about the trials of the nineteenth-century African woman plucked from her home to be exhibited, and degraded, throughout Europe as the "Venus Hottentot." $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opening 5/2. *Martinson Hall at the Public, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club early last year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories is currently a few blocks west. With Ms. Meara, Jane Powell (*Royal Wedding, Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*), Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

The Alexander Plays...Suzanne in Stages—The Signature Theatre Company brings its Adrienne Kennedy season to an end with this bill of three one-acts about a black woman writer's attempts to locate herself in American society. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 5/19. *Shiva Theater at The Public, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Antigone in New York—A homeless Latina and two eccentric Eastern European émigrés struggle to maintain their dignity on the mean streets of New York in Polish playwright Janusz Glowacki's award-winning drama. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Below the Belt—In Richard Dresser's new, blackish comedy, Judd Hirsch (*Taxi, Conversations With My Father*) and Robert Sean Leonard crunch numbers, climb the business ladder, and watch their backs (and each other) in a remote industrial outpost. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Boar's Carcass—Things get fast and things get furious when a young man places a personal ad for sexual, er, equipment. Stephanie Dickinson's comedy-thriller is directed by David Calvitto. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 5/5. *Theatre at St. Peter's, 619 Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

The Bundle—Edward Bond's examination of the moral dilemma(s) faced by two men in deciding whether to rescue an abandoned child. $22.50 Fri. and Sat., $15 Wed. and Thurs., by donation on Tues. *Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave. (633-1292).*

Call Me Sarah Bernhardt—Impresario of Ridiculousness Everett Quinton stars as turn-of-the-century stage diva "Mimi London" in his latest defense of the proposition that theatrical success depends less on talent than (a) heartfelt sincerity and (b) *really heavy* eye shadow. $27.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Chelsea Playhouse, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Checkmates—A revival of the 1988 drama by Ron Milner, featuring Ruby Dee. $15. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 4 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/12. *Harry De Jur Playhouse, 466 Grand St. (279-4200).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the famous recluse's life. $20. Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfitt and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*

Curtains— $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. *INTAR, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

A Fair Country—The enduring subject of the young dramatist Jon Robin Baitz is a currently unfashionable one: the demands of what used to be called Conscience. His latest script, based on a childhood experience, examines the private and public agonies of a family of American diplomats assigned to a nowhere posting in South Africa, including a man whose status as husband and father is corroded by a series of vicious, petty compromises as his Cassandra-like wife quietly (and sometimes not so quietly) goes mad. $37.50.

Photograph by Wen Jia Feng.

Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/30. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver (*Pterodactyls, Raised in Captivity*) is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. (Aristotle thought this was impossible; shows you how much *he* knew.) His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini, creator of the long-running, often updated *Forbidden Broadway*, has redirected his irreverently satirical gaze—best characterized as a wise-ass smirk with a leavening dollop of genuine affection—from stage to silver screen. Getting the whole *Waterworld* thing into a smallish cabaret setting with limited plumbing facilities will be a challenge, of course, but we have no doubt he'll work out *something*. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 5/19. *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Have a Nice Day—Those persons who still find it hard to repress a shudder at the memory of the cheery robo-optimism purveyed by such early-seventies groups as Up With People and The Young Americans —and you know who you are, gang—may find themselves calmed, or anyway less likely to drop fragile objects, by this musical spoof of the phenomenon. $15. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

I Do! I Do!—After *The Fantasticks,* Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt will be best remembered in theatrical history for this musical adaptation of Jan de Hartog's play *The Fourposter*, which chronicles with rueful, knowing cleverness the ups and downs in the 50-year love affair of—surprise!—a married couple. Karen Ziemba (*Crazy For You*) and David Garrison star in the roles created on Broadway in 1966 by Mary Martin and Robert Preston. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Life Is a Dream—The drama by Calderón. $21–$26. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Wed. and Sun. at 2. Through 5/5. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Marks Place (598-9802).*

Mrs. Klein—The latest project of that fine actress and New York stage veteran Uta Hagen is Nicholas Wright's new play about the mysterious 1934 death of the son of early Freud disciple and psychotherapist Melanie Klein. With Amy Wright and Laila Robins; directed by William Carden. $40-$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 6/2. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Nixon's Nixon—After a successful run at MCC Theater last fall, Russell Lees's two-character play about a certain former ketchup-on-cottage-cheese-eating U.S. president and his national-security adviser has transferred uptown. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43rd St. (315-2244).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Picasso at the Lapin Agile—Steve Martin's playwriting debut is about modern art, the Theory of Relativity, sleeping with girls, the creative process, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon,* sleeping with girls, the romance of transcendental mathematics, sleeping with gi—well, many interesting beverages, and Elvis. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A musical adaptation of the award-winning ABC–TV children's series. $20–$25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Slow Drag—Carson Kreltzer's play-with-jazz is a deconstruction of sexual and ethnic identity. With Vernel Bagneris, Ann Crumb, and Peggy Shaw; directed by Elise Thoron. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Sunset Salome —In a theatrical variation on the old literary game of guessing what happened (happens?) to characters in novels after the book ends, this new musical by Peter Wing Healey and Max Kinberg checks in on *Sunset Boulevard*'s Norma Desmond—ready for her close-up and then some—as she stages a private version of *Salome* with her fellow inmates at a California hospital for the criminally insane. $20. Fri. and Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3:30. *HERE Performance Space, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

Take It Easy—A new musical that pays affectionate *hommage* to Hollywood's version of forties wartime romance. $27.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 6/2. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Tartuffe—Molière's famous comedy, in Richard Wilbur's equally famous translation. $24; $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/11. *Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery at Bond St. (677-0060).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Tovah: Out of Her Mind—An evening of character comedy by the actress Tovah Feldshuh. $30. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

The Tragic and Horrible Life of the Singing Nun—$20/TDF. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (279-4200).*

Valley Song—Since three springtimes ago, when South Africa elected Nelson Mandela to its presidency, the dramatist Athol Fugard has something new to write about: freedom. His newest play about his homeland is a response to what he calls "the great changes that have swept into our lives"—a parable about a young black girl (Lisa Gay Hamilton) longing to leave her native village for a taste of the new liberties and an old man (Marius Weyers, taking over the role played by Mr. Fugard in the play's Manhattan Theatre Club production earlier this year) who must move beyond a lifetime of painful experience to let her go. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Virgins & Other Myths—Colin Martin's solo performance about a personal journey through stages of sexual innocence, New York hustling, and (whew) inner peace. $35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St (239-6200).*

Where the Truth Lies—That reliable old dramatic standard The Truth Game, as rendered between two estranged sisters by playwright Catherine Butterfield. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 5/5. *Irish Rep, 132 W. 22nd St. (279-4200).*

Onstage

Death in a Cold Climate

The New Group continues its program of bringing smaller, quality British plays to New York with 'Curtains,' Stephen Bill's award-winning drama about euthanasia and the moral issues thereof.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

restaurants

Feeding Mom...Artichoke 'Za...New Lex

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Dean & DeLuca Cafe—The flagship of Dean & DeLuca's ultramodern, high-style cafés that are scattered between upper Fifth Avenue and Wall Street, this coffee bar offers much more, including gourmet sandwiches and salads and the same luscious pastries available at the market's bakery counter. *121 Prince St. (254-8776). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, V.*

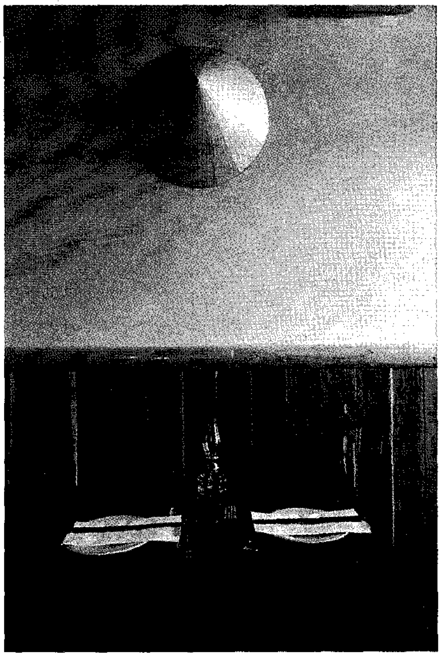
Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday

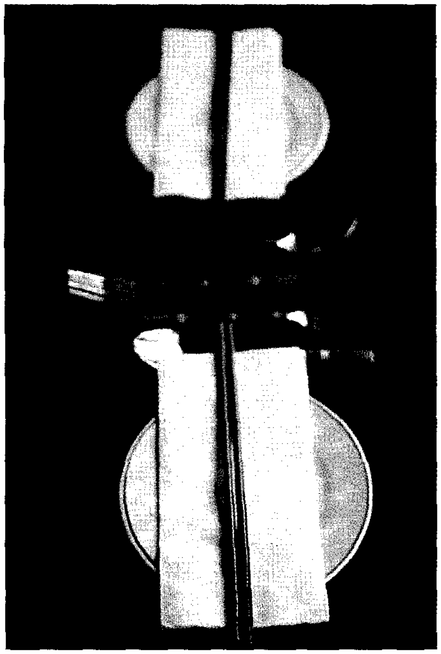
Ask Gael

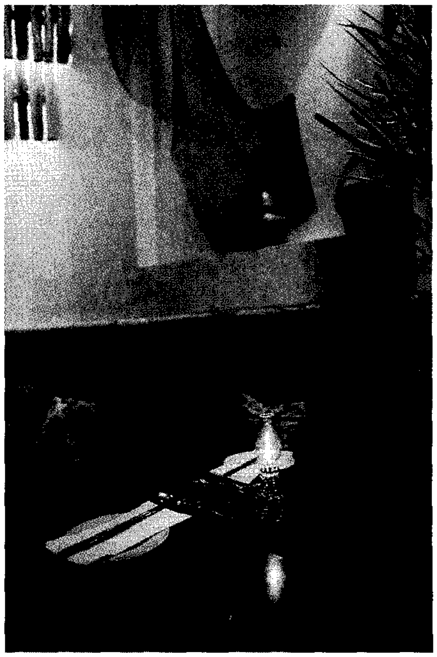
Far East on the Upper West

I need a scorecard for the Upper West Side's Asian invasion.

My favorite, Rain (on West 82nd Street), is usually jammed, and I won't join the line at Monsoon (on Amsterdam). But on a tip from Jane Freiman and old Indochina hand Syd Schanberg, we discover River (345 Amsterdam Avenue, near 76th Street). Wonderful Vietnamese salads, moist honey-marinated pork, seafood curry with a pleasant afterburn in a mock jungle with modest prices. And Pho Bang has cloned itself in a duplex at 102 West 86th Street, where adventurous locals struggle to sear beef at tiny tables without singeing a sleeve.







Photographs by Erik Rank.

through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE *only*" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

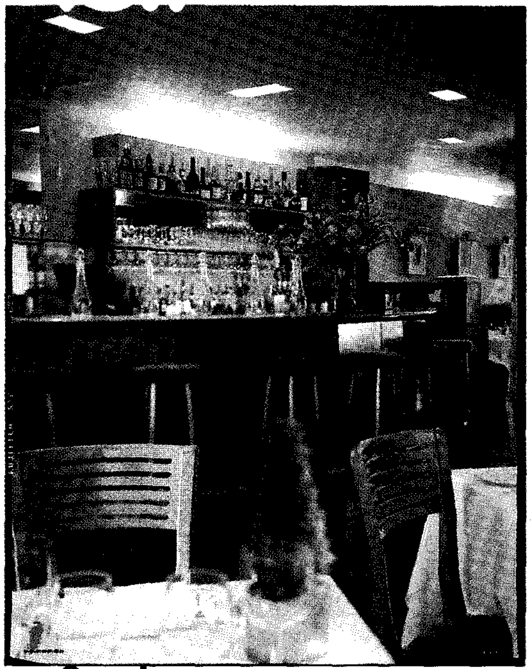
Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) ($).*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Opening

Making It Fresh

Lunching ladies, move over. Lex has traded in its retro concept for a decidedly modern menu and a pointedly contemporary interior. The new Marguery Grill (133 East 65th Street) is full of fresh surprises—*risotto with asparagus and sweet peas, crab-and-salmon cakes dressed with celery-root slaw, and soup of mango, mint, and lime.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

C.T./Claude Troisgros—Scion of the fabled Troisgros chef dynasty, Claude spins updated French with Latin and Asian touches he picked up during his travels. Big, bright, stylish room and original presentations make a meal here a unique dining experience. Jacket required. *111 E. 22nd St. (995-8500). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating. The *real* specialty is the menu of 25 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva, any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. *Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Appetito Ristorante—A good bet in midtown for Italian food like black linguine with seafood sauce. *47 W. 39th St. (391-5286). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving Continental Mediterranean fare in a relaxed, loft-like atmosphere. The bar menu's burger is one of the best. *55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Butter, beef, and crème brûlée abound. Enjoy. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—A casual Northern Italian spot that claims to have the best tirami su in town, as well as a host of pasta specialties. Try the black fusilli with seafood in a marinara sauce. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

BlackFinn Bar & Restaurant—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy stuff like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened shrimp po'boys. *994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresh Basil's Trattoria—This casual midtown Italian restaurant prides itself on its friendly service and contemporary atmosphere. Try the gnocchi Aurora, the seafood pescatore, or the grilled veal chop with portobello mushrooms. *663 Lexington Ave., nr. 55th St. (888-4292). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Zarela—A festive Mexican restaurant with a menu that lives up to its margarita-fueled bar scene, Zarela is known for its authentic regional cuisine. Try the red-snapper hash, chipotle-grilled salmon, tequila-braised chicken, and homemade tamales. *953 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (644-6740). (M–E) AE, DC.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castlelike setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

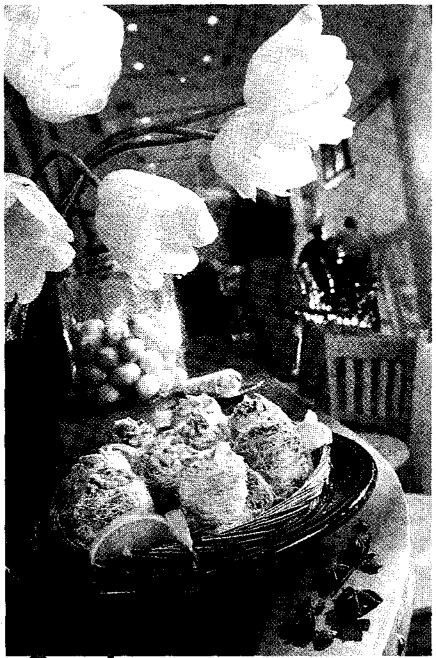
Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS, TM.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with.

Takeout
Hearts Afire

Sullivan Street Bakery's chewy pizza dough is a simple foundation for a garlicky, deliciously oily smattering of slivered baby artichokes and crispy bread crumbs. (73 Sullivan Street.)

Photograph by Erik Rank.



Opening
Matthew-to-Go

Now that chef Matthew Kenney's left his second restaurant, Bar Anise, he has more time to devote to his new, Côte d'Azur–hued takeout shop, Mezze (10 East 44th Street). The Mediterranean-flavored menu features flatbread sandwiches and pizzas, grilled meats and grain salads, and espresso and juice bars.

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and Richard Leach in charge of elaborate pastry design, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. Open Sundays. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Limoncello—Sophisticated Italian restaurant serving specialties like fennel salad with blood oranges and balsamic vinegar and mussel soup with garlic and chili peppers. Leave room for the tirami su. *777 Seventh Ave., nr. 50th St. (582-7932). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Remi—Even the blockbuster mural of Venice isn't enough to distract diners from elegant Italian cuisine, with roasted baby goat and unique pastas like ravioli with tuna and ginger. In warmer weather, dine (and smoke cigars) alfresco. *145 W. 53rd St. (581-4242). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roadhouse America—Roadhouse serves regional American cuisine like jambalaya, Missouri chicken-fried steak, and Texas short-rib chili to the accompaniment of nightly live entertainment. *240 W. 52nd St. (489-2323). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Brooklyn Diner USA—"The Finer Diner" serves a gourmet reworking of the foods of everyone's favorite borough, from fragrant chicken soup with challah to a "fifteen-bite hot dog," with refreshments like Penfolds Cabernet and chocolate malts. *212 W. 57th St. (581-8900). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of grilled lobster and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are

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Jacob Weisberg *continued from page 27*

THE NATIONAL INTEREST

rise untenably. Ignoring the problem now means increasing demands by the young to opt out of a system that rips them off, which ultimately risks destroying the program entirely.

Why we're not hearing about it: Thank the American Association of Retired Persons, a vastly powerful interest group dedicated to seeing that the country fails to deal with the problem. The AARP is firmly opposed to all rational solutions, such as reducing annual cost-of-living increases, upping the retirement age, or cutting back on benefits for the well-to-do. Faced with overwhelming geezer-power, Clinton and Dole have matched each other for cowardice, proclaiming the problem nonexistent.

5. Gambling. *Why it matters:* While government propagandizes against smoking, drinking, and illegal drugs, it has found one addictive vice it actually likes. The reason is simple: State lotteries, which now exist almost everywhere, and riverboat casinos, which will soon blight nearly every creek, kill, and rivulet around, are an effective way for a pinched public sector to raise revenue. But state-sponsored gambling is an extremely regressive form of taxation, bleeding the most desperate among the poor and contributing to a sense of social degeneration, especially in cities.

Why we're not hearing about it: Those interest groups again. With the help of Nevada senator Richard Bryan, the "gaming" lobby recently quashed a plan to establish a commission to look into gambling. The Clinton White House learned the power of this lobby early on, when the excellent idea of using a gambling tax to finance its original welfare-reform plan ran into hard-core resistance in Congress.

6. The underclass. *Why it matters:* A case can be made that the ever-worsening isolation of the ghetto poor is not only the biggest problem America faces but the real cause of almost all our woes. The urban underclass is responsible for a huge share of violent crime, the decline of cities, slower economic-growth rates, and decay in the public schools. It imposes heavy direct costs on society through social programs, and vast indirect ones such as deepening racial tensions.

Why we're not hearing about it: Democrats think that helping poor blacks is politically unsalable—and/or find themselves sliding toward the Republicans' ideological conviction that government can only make the problem worse. In place of a real debate about the underclass, the two parties have substituted a squabble about affirmative action, another overblown issue. But don't get me started. ■

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under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

The Boathouse Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like roast rack of lamb, farfalle with spring vegetables, and crabmeat-and-grapefruit salad. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Granita—A casually elegant two-story trattoria, serving charcoal-grilled fish, meat, and poultry, and thin-crust pizza from a wood-burning oven. Two fireplaces, and a smoking room for lighting up of a more personal nature. *1470 Second Ave., at 77th St. (717-5500). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was David Letterman. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dali Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch, a deal at $17.95, make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Restaurants

Mother Love

Some mothers *might* make a direct correlation between the depth of your devotion and the alacrity with which you dial Tavern on the Green for next Sunday's reservations. (If you *really* loved her, you'd have booked a table last May.) There are, of course, other worthwhile meals to indulge her with, perhaps less elaborate, certainly less predictable. Somewhere between breakfast in bed—nearly always better in theory than in execution—and a lavish meal in the verdant garden with a view of the Sheep Meadow, there's a bountiful brunch perfect for a mom willing to break tradition, just this once.

WHERE TO TAKE HER	WHAT SHE'LL GET
Emily's, 996-1212 1325 Fifth Avenue, at 111th Street	For a calmer soul-food experience than at the overhyped Sylvia's, try the succulent fried chicken with waffles here—a perfect pit stop before the Chagall show at the Jewish Museum.
Odeon, 233-0507 145 West Broadway	Possibly the original bistro brunch, and a good excuse to sample superlative steak-frites during daylight hours. Then show her that loft you've had your eye on.
Café Botanica, 484-5120 160 Central Park South	The Essex House's elaborate buffet, with substantial entrées like Chilean sea bass and rib-eye steak, served in a room as green and leafy as the view across Central Park South.
Aquavit, 307-7311 13 West 54th Street	For self-servers: Salmon three ways, herring smoked and not, and something called, enticingly, Jansson's Temptation are on this Scandinavian smorgasbord.
Lobster Club, 249-6500 24 East 80th Street	Anne Rosenzweig inaugurates brunch in her cheerful duplex, so your mom could be the first of her envious friends to sample smoked-salmon matzoh brei and asparagus with blood-orange compote.
Verbena, 260-5454 54 Irving Place	Diane Forley's fragrant, delicately spiced cooking—exemplified by chive popovers stuffed with scrambled eggs, gravlax, and caviar, and by "melted sorrel" soup—is always mother-pleasing, especially in the garden.
Cendrillon, 343-9012 45 Mercer Street	Let's try something new, she says. The Filipino brunch comes closest (but remains sufficiently exotic) to our Sunday-afternoon cravings, with feta-and-Gouda rice pancakes, and achiote-cured pork and eggs.
Cub Room, 677-4100 131 Sullivan Street	The occasion may signify less cigar-puffing than normal at this SoHo boîte, where chef Henry Meer's variations on a theme include Black Angus steak and eggs and Swedish apple pancakes.
C.T./Claude Troisgros, 995-8500 111 East 22nd Street	Claude Troisgros is a good son—good enough to open (for the very first time) on Sunday, with such nouvelle concoctions as taro-root-and-truffle-oil ravioli and a caramelized soufflé pancake.

Illustration by Maurice Vellekoop.

nightlife

Joe Henry...Weslia...Richard Thompson

Concerts

Geri Allen/Ronald K. Brown's Evidence—The electrifying pianist joins choreographer Ronald K. Brown's company Evidence in this latest installment of the performance series "Face the Music and Dance."The series has shown a wonderfully creative sensibility thus far, paring avant-ish jazz musicians like Don Byron and Bill Frisell with a variety of dynamic modern dancers, and Allen, one of the two or three best pianists of her generation, is worth seeing in any context. She and Brown offer a world premiere of their collaborative piece *To Harm the Dangerous.* 5/2 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $15.*

Van Morrison—Is Morrison Ireland's answer to the rotund Pakistani trance singer Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan? At his best, he attains a similar state of full-throated ecstasy, and his mystical Celtic soul probes similar waters. This time out, though, he's a bit more reserved, enjoying his latest incarnation as a singer of jazz standards, which he does quite convincingly. 4/28–5/1 at 8 P.M. *Supper Club, 240 W. 47th. (921-1940). Sold out.*

Pete Townsend—The natty Mr. Townsend plays music from *coolwalkingsmoothtalkingstraightsmokingfirestroking*, a new best-of record culled from the years after he perfected the guitar windmill and before he went Broadway. Look for sprightly eighties-pop ditties like "Let My Love Open the Door," sweet love songs like "A Little Is Enough," and the extravagantly homoerotic "Rough Boys"—notes from post-Who soul-searching. 5/3 and 5/4 at 8 P.M. *Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (307-7171). Sold out.*

David Broza, David Amram, and Hani Naser—Israeli–pop star Broza, classical/jazz musician David Amram, and Jordanian percussionist Hani Naser unite to support the Israeli peace process in a concert titled "Oasis for Peace." 4/30 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719); $35–$50.*

Carl Stone and the Far East Side Band—Electro-acoustic wizard Stone showcases recent works for computer-controlled, sampled, and live electronics. 5/2 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 126 W. 67th St. (501-3330); $10.*

George Dalaras—Featuring Katerina Kouka. 5/3 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Avenue of the Americas (307-7171); $36–$61.*

Raul Di Blasio—5/5 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Avenue of the Americas. (307-7171); $31–$61.*

Eliane Elias Trio—The wonderful Brazilian jazz pianist, whose recent *Solos and Duets* featured some of the latter with Herbie Hancock, a longtime fan, leads a trio. 5/3 at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M. *Flushing Town Hall, 137–35 Northern Boulevard in Flushing (718-463-7700); $15.*

Jim Brickman—The erstwhile *Muppet Show* tunesmith and romantic, "adult-contemporary" pianist plays for contemporary adults on 5/4 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St. (875-5050); $21–$27.50.*

Klezmer Conservatory Band—Hankus Netsky directs this highly acclaimed trad-klezmer outfit, whose eleven members include a banjo-ist and singer, through antic Dixieland numbers and klezmified versions of the classics. 5/4 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $20.*

Percussion Masters of India—Various masters explore the Hindustani and Carnatic styles of Indian drumming. 5/4 at 7:30 P.M. *Town Hall, 123rd W. 43rd St. (307-7171); $25–$30.*

Preservation Hall Jazz Band—5/1 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800); $12–$50.*

Badi Assad—The Brazilian guitarist and singer performs "jazz Brasiliero," a blend of jazz, Brazilian pop, and classical. 5/3 at 8 P.M. *St Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (545-7536); $15.*

West End Klezmorim—Clarinetist Harold Seletsky, vocalist Mary Feinsinger, percussionist Ellis Berger, banjoist Barry Mitterhoff, and accordion master Peter Stan. 5/1 at 8 P.M. Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8179); $15.

Performance

Future Rock?

"What happens after rock?" asks the press release for an arty New York band. Although there's an obvious response—"more beer and some diner food"—bands like Tortoise (pictured) and the Sea & Cake (May 4, Tramps) are prompting us to take the question seriously. The Chicago groups' evocative mood music has been called "post-rock" and posits a future of glimmering guitar tones, swishy cymbal washes, and Moog synthesizers. It's a blissful state of pop ambience, even if it does sound a bit 1973.

Clubland

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. *43 Murray St., two blocks below Chambers St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries. 5/1: Rankin Family. 5/3–5/4: King Mackerel and the Blues Are Running with Don Dixon, Bland Simpson, and Jim Wann. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Next door, CB's Gallery offers a more well-heeled atmosphere, higher-end tap beers, and, Fridays at midnight, a new Middle Eastern series that features the music and dance of Ishtar and the Trancesenders. Shows nightly. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 5/3–5/4: Otis Clay. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills a plenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every other Saturday night belongs to their famed trash-rock party, "Green Door NYC." 5/1: The Ramones. 5/7: Skunk Anansie. *15 St. Marks Place. (475-9726).*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 5/4: Groove Collective. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. 4/30: Patty Griffin. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Brad Miller.

Irving Plaza—Richard Thompson returns from the English hinterlands with a delightful new double album, *you? me? us?*, featuring a disc each of acoustic and electric troubadouring. The evocative production of Mitchell Froom and Tchad Blake, who steered Thompson's last *Mirror Blue*, helps retain the Celtic patina from Thompson's days in Fairport Convention, but cleverly transposed it to a funky, clattering world that gives his alternately hilarious and heartbreaking ruminations a distinctly modern home. Among the record's many mordant pleasures is the kiss-off song "Put It There Pal"—which recounts "You saw me drowning, you said I was a fake and laughed/Then you jumped right in and used me for a raft"—and the stalker's lament "No's Not a Word," with its priceless line "I'm going to pretend you're my squeeze/Arm in arm on the Champs Eleeze." He plays on 4/29. 5/2: Lush. 5/3: Modern English—they of "Melt With You" fame—play for "Big 80s" aficionados. 5/4: Hare Krishna hard-core outfit Shelter; Downset. 5/8: Fred Schneider, whose campy sneer gave the B-52's their odd frisson, shows his aggro side with the cognitively dissonant punk outfit Just Fred. Loud . . . rockin' . . . weird. *17 Irving Place (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 5/3: Lotion. 5/4: The spellbinding and utterly distinctive alto saxophonist Steve Coleman leads Five Elements, a band that manages to make the most angular lines and cerebral rhythms sound funky. 5/5: Either/Orchestra. 5/6: David Murray Big Band. 5/8: D. J. Spooky. *74 Leonard, bet. Broadway and Church (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 5/1: Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen. 5/2: Roomful of Blues. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 5/3: Joe Henry; Scud Mountain Boys. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 5/1–5/2: Joe Henry; Scud Mountain Boys. 5/3: Come; Run On. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed. On the last Thursday of every month, the congenial local American string-band duo Y'ALL holds forth, backed by the Rhythm Ranchers. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. *94 Ave. A. (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 4/30: Franklie Jackson's Soul Kitchen. 5/3: French Caribbean Dance Party. 5/4: Brazilian Samba Extravaganza. 5/6: Oscar D'Leon. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column and muddy-sounding areas by getting there early. 5/2: Local singer-songwriter rock diva Patti Rothberg sings songs from her major-label debut. 5/3: Lunachicks. 5/4: Tortoise; Sea and Cake. 5/6: "A Concert in Memory of 'Wild' Jimmy Spruill," with Deacon Williams and the Soul Converters. 5/8: Buddy Guy Big Band; Alvin Youngblood Hart (show sold out). *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 5/2: Reverend Daddy Love featuring Corey Glover. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. An uptown jazz outpost, with excellent jazz musicians that play nightly. 5/2: Jorge Sylvestrie Quintet. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (soon to take Korea with Blue Note Seoul), charges accordingly. 4/30–5/5: J. J. Johnson Quintet; Johnny Griffin Quartet. 5/7–5/12: Maynard Ferguson and Big Bop Nouveau. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Through 5/4: Peter Leitch, John Hicks, and Ray Drummond. 5/5: Gary Bartz. 5/6–5/11: James Williams, Steve Nelson, and Dennis Irwin. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

The Five Spot—Highly rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. 4/30: Linda Koutrakos. *7 W. 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement, right along with the occasional legend. 4/30–5/5: Hank Jones Trio. 5/7–5/12: Randy Brecker Band; Jerry Gonzalez and the Ft. Apache Band. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. Vocalist Carolyn Lenhart and trio play every Sunday in April. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Match—Smart and trendy, this slick SoHo hang grabs some gravitas on Monday nights, when the Shorty Jackson Legacy Blues Band holds forth. *160 Mercer St. (343-0020).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a cozy, candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. 5/4: Guitarist Randy Johnston. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565).* $

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 4/30–5/5: Yosuke Yamashita Trio with Cecil McBee and Pheeroan Ak Laff. Every Monday, it's The Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Wednesday nights, the cover's a scant five bucks. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 4/30–5/5: Jimmy Heath Quintet featuring Mark Elf, Ben Brown, and Albert "Tootie" Heath. 5/7–5/12: Ron Carter Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037).* $.

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish-jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 5/1–5/4: David Liebman Group. 5/8–5/11: Mose Allison Trio. Late-night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno's—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno's is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Every Sunday in April it's pianist Leslie Pintchik, bassist Scott Hardy, and drummer Rich DeRosa. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 4/30: "Funny Shorts" Film Festival. 5/2–5/5: Craig Shoemaker. 5/6: New Talent Night. 5/7: New York Comedy Nights. 5/8: All Star Comedy Showcase. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Through 5/5: Greer Barnes; Eddie Brill; Dave Chappelle; Dave Atell; Rick Crom. 5/6–5/12: Greg Fitzsimmons; Wanda Sykes-Hall; Dave Attel; William Stephenson; Larry Amoros. Shows Sun.–Thurs. 9 P.M.–2 A.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 4/28: Nancy Redman; Brian Mc Fadden; Billy Jaye; Ben Creed; Lenny Varnedoe; Gregory Carey. 5/6–5/12: Tom Anzalane; Jim David; Lenny Varnedoe; Ben Creed; Nancy Redman; Quentin Higgs. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron District. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11:30 P.M.; Sat. at 8 and 10 P.M. and 12:30 A.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.-Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and

Talent

Her Shining Hour

Like a warm breeze from California, San Francisco's delightful Weslia Whitfield blows into the Algonquin's Oak Room, singing the songs of Harold Arlen through May 11.

Photograph by Russel Ward.

Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 5/3–5/5: Jim David; Rick Crome; Dave Attel; Linda Smith. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Singer Weslia Whitfield reprises her well-received visit here last fall with a show titled "My Shining Hour: The Songs of Harold Arlen." Through 5/11. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix-fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Pianist and singer Peter Mintun is back for a return engagement here through 5/4. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30; $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through 6/29: Bobby Short. Tues-Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45 cover, no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio; $10; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

Claire—Jazz vocalist David Downing. Thurs. and Sun. at 9, Fri. and Sat. at 9:30, Sun. at 1. No cover, no minimum. *156 Seventh Ave. (255-1955).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist/singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621).*

Flowers—Wednesdays at 9: Craig Pomranz. No cover, no minimum. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888).*

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

La Rivista Ristorante—Singer/pianist Chris Barrett, Tues.–Sat. from 8 to midnight. No cover, no minimum. *313 W. 46th St. (245-1707).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Aren't credits as a film and stage director, producer, and musical-comedy star enough for one résumé? Not, apparently, for singer and songwriter Anthony Newley ("What Kind of Fool Am I," "Once in a Lifetime"), who's decided to add "cabaret performer" to the mix. His debut engagement here runs through 5/25. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet recently celebrated the first anniversary of its successful Friday-evening engagement in the Club Room here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, singer Eric Kunze (*Miss Saigon*) performs the songs of Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street (221-8444).*

The Supper Club—On Fridays and Saturdays, the Stan Rubin Orchestra plays big-band classics to accompany dinner and dancing at this forties-style *boîte.* *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who brought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme, and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine; it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St., at Second Ave. (539-1389).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Bowery Bar—Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. Given the state of things, the Bar is probably in its waning age of "It"-ness, so it's probably safe to try cramming one's way in. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

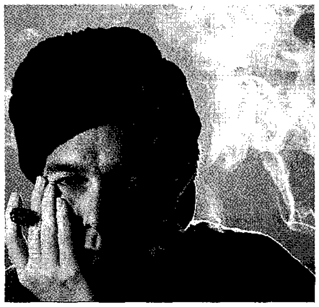
Grange Hall—Primarily a restaurant, but the bar scene has its own appeal. Because of an ideological commitment to American beer, possibly inspired by a swell portrait of FDR hanging above the bar, you will find no imports here. There is a respectable top-shelf selection, plus attentive but not in the least intrusive service. Also, try a Takhuna martini. (Relax: It's supposed to be that color.) Exotic bar-food suggestion: the sausage-and-chutney appetizer. *50 Commerce St., nr. Barrow St. (924-5246).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Talent

Smokin' Joe



On Joe Henry's superb *Trampoline* (Mammoth), there's a hallucinatory, banjo-inflected song with the irresistible title "Go With God (Topless Shoeshine)." On first—and second, and third—listening, song and title seem to have no connection. An explanation, Joe? "Aw," he says in the drawl of his native North Carolina, "you're trying to take all the mystery out of it." Fair enough, since *Trampoline*'s magic is in its evanescent feel. On his previous six records, Henry had obsessed over lyrics, then dashed out serviceable roots-rock; beyond college radio, his minor fame came from being Madonna's brother-in-law. This time, inspired by the intricate funk of Sly Stone's *Fresh,* Henry spent a year in his Los Angeles garage/studio perfecting *Trampoline*'s woozy sound. Quavery electric guitar (by Henry and Helmet's Page Hamilton) weaves around the funereal sigh of a pump organ; the haunting falsetto of an opera diva gives way to the plink of a goat bell, until the mood is that of a half-remembered dream. Songs find a melancholy groove, then shimmer and brood for upwards of six minutes. "I was trying to write hits," Henry says, "but I don't have a watch." The aching "Ohio Air Show Plane Crash" deserves to be on the charts. Romantic disaster is the well-worn theme, but Henry paints the kind of seamless, impressionistic picture usually only visible to uninhibited children and, maybe, stoners. Live, Henry says, the tunes come out "a lot more loud and ugly, in a good way." He'll make a gorgeous mess at the Mercury Lounge May 1 and 2.

CHRIS SMITH

Photograph by Jo Ann Callis.

the mix

Remembering Dale Harris..."All Shook Up"

The Written Word

The Poetry Project: "On Content"—5/2-5: Four days of readings, lectures, and discussions on the state of the art of poetry, featuring more than a dozen writers. Individual events are $7 ($5 for Poetry Project members); special all-day Saturday pass is $20, and a symposium pass to all events is $40. Call 674-0910 for schedule and other information.

William T. Vollman—4/30 at 8: Unterberg Poetry Ctr./Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. $12.

James Tate—5/1 at 7: Recipient of the 1995 Tanning Prize; introduced by John Ashbery. The Academy of American Poets at the New School, 66 W. 12th St. (274-0343); $5.

J. S. Marcus—5/1 at 7: Reading at Limbo, 47 Ave. A (477-5271); free.

"Discovery"/*The Nation* 1996 Contest Winners—5/6 at 8:15: Joan Leiman Jacobson Poetry Prizes. Readings by the four winners: Karen Holmberg, Michelle Mitchell-Foust, Susan Noguere, and Mark Svenvold. This year's contest winners were poets Robert Pinsky, Heather McHugh, and Tom Sleigh. 92nd St. Y/Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $6.

Lectures and Panels

All Shook Up: Lessons and Legacies of the 1950's—4/30 at 8: Allen Ginsberg, Victor Navasky, Odetta, Morton Sobell, Paul Robeson Jr., Nora Sayre, Calvin Trillin, Ring Lardner Jr., and Barbara Ehrenreich discuss turning-point issues of the fifties in America, from Joseph McCarthy's blacklist to the Cold War and Elvis. Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824); $25, $15.

Henry Louis Gates Jr.—5/1 at 8: The writer discusses "What Kind of Society Do We Want?" with moderator Robert Krulwich. Professor Gates is chairman of Harvard University's Department of Afro-American Studies. 92nd Street Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Meet the Critics—5/2 at 7: How are books chosen for review? What audience are reviewers writing for? Do they intentionally write the two-liner that will make it onto the back ad? Are reviews merely Cliff's Notes for the cultured or those who want to be more au courant? With speakers Sara Nelson, Anne Larsen, David Gates, and Christopher Lehmann-Haupt. Union Square Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. Free.

The Re-emergence of National Character?—5/7 at 6: Does such a thing as "German national character" or "German national culture" exist? Is there a specific "Germanness" that can be determined as such? To what extent are such concepts useful in illuminating the developments of twentieth-century German history, paticularly the genocide of the Jews? Who are—or were—the "ordinary Germans"? The recent publication of Daniel J. Goldhagen's *Hitler's Willing Executioners: Ordinary Germans and the Holocaust* has focused on these questions and has become the core of its controversy. Panelists include: Omer Bartov, Jane Kaplan, Istvan Deak, and Frank Stern. Jurow Auditorium, 101A Main Building, 100 Washington Square East at Waverly Place. Free.

Happening

At long last, a sense of fatigue is discernible in sixties chat, and it's the fifties, a decade with equivalently boundless potential for revisionism, that is the subject of "A Town Meeting: All Shook Up." Pondering Joseph McCarthy's blacklist, the Cold War, and Elvis are Allen Ginsberg (left), Ring Lardner Jr., Paul Robeson Jr., Nora Sayre, Calvin Trillin, Barbara Ehrenreich, Morton Sobell, and Odetta. Call 840-2824.

Michael Korda: Man to Man—5/8 at 8: "Speaking About the Unspeakable," Mr. Korda will discuss his experiences after being diagnosed with cancer in 1994. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5353); $5.

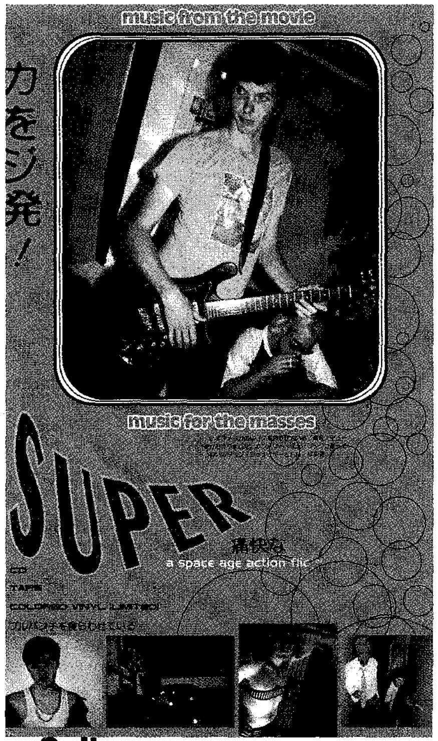
Obento: Food for Travel, Food for Thought—5/8 at 6:30: The Japanese responded to the problem of preserving and transporting food in the days of no refrigeration and lengthy travel times with the *obento*. Andoh will talk about these boxed meals that range from simple rice "sandwiches" wrapped in bamboo leaves to exquisite picnics elegantly arranged in lacquer boxes, detailing reasons for their abiding popularity and regional and seasonal difference. The Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $10, $8 for Japan Society members, senior citizens, and students with a valid ID.

Technology in the 1990s: The Human/Machine Interface—Mondays at 6:30 P.M. 5/13 and 5/20: Part of the Video Viewpoints Series at MOMA, this series of symposia showcases several pioneering digital artists who are succeeding in various areas of new media. Speakers include Jane Veeder, Julia Scher, Benjamin Weil, Jim Campbell, and Simon Penny. Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400).

Tours

Spring House Tour—5/4 from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M.: Spend a Saturday visiting some of Manhattan's stylish Upper East Side homes, including that of Marian McEvoy, the editor-in-chief of *Elle Decor*. There will also be a presentation by decorator and author Karen Fisher on "How to Find Your Own Decorating Personality." Proceeds benefit CHAMP (the Community Health Access Model Program). The cost for the tour is $35 in advance and $45 at the door. Lunch will also be available for an additional $15 with advance reservations. Meet at the Junior League of the City of New York, 130 E. 80th St. (288-6220, ext. 273).

Greenwich Village Walking Tour—5/5 at 11:30: Discover the studio where Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney founded the Whitney Museum. Find out who designed the Buffalo Nickel and where he lived. Follow the footsteps of Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, and W. H. Auden. Say hello to Patricia Field. Look for well-known neighborhood residents Ed Koch, Bella Abzug, and Larry Kramer. Learn where Abraham Lincoln delivered his "right makes might" speech, William Lloyd Garrison spoke against slavery and Susan B. Anthony supported women's suffrage. Tours depart from the Electric Lady Sound Studio at 54 W. 8th St., bet. Fifth and Sixth Aves. (777-2173); free.



Online Meta Movie

With a promotional site befitting a summer blockbuster, Danny Hobart slogs 'Super,' his nonexistent action film co-starring an unwitting Johnny Depp. http://www.mindport.net/~danny

Events

Armory Antiques Show—5/1 through 5/5: Wendy Management, producers of seven major New York antiques shows, will be bringing their New York season to a close with this last Armory show before the summer. Over 100 major dealers exhibit seventeenth-, eighteenth-, and nineteenth-century American, English, French, Continental, and Oriental furniture, decorative accessories, and tribal and ancient arts, plus designer and estate jewelry. Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. and 67th St. Wed. 4–9 P.M.; Thurs., Fri., and Sat., noon to 9 P.M.; Sun., noon to 6 P.M. (472-1180); $10.

ASPCA Celebrates Adopt-a-Thon—5/4 and 5/5, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.: Homeless cats, dogs, kittens, and puppies, are hoping to meet caring new owners at the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals's second annual Adopt-a-Thon at the ASPCA's adoption headquarters, 424 E. 92nd St., bet. First and York Aves. For additional information, call 876-7700, ext. 4120.

Sports

Knicks—Welcome to Madison Square Garden, the World's Most Famous Arena™ and the black hole of the NBA. In the Ewing era, the Knicks have ruined the career of just about everyone associated with them. The insidious phenomenon goes back at least to Hubie Brown; the former coaching genius has yet to head another team more than a decade after his firing. In recent years, there were the former All-Stars Kiki Vandeweghe, Rolando Blackman, and Xavier McDaniel, all scoring machines for their old teams who suddenly forgot how to play once in a Knicks uniform. Even more recently, we've seen the diminishing of Charles Smith and Don Nelson, whose 59-game stint on the sidelines confirmed that his coaching career was still dead. So as the Knicks struggle against a Cleveland team that starts Danny Ferry at power forward, only to have Chicago waiting for them should they prevail, we should worry for the likes of the loyal Jeff Van Gundy and the consummate professional Derek Harper, both of whom will probably not return. The Knicks host the Cavaliers for games three and four (if necessary) Wed., 5/1, at 7 and Fri., 5/3 (game time TBA). If necessary, game five will be in Cleveland Sun., 5/5 (TBA).

Rangers—Colin Campbell is a nice man. He looks good in a suit. He's refreshingly honest with the press, readily acknowledging when the Rangers stink, spreading around the praise when the team excels. But he's not much of a coach—which may be his greatest talent. After the Rangers were embarrassed in their first two games against Montreal, sportswriters bellowed for change. Some ideas were even reasonable: Juggle the top two lines, flopping Robitaille with Graves and Kovalev with Verbeek! Get Messier away from Damphousse! Campbell did . . . nothing. And it worked. Stability—well, and some crunching checks on Damphousse—and desperation got the Rangers back into the series. As he has all season, Campbell went with the flow; the big trades had his okay but were basically Neil Smith's doing. The flip side of Campbell's calmness is that he doesn't have the control to break the Rangers of their addiction to dumb penalties. That flaw aside, Ranger fans should be thankful Campbell knows how to stay out of the way. Game seven, if necessary, vs. Montreal, at the Garden, 4/30 at 7:30. Second round of playoffs begins 5/2 or 5/3, probably against Pittsburgh or Florida. CHRIS SMITH

Mets—4/29–5/1 vs. Montreal at 7:30. 5/3–5/5 at Chicago, Fri. at 3, Sat. and Sun. at 2.

Yankees—4/30–5/1 at Baltimore at 7:30. 5/2–5/5 vs. Chicago, Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 1:30.

MetroStars—Finally: A complete MetroStars team, one that includes the mighty Roberto Donadoni and the crafty Tab Ramos, takes on the Tampa Bay Mutiny, who are led by Carlos Valderrama, a Columbian as famous for his fluffy blond Afro as for his skill at soccer. Sat., 5/4, at 7:30 P.M. at Giants Stadium. Call 307-7171 for ticket info. ADAM LEHNER

Online

Bad Religion—SonicNet Alternamusic presents post-punk pioneers Bad Religion, whose latest album, *The Gray Race,* is now out on Atlantic. On Prodigy in the SonicNet area: 4/29 at 8:30 P.M.

Jack Handy—*Saturday Night Live* writer, creator of Toonces the Cat, and author of the incredibly sarcastic best-seller *Deep Thoughts* will guest in the Hub area of America Online: 4/29 at 9 P.M.

Jeff Greenfield—ABC News political commentator discusses the '96 presidential campaign on America Online: 4/29 at 10 P.M.

Staying in Shape—Lotus Bickerton, a personal-fitness trainer, discusses strategies for getting and staying in shape in the Women's Wire Forum on CompuServe: 4/30 at 9 P.M.

New York DMV Help—Richard Jackson of the New York Division of Motor Vehicles takes questions on licensing and other issues, in the Automobile Forum on CompuServe: 4/30 at 9 P.M.

Captain Kirk—Chat with William Shatner, writer, actor, and former captain of the starship *Enterprise,* on America Online: 4/30 at 9 P.M.

Gordon Elliot—Australian-born talk show host discusses his talk show, in the People Online area of CompuServe and Pathfinder (*http://www.pathfinder.com*): 4/30 at 9 P.M.

NYC's Soul Coughing—Hear a few tracks from their forthcoming album *Irresistible Bliss,* live from San Jose, California, on the Real Audio Website: 4/30 at 10 P.M. *http://www.realaudio.com*

Mark Dery—The author of *Escape Velocity: Cyberculture at the End of the Century,* Dery is a cultural critic whose writings have appeared in *Wired, Rolling Stone,* and the New York *Times.* On Echo: 5/1 at 9 P.M. Telnet to echonyc.com, and log in as echolive.

O. J. Trial Chat—Court TV reporter Kristin Jeannette-Meyers discusses the O. J. Simpson trial in the CompuServe Convention Center and Pathfinder (*http://www.pathfinder.com*): 5/1 at 9 P.M.

Downtown Julie Brown—She boogied into America's homes in the late eighties as the *Über*-host of MTV's popular dance show *Club MTV,* and has recently taken the reins on E! Entertainment Television's *The Gossip Show.* On Prodigy: 5/1 at 9 P.M.

Shawn Levy—The author of *King of Comedy: The Life and Art of Jerry Lewis* chats about the man and his demons. On Prodigy in the Pseudo HotSeat: 5/1 at 10 P.M.

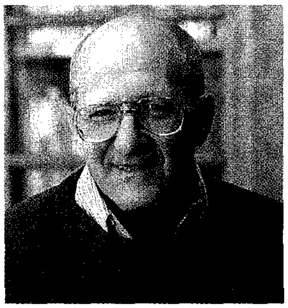
Playmate of the Year—*Playboy* magazine announces its new Playmate of the Year on May 2; you can meet her online on May 3. Let's hope she can type. On America Online: 5/3 at 9 P.M.

Conferences last about one hour. Send suggestions to runnette@dti.net

Tribute

The Good Highbrow

"Did he make you cry?" a critic asked me of her colleague and my former teacher Dale Harris, who died of AIDS on March 14. He could make people cry in five disciplines, expert and exacting as he was on dance for the *Wall Street Journal,* music for the New York *Post* and *Opera News,* art and architecture for *Architectural Digest,* literature for the universities where he taught, and all of the above in lectures around the world. Born Stanley Harris to Jewish working-class parents in London, he went to college on the G. I. Bill (he immigrated to the United States in 1952; the Army had refused to believe he was gay). He eventually settled in New York, where a conversation with Jacqueline Onassis led Diana Vreeland to install him as a lecturer at the Met. For years, his lectures were sold out months in advance. He gave dinner parties: Joan Sutherland was known to clean up the dishes, and John Cage, incensing the host, would bring his own wine.



His background and social life were detailed—or rather disclosed—in the English *Guardian* obituary that Dale himself helped prepare. To many who had known him only professionally, it was a bombshell (working-class? Jackie? *Stanley?*), and to some it reinforced Dale's reputation as a snob. For me, though, Lionel Trilling's definition of snobbery—"pride in status without pride in function"—supersedes *Webster's* and exonerates Dale. His function was as sound and supreme as those of the institutions that employed him. It is true he had a knack for wanton tactlessness ("It is *never enough* to be sincere," was his mildest rebuke to laboriously crafted pieces on being fat or thin), but I rarely saw him so devastating as when someone submitted an essay on people encountered in the Paris Métro. "It's snobby," he said, investing the adjective with a deadly emphasis generally reserved for *racist.* Dale could not lie about quality; it credits this city and country that they made such good use of that arcane and splendid gift. *(Dale Harris will be remembered in Cooper Union's Great Hall on May 6 at 5:30.)* **LINDA HALL**

On View

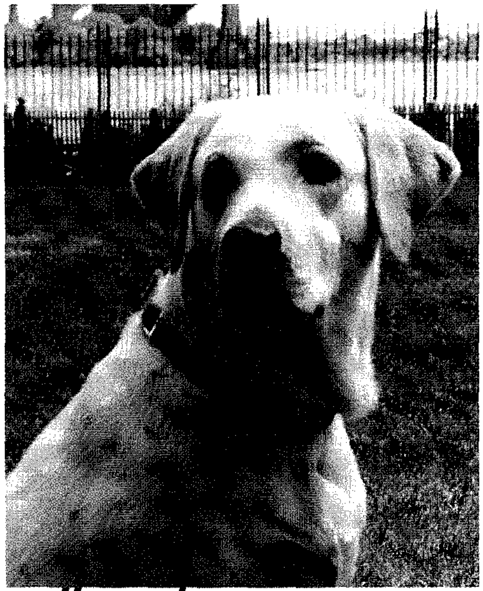
Spokes People

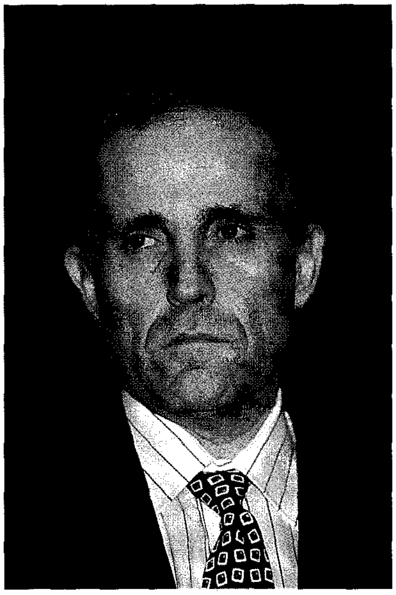
Recent improvements in bike technology are blissful if you cover Grizzly Adams's terrain, or pretend to. But for peddling around town, an old Schwinn is unimpeachable. Some vintage beauties go on view May 3 in "Bicycles: History, Beauty, Fantasy" (PaineWebber Art Gallery).

Photographs: top, Jose Pelaez.

kids

Bach . . . Bouncing Balls





Happenings

Separated at Birth?

The mayor could be a contender in the owner-dog look-alike contest at the Dogs Walk '96 Against Cancer, with Goalie, the family's yellow Labrador (pictured above). Pet psychic Sally Jordan Austin (who will give five-minute readings for $10) believes Goalie lent an ear to other people in power during previous lives—possibly even some Democrats. The four-hour poochfest includes canine photo ops, auditions for "Stupid Pet Tricks" appearances on David Letterman's show, and a sponsored walk (with or without Fido) to help fight human and animal cancers. *Kids can wear pointy ears and a tail, and pet a lot of dogs.* May 5 at 11 A.M. in Riverside Park, Riverside Drive and 89th Street. To register for the walk, call 237-3872.

Children's Events

Monster Celebration—The Twin Towers, already a mythical place in children's minds, hosts the fourth annual "Children's Day." About 25,000 people are expected to come to see an international group of performers: African American a cappella and percussion group Women of the Calabash, the cast of *The King and I,* and Asian-American performance artist and storyteller Felix Pitre. PBS television stars who will perform include *Sesame Street*'s Cookie Monster, "*Shining Time Station*'s Schemer and *Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood*'s Mr. McFeely. The five-acre outdoor plaza surrounding the World Trade Center will be animated with unicyclists, jugglers, and clowns. Kids between the ages of 1 and 13 can visit the Observatory on the 107th floor all day, free of charge. **The World Trade Center's Austin J. Tobin Plaza** on Church St. between Liberty and Vesey Sts. 5/4 from 11 to 4. Rain date 5/5. (435-4170).◉●

To Their Health—*Kids Health Day,* a day of public-television programming about children's health, geared mostly to teenagers, will look at teen fitness (at 10), pediatric asthma (2:25), and baby care—with a panel of teen parents (at 1). A program called "Kids . . . Dreams . . . & Courage" is about the learning-disability dyslexia (at 2:55); learn more about Reye's syndrome (at 1:40), abuse (at 12:20), and "Smart Sex" (at 11:25). A live discussion on the diagnosis and treatment of learning disabilities such as ADD winds up the day (at 4). Representatives from 50 organizations in the tri-state area will be in Channel 13's New York studios (call 800-468-9913) to take off-air calls—in English, Spanish, Creole, Cantonese, Russian, and other languages—and provide referrals to area health-care services. 5/5 from 10 to 4:30; Channel 13).◉●

Tennis Anyone—Bring racquets if you have them to the fifth annual **"Herman's Tennis Carnival"** at the Central Park Tennis Center. T-shirts, hats and other prizes are given out in a variety of games of skill for anyone old enough to hold a racquet. Measure the speed of your serve and get tips from pros. May 4, from 11 to 2. Rain date May 5. Mid-Park; enter the Park at W. 96th St. and Central Park West (280-0201).◉●

Coming to Life—Yarn unwinds and wiggles to tell a story, an alarm clock wants to sleep in, and a red string doll comes to life in a rich collection of "Iranian Animation." Movies for Kids are at **Walter Reade Theater,** 165 W. 65th St. (875-5600). 5/4, 5/5, and 5/11 at 2. $2.

Onstage—A swashbuckling stage adaptation of *Treasure Island* is directed by B. H. Barry—a well-known fight choreographer for Broadway shows and movies. 5/5 to 5/19 at **Blue Light Theater Company,** Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (279-4200) $12. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Princess Ida,* a comedic battle of the sexes is performed by the Blue Hill Troupe. 5/1–5/4, with matinees on 5/4 at 2. John Jay College Theater, 899 Tenth Ave., at 58th St. (988-2012). Tickets (which benefit the Burden Center for Aging) are $15 to $50. "Singer illusionist" J. P. Jarrett gets the audience to help make ghosts float and bunnies appear out of nowhere in a show called Altered Reality. Sundays at 12:30 and 3 through 5/26. Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528); $12. *Bride of Beowulf* is an absurd take on the oldest epic poem in the English language. 5/5 and 6/2 at 3. Pink, Inc., 62 Grand St. (941-1949). $10 for adults, $5 for children. Tickets are on sale for the **Big Apple Circus's** flamboyant *Jazzamatazz* will be at locations in Brooklyn, Long Island, and Staten Island in May. Tickets are $10 to $28 (307-4100).

"Window on the Universe"—**The New York Hall of Science** has recently doubled in size with an immense interactive exhibit that includes awesome images of the solar system and beyond. Hours are Wed. to Sun. 10 to 5. 47-01 111th St., Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-699-0005). General admission is $4.50 for adults, $3 for children (ages 3 to 16) and seniors.

Dancing in the Streets—Music, dance, and theater for, and sometimes by, young people is at the Beard Street Pier Warehouses in Red Hook, Brooklyn. The second annual **Young People's Performance Festival** includes a dance-theater work for 200 oranges and six performers set to folk music of pre-war Italy, a theater piece based on the experience of immigrants from Puerto Rico and a performance by the Now Griot Sonic Arts Society. 5/4 ; shows are at noon and 2:30, workshops and tours are at 1:45. The Beard Street Pier is located at the southern end of Van Brunt Street in Red Hook. (212-989-6830). ◉

Arty Party—**The Children's Museum of the Arts** that merry kitchen of childish creativity on the eastern edge of SoHo holds its annual benefit party with notable jugglers, clowns, musicians, and art-making opportunities. "Mom's barbecue chicken thumbs" and other intergenerational delicacies will be on the menu. 5/6 from 5 to 8. 72 Spring St. (274-0986.)$50 for adults, $25 for children.◉

Bach for Babes—A childish chamber-music concert for infants, toddlers and preschoolers with music by Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and others is given by **Haydn Seek Concerts**. 5/4 at 11. Greek Orthodox Church of the Annunciation, 91st St. and West End Ave. (877-4475) $20 for adults, children are free. Price includes a 45-minute cassette tape (meant to be listened to before the concert so the music becomes familiar).◉

Get Cooking—You can almost see the wheels in the parents' brains turning: If I just enroll them in a few cooking classes, maybe . . . The classes, camps, and one-shot workshops given by the **Peter Kump's School of Culinary Arts** offer instruction in the useful arts of making pizzas and calzones (5/4 from 10 to 12:30 for ages 6 to 9 at the 92nd St. Y), birthday cakes (5/4 from 2 to 5 for ages 9 to 12 and 5/18 from 2 to 5 for ages 12 to 16), and more. The above classes cost $30; some others cost $40 and $45; week-long camp sessions are $595. Classes are given at the Y's on 23rd and 92nd Sts. For a complete schedule, call the cooking school at 410-4601.

Ground Rules:

● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

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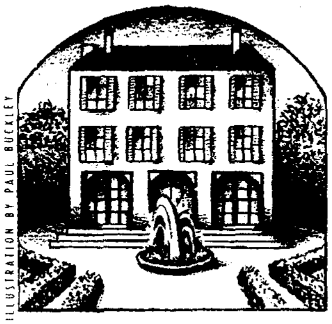
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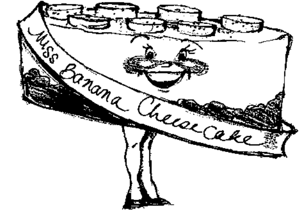

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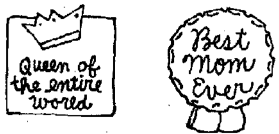
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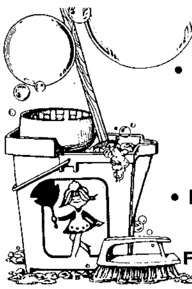

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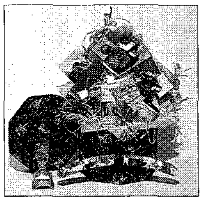

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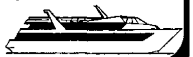

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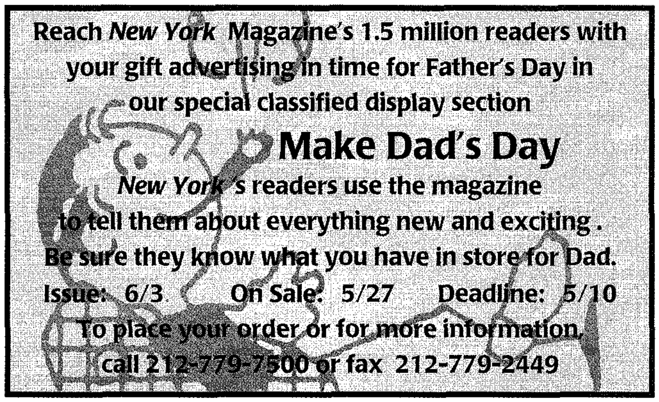

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Professional, Attractive Male—43, athletic, trim, Catholic - enjoys outdoors, theater, sports. Seeks NY/NJ Catholic professional female for lasting relationship. Note/photo/phone appreciated. 7127 ✉ ☎

Good-Looking, Bright—Slim Jewish female, Great Neck - enjoys theater, travel, dancing, dining out, tennis... Seeks male counterpart, 60-70. Photo/note. 7092 ✉

Wealthy, Pretty, Sexy Jewish Female—40, very sensuous, looking for young man (27-38), tall, very handsome with sense of humor, for love. Recent picture/phone necessary for response. 7056 ✉

Be Mine Forever—Be my best friend, my partner in life, my lover and my true love forever. I'm a 40, single white Jewish male in Manhattan, 6'1", fit, attractive, very wealthy and (I'm told) very sexy. I'm into the arts, travel, shopping and good TV. I'd love to spoil you and let you spoil me. I love kids and dogs (have none, want both). You are smart, funny, very pretty, 25-35, and tired of being single. My heart has so much love in it to give, sometimes it hurts. Photo/phone a must. 7125 ✉

Bright, Handsome, Generous Man—Sensitive, successful, funny, sensual, 6', slim, 47, seeks beautiful, slim, loving, sexy woman who wants lover/friend for good times. Photo/phone gets reply. 7183 ✉

Luscious Blond Lawyer—With sparkling eyes and radiant smile, 35, Ivy League, glamorous-looking, with traditional values, seeks smart, successful and kind Jewish prince to pamper and love. 7142 ✉

The Real Thing—Attractive, slim, kind, funny, smart Jewish widow, (908), values simple pleasures. Want grown-up, introspective, nurturing man, 48-58, who is humorous, patient, sane and successful. Note/photo/phone. 7167 ✉

A Creature Unlike Any Other—Radiant, delightful, 5'10", runway-type beauty with intelligence, grace, tenderness and charm - deserves attractive, athletic, top professional man with sincerity and style, 35-45, who is educated, brilliant, warm and passionate. Note/photo/phone. 7140 ✉

NJ, White Christian Male—41, CPA, seeks marriage-minded white female, 28-38. Enjoys Yankees, movies, travel, beach, museums, comedy clubs, etc. 7059 ✉ ☎

Handsome Professional Male—28, smart and funny, 5'11", Jewish - likes jogging, tennis and "Friends". Seeks attractive, easygoing, slim and sweet female. Note/photo. 7045 ✉

All Work And No Play—Has made me... unattached and anxious to start playing. Professional Jewish male, 35, 5'8", seeks down-to-earth, outgoing, intelligent, attractive, fit, nonsmoking, romantic female, 28-35, for long-term relationship. I'm honest, compassionate, fit and fun, with a great sense of humor. Note/photo/phone please. 7178 ✉

Avid Sailor—Handsome Manhattan exec, 6', 49, with 35' sailboat in Oyster Bay, seeks attractive female crew, 35-55, for yachting and romance. Note/photo a must. 7166 ✉

Very Unusual Man—I'm looking for a very special woman, probably someone who rarely, if ever, answers ads; very well-educated and extraordinarily bright, fun to talk to, funny, beautiful, athletic, sophisticated, outdoor-oriented, honest, nurturing, vulnerable, financially secure, very sensual and able to be open and present to other people. Someone who is very successful in her own way, courageous and psychologically grown-up, probably 35-45, with a great appetite for exploring life with another person. I'm extremely well-educated, post-doctoral in humanities, and work at the top of the business community. Handsome, 6', 180 lbs, athletic, very, very successful financially and professionally. I am a psychologically secure, well-balanced man who is totally natural and very easy to be with, who is also very strong, curious, sometimes brilliant, intuitive, funny, spiritual, honest, genuine, direct and very open. I spend 2-3 months of the year doing interesting things other than work. I am a very complex, very special man with deep values and a good heart. I need to find someone who has gotten to the same place in her life, and who is headed in the same direction. Note/phone/photo a must. 7146 ✉

Arf! Arf!—Adorable puppy looking to make a match for my slender, terrific Jewish female owner. She has class, beauty, intelligence and a great sense of humor and style. You are Jewish, 34-44, and love laughter, sports, the arts (and canines). Please be handsome, kind, fit, sophisticated, professional, successful and smart. "We are comfortable with each other as we are with ourselves". Don't paws! Help me earn my extra dog biscuits! Fairy-tails can come true! Photo please. 7067 ✉ ☎

Jewish Female, Attractive—And very charming, sophisticated, truly successful, 40s, 5'2", 127, good sense of humor, very smart and intelligent, looking for successful, tall, very charming man - sense of humor, warm and passionate. Picture and phone is necessary for response. 7055 ✉

Woman Of Genuine Substance—(And fun) wants man, 60-72, who is the same. I am (516), tall, 5'7", attractive, with an abiding interest in the arts and a love for ballroom dancing. Photo please. 7102 ✉

New Issue On The Market—36, 6', Jewish male, handsome, very successful, fit and athletic, professional money manager, great sense of humor and fun - seeking beautiful, both inside and out, Jewish female who is educated, romantic, exciting, sincere, spontaneous, etc. If you are looking for an investment of a lifetime, send recent photo/phone/note. 7101 ✉

Springtime—Warm ocean breezes, adventures in the country, blading in the park...all great alone, but much better for two. If you have a nice life, a not-too-demanding career, but are missing the right guy to round it all off, drop me a photo and note and let's talk. I'm young 47, 5'9", long-haired, Jewish, successful, fun, funny and affectionate. You're mid 30s-40ish. We're both physically fit nonsmokers who love animals and spontaneous travel. Single mom okay. 7174 ✉

One-Of-A-Kind Male—Extremely successful, 33, 5'6", blond/blue, Jewish man, looking for the right woman to complete the puzzle. I am intelligent, honest, passionate, confident and generous, with a great sense of humor and a tremendous desire to find an equal partner to share it all with. You are 20s-30s, attractive, slim, classy, mature and playful, with a bit of a devilish side. You should be at a point of life where you are tired of dating, want to be committed to a monogamous relationship leading to marriage and family, and are willing to believe (as crazy as it seems) that responding to this ad could make it all fall into place. If you know what you are looking for, would love to travel the world, and truly care to live a special life, please respond with note, phone and photo. I have everything except you... Don't be afraid to make it happen. 7113 ✉

A Million Dollars—Just made my first. Now it's time to share and concentrate on life. Very down-to-earth, good-looking man, 41, 6', own business. Loves skiing, dining, traveling, working out. Seeking very attractive woman (28-38) to get serious with. Note/photo/phone. 7070 ✉

Sensuous, Creative, Romantic—The party was at a magnificent penthouse apartment overlooking the city. She wore a black lace dress that clung sensuously to her body and complemented her smooth ivory skin and golden blond hair. He was tall, dark and intriguing looking. Their eyes met from across the room, and from that moment she knew they would be together always. Unfortunately I missed the party, so I'm placing this ad instead. Very attractive blond, slender yet curvaceous, early 40s, president of Madison Avenue company, with interests that range from culinary to Camus, city nightlife to country wildlife. I prefer dialogue to cyberchat, Main Street to malls. My counterpart should be accomplished, approach life with humor, passion and insight, 45-58, not afraid of romance or commitment. 7165 ✉ ☎

Good-Hearted, Dynamic CEO—Humorous, multifaceted, old-fashioned, romantic, with zest for life, art, attractive, tall, muscular, 40, loyal, seeks a female angel, under 37, educated, 5'6" plus, for life of laughter. Sincere note/phone/photo for reply. 7179 ✉

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Good Times—Now is the best time for this smart, sensitive, sensual, slim, elegant, 5'6", beautiful blond. Share the good times with me if you're successful in life as well as career, caring, classy, love to laugh, attractive, slim, in your 50s and a nonsmoker. Note/phone/photo. 7082 ✉ ☎

Attractive 1955 Issue—Sexy, stylish, smart, solid and sound, seeking to merge with blue-chip male stock to yield maximum returns and long-term growth. All serious offers considered. 7122 ✉ ☎

Just The Facts—After a long relationship, I'm not comfortable in "singles places". I am 28, 5'4", Jewish, big brown eyes, brown hair, size 6 (hard body yet very feminine), considered beautiful. Emotionally, nutritionally and physically fit (but still love a good steak), funny, warm. I love my family (and the life style I was raised in), my friends and my dogs. I love working out, operating my successful business, vacationing and sharing "quiet couple things". You are 29-39, Jewish, 5'10" or taller, good-looking, financially, emotionally and physically fit, well-educated with "street smarts", and looking forward to marriage and children. You are considered a really "nice guy". You love working out, dining out, showing affection, the beach and having fun. Recent full-length photo and note, please. 7154 ✉

Tall, Slim, Beautiful—36-year-old blond, sensual, fit, seeks tall, slim, fit and athletic Jewish male, 36-50, JD, MD or Wall Streeter. Note/photo, please. 7184 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Loving Widow—Wants educated, cultured widower who enjoys life, laughs, hugs. 65-75. Note/phone. Thank you. 7223 ✉

Beautiful, Moneyed Christian Lady—MD's widow, Ivy and European-educated, traditional values, large country house near the sea, wishes a permanent relationship with a caring, sharing, successful gentleman MD, age 44-56. 7212 ✉

Take My Heart—But be gentle. Romantic, intelligent, pretty, petite Jewish widow, 50s, seeking witty, bright, good-looking man of substance and integrity, 50-60, to share life's adventures. Photo. 7221 ✉

Retired, Very Happy, 60—I travel between NJ-NC-FL. Everyday I exercise by walking, cycling and swimming. I've taken up dancing recently. My match should have the same interests. Please send note and photo. 7105 ✉

Handsome Southern Gentleman—49, unpretentious, financially secure, healthy, nonsmoker, mantains residence in NYC - enjoys city and country living, fine dining, big band music, dancing and many other things. Seeks tall (5'8" plus), intelligent, attractive lady, Wasp, 38-52, little overweight okay, can change from jeans to gown with ease, nonsmoker. Upper East Side a plus. Flexible to travel after getting acquainted would be nice. Note/photo/phone please. 7190 ✉

Gay Female—50ish, tallish, darkish, attractive, good wit and sense of the ridiculous; loves Mozart, his ilk and the other simple pleasures in life. Sound like you? Good. Drop me a line. 7169 ✉

Class Act—Love to laugh! Cute female, 43, 5'7", fit, long chestnut hair. Many fun interests. Seek cute, trim, 45-54 white businessman, 6' plus, with warm, caring personality, for serious commitment. Exchange letters/photos. 7075 ✉

Pretty California Blond—Seeking bi-coastal New York man. UCLA graduate, former Top-5 sorority girl, Beverly Hills resident, very youthful late 40s, 5'3", 119 lbs, crazy about New York and successful New Yorkers who believe in free speech over political correctness. Note/photo/birthdate. 7064 ✉

Handsome, Athletic DMD—Easygoing, romantic and funny hunk with a big heart, varied interests and quick smile, seeks a smart, sincere and mostly sane woman, 30s, for friendship, laughter, love and commitment. Golfer okay. Photo. 7054✉☎

Shapely, Smart, Sensational—Very attractive, slender, sweet Jewish female exec - looking to share life with a handsome, successful, good-natured Jewish man, 35-45, who is intrigued by an intelligent woman of substance, with good looks to match. 7145 ✉☎

Mr. Right Now—Attractive, physically fit professional - loves to ski, rollerblade, play tennis, travel. Enjoys Soho galleries and museums. Is seeking an attractive, physically fit female for romance and adventure. Nonsmoker. Note and photo, please. 7186 ✉☎

Tantalizing Green-Eyed Blond Beauty—Southern expatriate, slender, 36, brainy and successful, seeks an enlightened Neanderthal, 35-50, successful, with Mediterranean looks, a swift wit and vast appetite, to challenge and adore. I love great books, bad movies, fiery romance, Beethoven, kids, dogs and irony. I believe that grand passions last forever. Come prove me right. Note/photo/phone. 7135 ✉☎

A Sophisticated Man—Who you wouldn't expect to write, has. Great looks, super personality and tremendous integrity, 38. Seeks similar qualities in a female. Brief note/photo a must. 7173 ✉☎

Mirror Image?—Woman with loving heart, professional, humorous, athletic, musical and spiritual interests - seeks male for lifetime joy, 55-62. 7144 ✉☎

Solid Family Values—Single professional seeks open-minded, highly educated, affectionate woman, 30s, ready and willing for major life changes. 7182 ✉

Mango Fanatic—Articulate, fit, sensitive, socially conscious, affectionate, mirthful, and devoted uncle, 36 - seeks a compatible woman for Scrabble, intellectual discussions, country and beach jaunts, and a future. POB 2079, NYC 10025

Unique Woman MD—With beauty and humor, 45, seeks very special man. 7048 ✉

Attractive Mediterranean Female—Slim, affectionate, professional, 42, seeks intelligent, fun-loving, fit man who likes traveling. Note/photo. 7192 ✉

Happy, Kind—Professional Jewish male, seeks best friend. I'm 35, 6'3". You: family-minded Jewish lady to 35, who enjoys NYC, beach, laughs and life. Note/photo please. 7108 ✉

Pretty Corporate President—Slim and shapely, 5'4", 118, auburn hair, former actress. Easy to talk to, cultured, sensual, full of love and fun, divorced Jewish female. Lover of the arts, outdoors and cozy evenings. Seeking partnership of friendship and passion with attractive, sensitive, successful professional male, 48-60. CT/Westchester preferred. 7137 ✉☎

Imagine...—5'8", slender, sultry brunette, sensitive and sensual, eager to meet you: trim, attractive, educated, witty and wise male, 50s. If you have an international background, practical head and poetic soul, love travel and culture... write with recent photo. European accent a plus. 7076 ✉☎

Successful Entrepreneur Seeks Partner—Ambitious, creative, sincere, handsome Jewish male, 30, with Ivy MBA and good sense of humor, who enjoys gourmet cooking, fine wine, great conversations, tennis and modern art - seeks bright, honest, caring woman who's ready for a relationship. Note and photo. 7156 ✉☎

Nice Guy—Stable, mature professional, handsome, 44, looks/feels mid-30s, seeks family-minded woman in 30s. 7217 ✉☎

Tall, Slim, Handsome—Romantic professional, late 40s, European background, seeks tender beauty wanting to be truly loved and spoiled. Photo. 7057 ✉

Wanted: Witty, Wry Jewish Nice Guy—To 40, with integrity, well-educated, by warm, keen, upbeat, pretty, professional Jewish woman, young 37, 5'3", slender, for wedded bliss. Photo helpful. 7187 ✉

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Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350

Take A Chance On Me—Very pretty, sweet Christian lady, 34, 5'10", fun, fit, creative - seeks lifetime of laughter, love and commitment with professional man, 33-43, 6', handsome, humorous, athletic. Let's share interests (mine: movies, traveling, running, history, theater, outdoors), have fun and create memories for a future together. Photo/note. 7176 ✉☎

Passion For Family And Horses—Single dad, 48, 5'7", fit, handsome and well-read, -educated and -traveled, seeks pretty, financially secure, self-aware female, 35-45, with similar interests. Note and bio a must. Photo a plus. 7214 ✉☎

Let's Get To The Heart Of The Matter—We both really want a suitable partner. Important to us: honesty, willingness, intelligence, consciousness, stability, fun. I'm 45, petite, attractive, Jewish. Are we a good fit? Take a chance! Photo. 7083 ✉

Attractive And Sincere Female—34, successful Jewish businessowner, seeks nice, honest, financially secure male with good sense of humor, who likes dining out, travel, nice drives, beach and movies. Age is not an issue. 7163 ✉☎

Latin Beauty Sought—By upscale corporate lawyer, 38, Jewish, 6'2", GQ looks, warm, bright, witty, passionate. Note/photo please. 7107 ✉☎

Soul Mate Wanted—Interesting man, 44, good heart, good looks, successful, loves to laugh. Seeks woman with similar values, who loves the city, museums, the country and just being together. Photo note/phone. 7141 ✉

French, European...—Or fine Francophile woman, 35-48, sought by Christian mental health doctor. 7136 ✉

Must Find Size 2 or 4—Who is also attractive, Jewish, 30-37, accomplished, very successful, without children, and who has a great sense of humor and thinks she could handle an extremely successful, dynamic and wealthy businessman who has it all except for a wonderful wife and a couple of great kids. Photo, please. 7189✉

Single White Male—51 going on 19, loves long walks, movies, classical/rock/folk, plus watching Murphy Brown. Seeks attractive woman with similar interests. Photo, please. 7081 ✉☎

Sweet, Sexy, Asian-American Beauty—32, charming, cultured yet athletic and down-to-earth, seeks tall, good-looking, successful Christian man with solid values, for romance, marriage and family. 34-40. Photo. No smokers/drugs. 7208 ✉

Kristi Yamaguchi Seeks—Pierce Brosnan - Japanese, silky long-haired, model looks/smile, never married, happy, entrepreneur, 5'4", 39 (looks 29!), seeks handsome Wall Street MBA type (29-43, 5'5"-5'10"), well-dressed, city life style, have humor. Both enjoy brunch at Pierre, cooking in Paris, piano at home...leading to marriage/family. Photo. 7094 ✉

Lesbian, 27—Smart, writer/editor, tall, beautiful, urbane, kind, honest. Looking for an equal partner. Send photo. 7072 ✉

Handsome Business Owner—Ivy MBA, seeks marriage-minded Jewish lady under 40, 5'3"-5'7". Moms okay. Sense of humor a must. 7129 ✉☎

Pretty, Petite, Slim—Athletic, fit, youthful 60, educated, successful professional seeks intelligent, humorous, secure man to share life's pleasures. 7181✉

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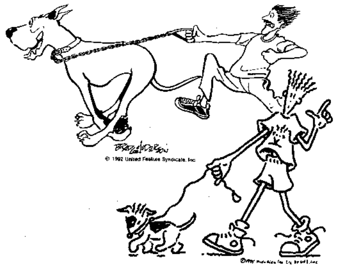

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Kind, Handsome, Creative—Trim, 6' professional, Christian, youthful 45 (looks 35), loves water, outdoors, travel, NYC, the arts, music, entertaining, cooking, fine wines and dining. Seeks easygoing, slim, pretty woman, 30-40, for laughter, love, possible family. Dark hair a plus. Note/photo. 7157 ✉☎

I Actually Want To Watch The Game—Both football and basketball. Pretty Jewish exec, 31, wants to meet Jewish professional or businessman in his 30s, to enjoy sports, theater, dinner and a family. Photo appreciated. 7073 ✉

Classy Lady—With pizzazz, pretty and smart - seeks upscale, successful, commitment-minded male counterpart, 50-60, with solid values and a view towards the future. Note/phone. 7080 ✉ ☎

Sleepless In Westchester—Divorced male, 38, 6'3", blue eyes, unpretentious, sincere, warm, looking for woman, 25-35, for spring/summer fun, friendship, more. Let's sail into summer together. 7128 ✉ ☎

Female Journalist/Producer—Exotic, slim and curvy, spunky, athletic, 40, 5'7", Jewish nonsmoker - lover of music, ideas, science and high-tech. Seeks Jewish, tall, hip Renaissance man, 35-48, desirous of soul mate. Please be cerebral and playful, communicative and kind, with a sense of wonder about the universe. Photo appreciated. 7069 ✉

Mom, How Did You Meet Dad?—He advertised for me in NY Magazine. I read the ads each week but had never answered one before. But his ad was so different and cute - just like him! He wrote that he was 39, tall, fit, fun, creative, romantic, sincere, Jewish and ready again. He described me perfectly too: smart, independent, warm, caring, pretty, slim, 29-37, with a great sense of humor. So, I answered...he called...we met...had instant chemistry...and have been together ever since. 7065 ✉ ☎

Let's Meet At Jackie O's—Favorite spot - the reservoir, Fifth Avenue and 90th Street, weekdays, 7 PM, weekends, 1 PM. I'm 56, very financially secure, tall, dark and truly handsome. I'm a good listener, understanding, emotionally supportive, easygoing, very affectionate and a big giver of TLC. You're a slim, attractive, very affluent Upper Eastsider. Oprah, Sally, etc invited - bring camera crew. 7213 ✉

Joyful, Kind, Beautiful—Slim, fun-loving, financially secure professional, travel-loving, evolved Jewish woman, seeks man (50-59) who is caring, affectionate, loving, intellectual and still amazed by the glory and diversity of life. Note/photo preferred. 7119 ✉ ☎

Passionate, Pretty—Green-eyed professional, seeking a man to make me sigh and laugh, 33-43. Note/photo. 7162✉☎

Great Guy Seeks Soul Mate!—Bright, warm, fun(ny), very successful, handsome, husky, 32, 5'8", seeks attractive, fun, active, smart, together, down-to-earth, easygoing, affectionate, marriage-minded Jewish female, 22-30, under 120 lbs. Prefer photo. 7050 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Successful Professional—50, 6'1", 180 lbs. Interested in European travel, music, movies and running. Seeking beautiful, slim, intelligent and affectionate woman, 35-45, who is also happy and secure. Note/photo/phone. 7097 ✉

Pretty, Accomplished, Warm—Slender, spiritual lady seeks secure, honest, playful gentleman over 50. Enjoy ballet, jazz, opera, country weekends. Ready for a loving, forever relationship filled with laughter/romance. LI preferred. 7175 ✉

Jobim, Gilberto, Tuscany, Umbria—Motorcycles at dawn, fast cars at dusk, swimming, massage - tall, slender Renaissance woman, 41, seeks tall, happy, healthy, solvent man per l'avventura. Photo/note. 7117 ✉ ☎

Seeking Active, Intelligent Man—With varied interests, 59-69. Bright, attractive professional woman, 57. 7066 ✉

Why Not You?—Widow - attractive, elegant, Caucasian, 60, 5'5", fit, blond, brown eyes, sensitive, full of life, French-born, European education, fluent in French and Italian, financially secure. Looking for well-groomed, professional gentleman, Caucasian, 60s, 6', fit, good sense of humor, financially secure - likes opera, classical music, museums, travel, restaurants, good conversation, for a sincere, warm relationship. You will not be disappointed. NJ (201) only. Photo. 7216 ✉

Wanted: One Normal—Sweet, cuddly guy for this tall, pretty woman. Willing to search throughout the tri-state. Am 51, widowed, Catholic professional. Don't have kids but love them. Enjoy the town and country, talking, sharing, animals, cooking and maybe you. Note. 7211 ✉

Deep Dark Eyes—Petty, petite profesisonal woman, 46, of seeming contradictions and romantic soul, seeks accomplished man with brains and laughter, 38-55. Note/photo. 7224 ✉

Wantonly Inquisitive—Emotionally untamed, irrepressibly physical woman of grace and wisdom - slender, shapely, with intense blue eyes - seeks imaginatively interactive adventurer, 35-45, who is honest about who he is, culturally sophisticated, can build a campfire, laughs when we lose our passports in Xanadu... to rummage through life together. 7171✉

I Want You—To answer this ad. Sexy, down-to-earth, bright female - great legs, sweet smile - seeks dynamic Jewish male, 30s, for a serious relationship. 7079✉☎

Does A Man Exist—Who is very intelligent yet not arrogant, with strong convictions yet open-minded, very handsome and confident yet not egomaniacal, sophisticated yet down-to-earth, warm, with integrity - romantic, humorous, communicative and desires love, intimacy and children? (Creative/musical flair a plus!) A partial blend of the above? This very attractive, bright, forthright, (com)passionate, soulful mid-30s woman loves reading, music, theater, ballet, travel and my dog. Take a chance! 7210 ✉ ☎

Career Woman's Dream—Share love, commitment and my house in the country. I'm very young-looking 45, fit, funny, attractive, articulate, refined, romantic. A loving, loyal, formerly married exec who really enjoys exercise and keeping house. You are an attractive, fit, successful woman, 32-42, with more important things to do than housework. Send photo and bio: POB 89, Navesink, NJ 07752

Francaise - Oh, La La!—Attractive, educated, fun-loving, 40s, sweet, wants to pour her overflowing love on a "merveilleux" man. Experience with French females a plus. Note/photo. 7084 ✉

Attractive, Affectionate—Considerate widow, 5'5", 125 lbs, seeks kind gentleman, 65-70. Trust and chemistry essential. Dancing, simple evenings and intelligent conversation make me glow. 7088 ✉

Scully Seeks Mulder—For adventure, intrigue and romance. Voluptuous, 5'7" redhead, 28, PhD student, seeks professional, brainy, financially and emotionally stable, marriage-minded Special Agent, 30-36, Christian, with a passionate nature, mischievous streak and a great sense of humor, for lifetime partnership. 7152 ✉

Bright, Pretty Manhattan Lawyer—Slim, shapely, 5'7", youthful 47, seeks nonsmoking man with intelligence, warmth, humor and integrity. 7205 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Spiritual—Indian/black female, 30s - seeks male, 34-50, race human. 7191✉

Sexy Beauty Seeks Romantic Beast—Very attractive Jewish physician (40), with Latin/European background, seeks intelligent, handsome, energetic, marriage-minded male (42-49) to enjoy the fruits of life... Smiling, hand-holding and kisses a must! Recent photo/note. 7046 ✉

Do You Like To Laugh?—Jewish male, 38, seeks attractive, athletic female with good sense of humor, for movies, dining out. Nonsmoker. Photo/phone. 7172✉

Former Mr. America—Handsome, fun, intelligent, 6'4", blue eyes, seeks fit, pretty woman under 35. Note/photo. 7180 ✉

Nothing Fancy, Just Being Honest!—Easygoing art dealer, handsome, 5'9", slim, early 50s, seeks a warm, romantic, thoughtful Jewish woman, 30 plus, for romance and spoiling. Note/phone. Photo appreciated. 7134 ✉

Unusual Find—38, handsome, successful, Jewish, athletic, fit, bright, warm, sensitive and giving, seeks a similarly special woman for a lifetime. 7164 ✉ ☎

Looking For The Pefect Man—But a human would be a good start. If you're tall, successful, 30s-40s - even better. In return, you get a lawyer?! But fear not, I'm savvy, sophisticated, fun-loving and haven't yet sued over a bad date. 7159 ✉☎

Touch Of Class—Bright, attractive, slim, engaging woman, 48, with style, warmth and playful spirit, is ready to fall in love for the last time. Seeks sincere, successful, nice guy (49-59) to treasure. 7111 ✉ ☎

Jewish Female—33, 5'5", brown/blue, never married, good shape. Likes tennis, blading, movies. Looking for professional nice guy, 32-40. Photo a must. 7185 ✉

Shy, Quiet—Dreamy Japanese beauty, 30, seeks successful, stable, nonaggressive, nature-loving, marriage-minded man, 30-45. Photo/two-page bio, please. 7068 ✉

One Rare Find—Successful business owner, handsome, caring, young 50, Jewish, 5'10", 160, blue eyes, enjoys dining, travel, collectibles and more. Seeking 36-48, sexy, pretty, confident, compassionate woman with varied interests, for lover/best friend. Note/photo. 7114✉

Extremely Successful—European background, blue-eyed, handsome executive for worldwide operating company - seeking attractive, mid 20s-early 30s female for long-lasting, rewarding relationship, because I'm sure that you deserve the best. 7124✉

Two Tickets To Paradise—Successful 35-year-old, handsome male, is seeking a 25-35-year-old, secure, attractive, independent female to share my interests - travel, dining, NY Knicks, music. Please send note/photo. 7115✉

I'm A Pretty Woman—You're a great guy... Isn't it time we met? We both have personality, humor, education, careers. You are a divorced/widowed Jewish male, 39-49, with active life style. 7104✉

Mr. Right Available—Handsome and successful doctor, 33, enjoys tennis, travel and long walks on the beach, seeks attractive, athletic, marriage-minded Christian female, for fun and romance. Photo. 7222✉

Me: Beverly Hills Model—Attorney/investor. Stunning, chic, slim, leggy, long blond hair, dazzling smile, witty, multi-degreed, often in NY. Love arts, film, theater, travel, restaurants, cabarets. You: Tall, lean, elegant dresser, prominent patrician, cultured, well-heeled, generous, refined, bicoastal a plus, 35-65. 7203✉☎

Married To Your Career?—Successful business owner, emotionally secure, white, divorced dad, 41. Seeking an attractive female whose career is as important to her as having a long-term committed relationship. Must love children and want to have her own. Photo a must with phone and note. 7161✉

Boca Raton—Striking blue-eyed blond, loquacious, outgoing, passionate, 45, 5'5", Boston soul, sincere, loyal, informed, versatile Jewish female. Seeks loving connection with accomplished man. 7131✉

Good-Looking, Fit—Single white male, 40, professional, traveled, Westchester resident, wants to meet slim, very pretty white female, 25-32, without children. Be warm, bright, marriage/children-minded, have zest for life. Include recent photo, letter/phone. No drugs/cigarettes. 7061✉

Would You Move To Las Vegas—(Or thereabouts)??? If so, read on... This truly handsome, youthful and mint-conditoned MBA, soon to be ex-financial executive (my choice), is opting for a relaxed life style in the Southwest. I'm 42, with dark hair and blue eyes. If you're a truly pretty, unpretentious and genuine woman, 35-45, and you work out and play golf (or would like to try)...this could be a beautiful thing. We can summer here and leave next winter in the rear-view mirror. Phone/photo a must (will exchange). 7098✉

Man For All Seasons—If you'd like to share theater, music, good conversation and laughter, and you'd like a good-looking early-60s woman on your arm - do respond. 7143✉

Slim, Seductive, Leggy Lady—Seeks elegant, successful, charming man. I'm 48, 5'8", red hair, blue eyes. You are smart, refined, good-looking and affectionate. Note/photo preferred. 7126✉

Unusual Looks—Slim, 5'5", successful, biracial woman, 36, seeks slim, unattached gentleman, 5'10" plus, 35-45, to teach me golf. 7116✉

Asian Beauty—31, lawyer, seeks a handsome man, rich in character, heart and humor. Note/photo. 7099✉

Blue-Eyed Brunette—Attractive, single, Jewish professional female, 30, 5'7", thin, with sweet, caring qualities, seeks marriage-minded, good-looking, single Jewish male, 30-40, 5'10" plus. 7220✉

NYPD—White male, 33, 5'8", 165, enjoys outdoor activities and night life, seeking very attractive, slim young lady, 20 plus, for serious relationship. 7095✉☎

Lovely, Lively Redhead—37, petite and professional, seeks kind, friendly Jewish man with divers interests, to snuggle up to on a permanent basis. 7077✉

Physician, 43, Jewish—5'6", handsome, slim, kind, gentle, generous, down-to-earth, kosher - seeks bright, attractive, professional Jewish female (kosher a plus) for long-term relationship. Note/photo appreciated. 7118✉

Veterinarian—33, nonsmoker, athletic, 5'11", mature, well-rounded personality, well-traveled, ambitious, secure and successful - seeks a Jewish female beauty: dynamic, challenging, who wants the best out of life and believes in give and take in love and friendship. Please be 25-33, tall and slender, very sharp-looking, full of life, love people and have a big smile! Note/photo. 7071✉

If We Fall Madly In Love—You will know it every day for the rest of your life. This 47-year-old, 5'7", pretty, upbeat, bright and charming, traditional Jewish lady is seeking a lovable, honest, tall, classy, intelligent and successful gentleman. A photo and a sense of humor gets you an extra hug when we meet. 7078✉

Amusing, Bright, Christian—Fit optimistic, pretty, stylish, Village resident. Partner wanted for friedship or romance. 212 or 203 good-looking gentleman, 45-55 please respond. 7225✉

Spring In The Park—Isn't right without you. I'm tall, Jewish, 40s, successful, handsome, affectionate, funny, down-to-earth. You are 30s, attractive. We live for the summer. Note/photo/phone. 7177✉

No Hype Wanted—Single white male (5'11"-170 lbs-mid 40s-Catholic), into athletics (run, bike, tennis), and cultural events, seeks single white female who is outwardly oriented and can approach life with a sense of humor. You're wise enough not to be too caught up with yourself, and sensitive enough to place a high value on interpersonal development. Note and photo please. 7206✉

Slim And Strong—Venturesome go-getter, 55, filmmaker/shrink - loves the challenge of exotic travel. Seeks empathic, confident, environmentally aware man for a long and healthy life together. 7053✉☎

Manhattan Mom Of One—Professional, 41, pretty, tall, fit, seeks professional, caring man for love, family life. 7219✉

Strikingly Attractive Female—Auburn hair, 5'6", fit, healthy, 40s, unique, witty, aware, secure, etc. Seeks a 6' plus, non-balding male (45-55), really attractive, very successful, bright, quick, emotionally and physically fit, who never reads these ads. Note/photo essential. 7087✉

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Handsome, Successful, Athletic—Kind, warm, caring, Manhattan banker and a part-time dad, is ready to settle down again, once and for all. I'm 37, 5'8", Jewish (religion not important), with hazel eyes, warm smile and a quick brain. Seeking beautiful, white, slim, athletic woman to share romance, love, kids and fun for the rest of our lives. Photo a must. 7100✉

Wanted:—Caring and creative research partner. Criteria: male, 38 plus, spontaneous and fit, sincere and successful. Purpose: lifetime exploration with female professional, 40, 5'4" - enjoys Dewars, golf, the arts, weekends away. One vacancy to fill. 7060✉☎

Down-To-Earth—Petite MD, single Asian mom, seeks athletic, educated male (32-40) for long-term relationship. Must enjoy the outdoors and sports. Cantonese/Mandarin a plus. Note/photo. 7112✉

Youthful, Vibrant, Petite Physician—Manhattanite - seeks compatible man, 55-65, to share love/laughter/life. 7090✉☎

Everything But The Guy—Jewish female, mid 30s, professional, who enjoys the arts, travel, exercise, seeks fit, wry, intelligent Jewish man, nonsmoker, to 42, for lifetime adventure. Photo. 7110✉

Energetic MBA—Warm, successful, fit single man with sense of humor, 6', 49, has passions for travel, photography, jazz. Seeks savvy Christian lady, nonsmoker, fit, to share love, laughs and future family. Note/photo. 7109✉

Pretty, Athletic, Fun—Blue-eyed woman, loves the outdoors, running, cycling, kayaking, theater, good friends and family. Seeks athletic, 35-48-year-old, successful, kind, family-minded man - sense of humor a plus. Photo please. 7089✉☎

Professional Italian Lady—54, seeks mature gentleman for opera, concerts, ballroom dancing. Please be intellectually/spiritually developed, with global view of the world. Nonsmoker. 55-65. NYC/Westchester. 7153✉

Well-Respected, Nice-Looking Writer—Sick of singlehood, seeks literate, funny, embraceable and slightly academic/Bohemian Jewish woman, 28-38, for trips to the Film Forum and up the Hudson, ethnic eats in outer boros, quiet evenings with the TV off, and children. Extra credit for thoughtful non-Xeroxed letter. 7209✉

Slim, Fit, Active, Professional—Jewish male, 39, 5'8", lives in NY/NJ, seeks fit Jewish female, 32-36. 7121✉☎

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Here's My Dream—Male, 34, very bright, many interests, seeks passionate female with tantalizing combination of beauty and substance - to pamper with affection. 7160 ✉ ☎

Sleek, Chic And Unique—Extremely attractive, previously married female physician, 43, seeks romantic attachment with a warm, intelligent kindhearted gentleman. This 5'7", size-6 brunette enjoys movies, the arts and Shakespeare. 7139 ✉

New From Europe—Sophisticated, classy, very elegant Oriental model with French looks and English style, 27, university, etc. Seeks charming man (36-40, 6' plus) of dignity/integrity, for afternoon tea at the Plaza. Photo please. 7130 ✉

Smart Blond—Writer, TV journalist, tall, slender, 30s, outdoorsy, upbeat, seeks very intelligent, supportive, successful man, 35-45. Boat lovers a plus. Phone/photo.7204✉

It's My Birthday—And you are my gift! You are over 49, a mensch, loving, exciting and very successful...I am too. Couple this with beauty, brains, a terrific sense of humor, a zest for life, a love of cooking, tennis, beach/water, theater and travel: the right man will be very happy. 7170 ✉ ☎

Sophisticated Goldie Hawn Beauty—Successful designer - seeks worldly, brilliant man (44-55) with positive energy, to share art, tennis, travel, skiing and golf. We are accomplished, authentic and love the finest in life. NY, LI lifestyle. 7123 ✉☎

Chinese Lady—31, 5'7", 120, pretty, curvy, advertising executive, MFA, never married, seeking a 5'8" plus, warm, family-oriented, financially successful Chinese or Catholic white man, 30s, to share love friendship and possible marriage. Interested in walking/hiking a plus. Non-smoker only. Photo/note. 7207 ✉

My Irish Eyes Are Smiling—I'm a tall (6'), slim, attractive 43-year-old woman who lives and works in NYC. I like music, travel, nature and quiet times. Looking for a man who's tall, caring, warm, intelligent and fun! 7150 ✉ ☎

Sexy, Spiritual, Spontaneous—Attractive, adventurous redhead, with great legs, who loves to laugh, loves to listen, has a great life, but needs you...a successful, Jewish man, 45 plus, light-hearted, good-looking, outgoing, available. 6792 ✉ ☎

Luscious Wet Kisses A Must—Slim, leggy, very pretty blond! Intelligent business owner, funny, athletic and totally free! You: attractive, witty, smart, successful, tall, 50-60, with honorable intentions and love music and dancing. 7096 ✉

It's The Year Of The Rat—On the Chinese calendar, but I don't want one. If you are nice and interesting, with a great sense of humor, and would like to spend a pleasant evening with this pretty, slim, intelligent, engaging Jewish widow (prefer early 50s-early 60s)... Photo/note. 7085 ✉

Chance Of A Lifetime—Responsible, sincere, educated Jewish male, 49, 5'8", seeks outgoing, active, unpretentious, slim non-smoking Jewish female interested in marriage and family. 7218 ✉ ☎

Very Attractive, Charming—Talented, with sophisticated and spiritual tastes, 30s. Enjoys travel, skiing, live music and the arts. I'm 5'8", buxom, sensuous, ready to find "true love". Must be successful, adventurous, tall and intellectual. 7074 ✉ ☎

Bright Blond—35, seeks man, 32-44, who, like me, is smart, professional, funny, honest, fit, and called attractive by non-relatives, for something to outlast my shampoo. Letter/phone. 7148 ✉ ☎

A Pretty, Americanized Indian MD—Into Caribbean sunsets, spas, tennis, would like to meet a professionally oriented man who appreciates good conversation, beach, walks and genuine intimacy, and possibly planning our future together. Note/photo/phone. 7132 ✉

Gentle Soul—Passionate spirit. Tall, dark and handsome, 45. Well-read and traveled. Desires best friend for a long-term relationship. Recent photo. 7093 ✉

Darkly Handsome MD—46, bright, funny, affectionate, athletic, loves outdoors, reading, music, cooking, etc. Seeks intelligent, attractive woman to have a family and children. Note and photo a must. 7155 ✉

Number One—Elegant, pretty, athletic lady seeks an active, accomplished, Jewish, commitment-minded, romantic man, tall, 50-60, who wants to share happiness forever. Phone/note/photo. 7168 ✉☎

Tender, Considerate, Affectionate—Quite successful business exec, educated, like ballet, theater, candlelight dinners for two/entertaining, intelligent conversation/quietude, togetherness/independence... Only need a cure for the pain of loneliness. Seek a lady with similar desires, to 70. 7158 ✉ ☎

Be My Birthday Present—Sophisticated, attractive, fun-loving, world-traveled Jewish lady, seeks sincere, secure, sexy Jewish mensch, 40-48, for marriage-minded relationship. Photo please. 7133 ✉

Search No Further!—Attractive, single Jewish male, 36, sales professional, 5'10", green eyes, in good shape, seeks attractive and sincere, single Jewish female, 27-35, for a possible serious relationship. All answered with photo/phone. 7062✉☎

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Results of Competition 849, in which you were asked for fortuitous double or triple bills.

Report: Some of our newer students neglected to read rules. Thus, violations of A. one-entry-per-competitor, and B. postcards only. Plus, in this instance, more than three features per marquee. Herewith groups of duplications: Adam's Rib/And God Created Woman/The Lady Eve. Dial M for Murder/M/Sorry, Wrong Number. The Texas Chainsaw Massacre/Claire's Knee/Howard's End (The Fireman's Ball). Hair/Grease/Shampoo. Dracula/Dead Man Walking. $/Goodbye, Mr. Chips/Leaving Las Vegas. We direct your attention to our theme sections. Numbers, and Politics. We tried for balance. Hoping you the same. THE COMPETITION. THE END.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

BIGFOOT
TRIPOLI
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

THE CITADEL
GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN
Unsigned, Charleston, S.C.

HELLO, DOLLY!
YOJIMBO
Monica Jainschigg, Brooklyn, N.Y.C.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

DIE HARD
DIE HARDER
DIE NIEBELUNGEN
David English, West Somerville, Mass.

RASPUTIN
UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL
Karl Levett, N.Y.C.

PROOF
Q
ED
Lisa Giordano, Florence, Ala.

And Honorable Mention to:

1941
28 UP
1969
John DiLeo, N.Y.C.

1984
SEVENTEEN
2001
Oscar Weigle, Whitestone, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Sibil Ann Lester, N.Y.C.

1900
101 DALMATIANS
2001
Kenneth Levine, Washington, D.C.

READY TO WEAR
GOR
TEX
Sarah Gay, Owings Mills, Md.

ANGELS AND INSECTS
HARPER
BUGSY
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.
sp. ment.: Bronia Karst, Buffalo, N.Y.

ODDS AGAINST TOMORROW
9 TO 5
Chris Lewnes, Brooklyn

FAME
PHFFFFT!
Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wisc.

THE FLY
FOREVER AMBER
Donald Leighton, Jersey City, N.J.

THE KANSAN
DEAD MAN WALKING
THE CANDIDATE
Theodore G. Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.
sp. ment.: Jeff Tenzer, N.Y.C.

CLINTON AND NADINE
NAKED LUNCH
HERE WE GO AGAIN
Joel Dillard, Birmingham, Ala.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT
WAITING TO EXHALE
BILLY LIAR
similarly: Paul Baerwald, Los Angeles, Calif.
Diane Brandt, Brooklyn, N.Y.

BILL
THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT
WHAT ABOUT BOB?
Jeff Berman, Irvington, N.Y.
similarly: William Selby, N.Y.C.
Len Elliott, Auburn, Wash.
Babs Brady, Missoula, Montana

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?
THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER
Gary Gobetz, N.Y.C.

OH, GOD!
IT'S PAT
THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE
similarly: Bob Walser, Minneapolis, Minn.
Alan Smith, Bellmore, N.Y.

TALK RADIO
RUSH
CLUELESS
Barbara Duffy, Lakeland, Fla.
similarly: William Shubick, N.Y.C.

OPERATION AMSTERDAM
THE CHRISTINE JORGENSEN STORY
James Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

THE JAZZ SINGER
LOOK WHO'S TALKING
Alan Lapidus, Bellmore, N.Y.

BOYZ N THE HOOD
THE KLANSMAN
Iva Bennett, Archdale, N.C.

JFK
AIRPORT
James W. Penha, Jakarta, Indonesia

FARGO
NORTH
DAKOTA
Amy Laskin, Bronxville, N.Y.

ISADORA
RAN
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK
Richard Hendrickson, Nineveh, Ind.

MARRIED TO THE MOB
DIVORCE ITALIAN STYLE
THE LADY VANISHES
Judith Marks-White, Westport, Ct.
similarly: Gisella Baumann, Astoria, N.Y.

DEATH ON THE NILE
IMMEDIATE FAMILY
WIRED
Tom Newman, N.Y.C.

THE CORN IS GREEN
COBB
Barbara A. Huff, N.Y.C.

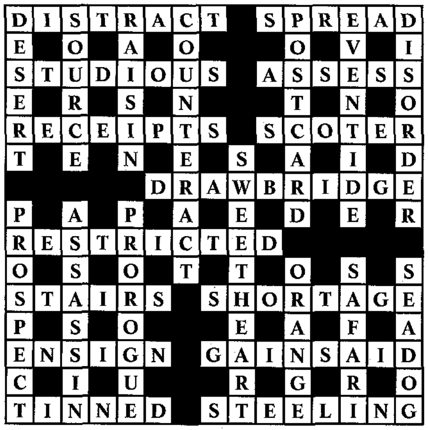
POTEMKIN
PINK CADILLAC
Edward D. Foy, N.Y.C.

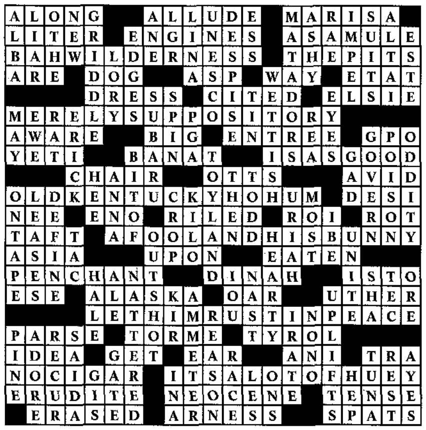
JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR
WALKING ON WATER
ON GOLDEN POND
Richard Schwartz, Madison, Wisc.
Sarah Sullivan, Brooklyn, N.Y.

WATERWORLD
SHOWGIRLS
DUMB AND DUMBER
similarly: Richard Planck, E. Grand Rapids, Mich.
Pamela Jane Burke, Summit, N.J.
Deirdre Ledwitz, Port Washington, N.Y.
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

SALEM'S LOT
USED CARS
Michael Collins, High Point, N.C.

Solutions to last week's puzzles





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COMPETITION

THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC
QUO VADIS?
CARWASH
R. W. Tappe, Verona, Pa.

RUDY
JULIE
ANNIE
Bill Koge, Miami, Fla.

ALIVE!
DEAD AGAIN
THE ELVIS PRESLEY STORY
Alyssa Hoffman, N.Y.C.

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES
COMING TO AMERICA
THE BIRDCAGE
Bob Barrie, Minneapolis, Minn.

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA
THE AFRICAN QUEEN
Mark Flanagan, Shikshinny, Pa.
sp ment: Gregg Barnette, Laguna Beach, Calif.

THE FBI STORY
DEVIL IN A BLUE DRESS
Martin A. Bell, N.Y.C.
Hope Heyman, White Plains, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Nancy Dillard, Birmingham, Ala.

MONSTER
M*A*S*H
William Leary, Winnetka, Ill.

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS
ATTACK OF THE 50-FOOT WOMAN
WALKING TALL
Shane Perez, N.Y.C.

THE BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ
READY TO WEAR
THE PELICAN BRIEF
Todd Feitelson, Millbrook, N.Y.

OLIVER!
NORTH
DECEPTION
Jane David, Manchester, N.H.
similarly: Steven J. Perlman, No. Hollywood, Calif.
Mary Ellen Flora, Putnam Valley, N.Y.

HOOP DREAMS
HERE COMES MR. JORDAN
similarly: Eleanor Levine, Bronx
Woody Whitfield, Brooklyn
Mary McQuaid, N.Y.C.

DRACULA
DEAD MAN WALKING
Sally Paynter, N.Y.C.
Ira Goldberg, N.Y.C.

OUT
THE DAMNED
HOT SPOT
D.J. Dodds, Santa Fe, N.M.

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S
REVERSAL OF FORTUNE
DINER
Loretta McLean, Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE POSTMAN
THE POSTMAN
THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE
Wendy Glickstein, N.Y.C.
Daniel Sitomer, N.Y.C.

HEIDI
TRUE CONFESSIONS
HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE
Tracey Danehy, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
similarly: Lee Albert, Cranbury, N.J.

NINE MONTHS
DELIVERANCE
Marie Collins, High Point, N.C.

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR
HOLD ON
DON'T BOTHER TO KNOCK
Margaux McMillan, Orinda, Calif.

CHARLY
CHAPLIN
Martha Brickey, McConnellsville, N.Y.

DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID
ROB ROY
SOMEBODY HAS TO SHOOT THE PICTURE
Marjorie J. Levine, N.Y.C.

ELVIRA, MISTRESS OF THE DARK
MADIGAN
ELVIRA MADIGAN
Alan Eton, N.Y.C.

THE BIGAMIST
FOG OVER FRISCO
Diana Peck, Irvington, N.Y.

BABETTE'S FEAST
EATING RAOUL
BOYS ON THE SIDE
Arthur Fasciani, Townsend, Mass.

GLEN OR GLENDA
VICTOR/VICTORIA
BEN-HUR
Norm Goldblatt, Los Altos, Calif.

THE FLY
UNZIPPED
PEE-WEE'S BIG ADVENTURE
Stacey Roy, Silver Spring, Md.

BRAZIL
NUTS
J. Brook, N.Y.C.

THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY
THE FABULOUS BAKER BOYS
Geoffrey Diehl, N.Y.C.

SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS
REDS
SPEED
Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME
DON'T TELL MOM THE BABYSITTER'S DEAD
HOME ALONE
Patricia Hyland, N.Y.C.

CLUE
WITHOUT A CLUE
CLUELESS
Terry Kehoe, Wilmette, Ill.

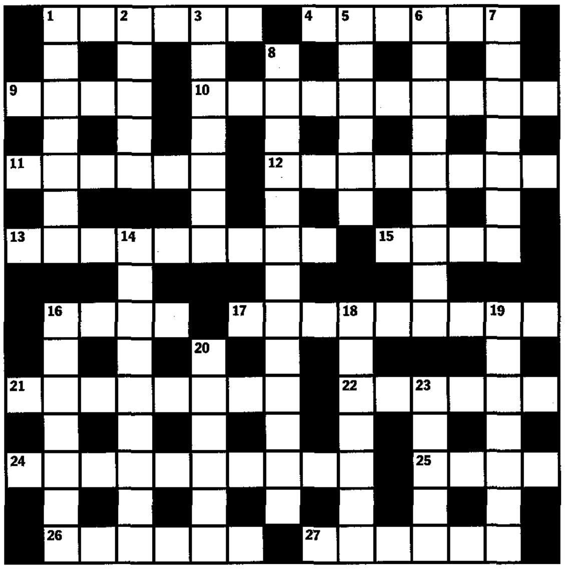
STRAWBERRIES AND CHOCOLATE
FRIED GREEN TOMATOES
SHE'S HAVING A BABY
Squanto Jainschigg, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 852, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It must be received by May 10. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the June 10 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Country editor beset by bad news. (6)
4 Rich enough to have the power to fire. (6)
9 There's a marked inclination here to knock back a drink. (4)
10 For those in trim and skilled it's lucrative. (10)
11 It was once worn to raise a stir. (6)
12 Pass an examination. (8)
13 Maine's not to be confused with this state. (9)
15 Right to put junction on road in France. (4)
16 Hock, it's about right for a cocktail. (4)
17 100-foot creeper found in many gardens. (9)
21 House buzzer may be stuck on here. (3-5)
22 A pea jacket, for example? (6)
24 Fancy breaking nipper's toy. (10)
25 Further chaos in Laos. (4)
26 A diminutive person—or a ten footer. (6)
27 Sally alters the image of the Tories. (6)



DOWN

1 Shots in the arm possibly limit us. (7)
2 Spot-on old-time variety performance. (5)
3 Squeeze out of the crowd. (7)
5 Cromwell and Goldsmith—who could ask for more? (6)
6 There's a fatal catch in it. (5,4)
7 Cleanse the Spanish duck outside. (7)
8 Perspiring right behind the quarry? (3,2,3,5)
14 The spread of intelligence. (9)
16 Star missile. (7)
18 Cry when people meet. (5-2)
19 The estate needs me to reorganise it. (7)
20 See me mounting horse entered in Derby, for example. (6)
23 General assignment. (5)

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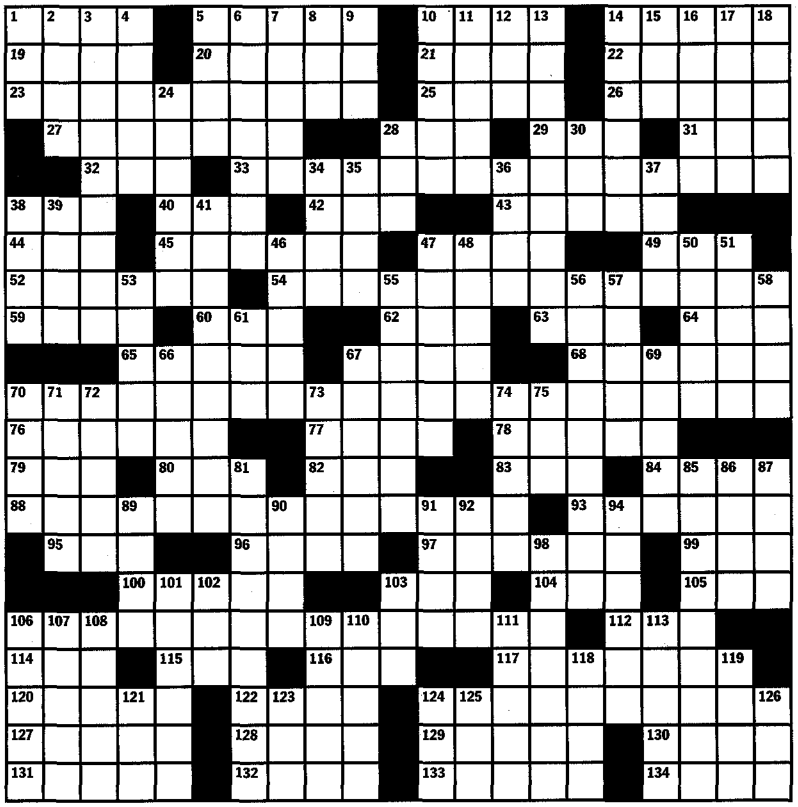
'Negative Reviews II': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Putdowns from Scrooge
5 Refine metals
10 Took to the hills
14 Liza's sister
19 Jai——
20 Truman's birthplace
21 Rub the wrong way
22 In a whirl
23 Putdown of "Forrest Gump"
25 —— were (so to speak)
26 It takes two
27 Fit for consumption
28 1978 "Oz," with "The"
29 Abode, to 'Arry
31 Gymnast's top score
32 Chicago time-zone letters
33 Putdown of "Spartacus"
38 Astern
40 Fumble
42 Golf ball's perch
43 Aesthetic judgment
44 Hula neckwear
45 Schedule an event for another time
47 Borscht base
49 Cry of discovery
52 He played Matt Dillon
54 Putdown of "To Kill a Mockingbird"
59 Civil or mechanical: abbr.
60 Ground taro root
62 A Bobbsey twin
63 Milne marsupial
64 Depot, for short
65 Computer symbols
67 Affectations
68 Exclaims
70 Putdown of "War and Peace"
76 "It's —— Night for Singing"
77 Lt.'s superior
78 Actor Milo
79 Rule: abbr.
80 Elongated fish
82 Rubber tree
83 Novel
84 "Casablanca" heroine
88 Putdown of "Dead Man Walking"
93 Yearly records
95 Mex. matron
96 Type of plaid
97 Siepi of opera
99 Sun ——sen
100 Sweet O'Grady
103 For each
104 Booksmith's job: abbr.
105 Health club
106 Putdown of a Kipling opus
112 Mickey Rooney's first
114 —— roll (winning)
115 Partner of dried
116 No gentleman
117 Fate
120 Mrs. Flintstone
122 Mountain goat
124 Putdown of "Father's Little Dividend"
127 Romeo, e.g.
128 Ice-cream holder
129 New Mexico's state flower
130 "The Rome of Hungary"
131 January downfalls
132 Burned up the road
133 Gave as reference
134 Folk-tale monster

DOWN

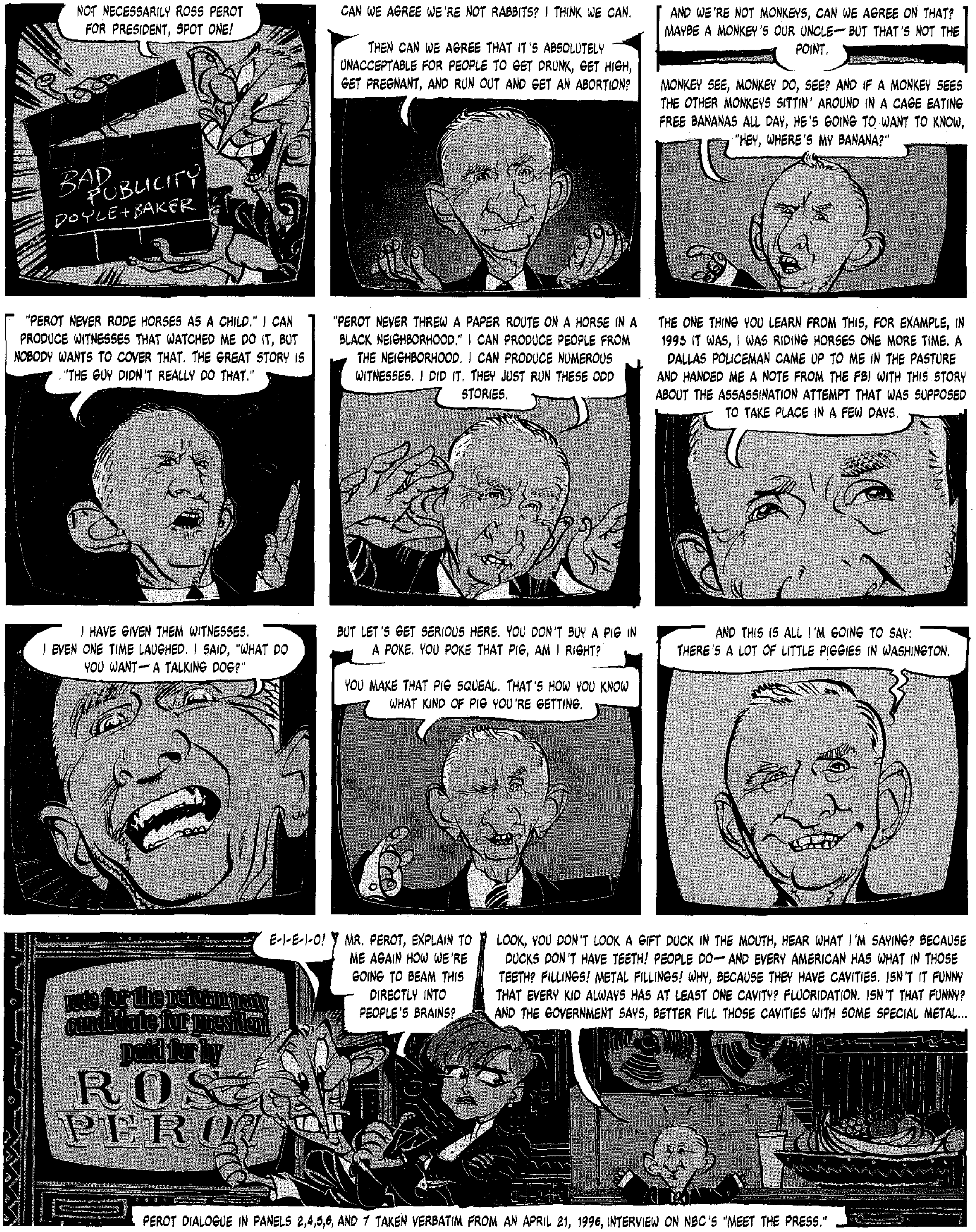
1 Baseball must
2 Sunscreen ingredient
3 Putdown of "Babe"
4 Uses a flour sieve
5 Slovenly one
6 Wild duck
7 Arab prince
8 Roman hearth god
9 Attempt
10 Not robust
11 Colleague of Chopin
12 Whitney or Wallach
13 Explosive device
14 Least prompt
15 Mother in "The Yearling"
16 End of a designer's name
17 Israeli desert
18 Unescorted
24 Cowboy movies
28 Job's lot
30 Classic sports cars
34 Rebuke to Brutus
35 Go off course
36 Gossip-column tidbit
37 Foliage unit
38 Wings, to Ovid
39 Plant for bouquets
41 Honored an RSVP
46 Mennonite sect
47 "Grin and ——"
48 Surrealist Max
50 Biblical prophet
51 Rider of Champion
53 Author Jong
55 Kiev's river
56 Toward Dixie
57 Come —— rescue
58 Colleen
61 Toronto's prov.
66 Peppermint sticks
67 Camelot heaven
69 Sawyer's creator
70 Knitter's need
71 Curved moldings
72 Exhorter
73 Kind of angle
74 Big-clock chimes
75 Suffix for sugars
81 Military-operation management
85 Putdown of "My Little Chickadee"
86 Prelude to a duel
87 Dog star
89 Pub missile
90 Role for Liz
91 Cake decorator
92 Saint Philip ——
94 Make ineffective
98 Nonattendance
101 AMPAS awards
102 Picayune French coin
103 Pea jacket
106 Jaw flab
107 Labor coalition
108 Cannon salute
109 Public spat
110 Imposed a levy
111 Decree
113 Green-feathered songbird
118 Native African village
119 River of Flanders
121 Kitten's call
123 Conk
124 Big Apple monogram
125 Yes, in Yonne
126 Before quattro



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 138.

Duck Soup

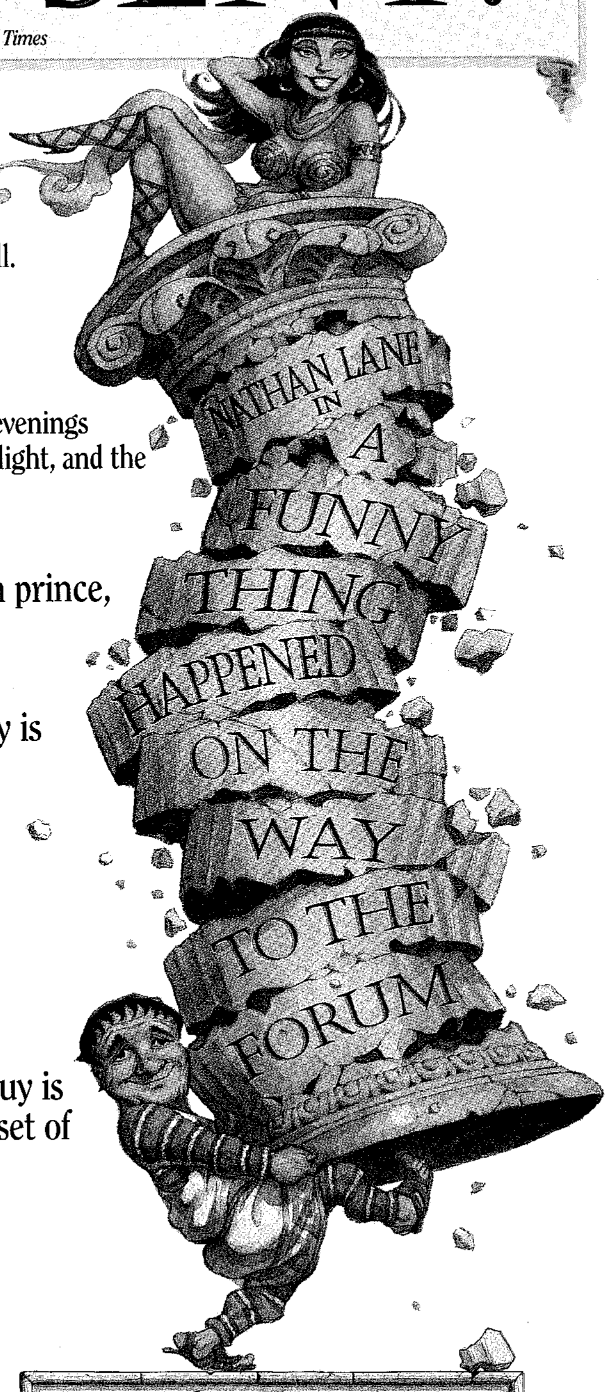
With the Flaccos onboard as consultants, Perot tries out his new Dada platform.


NOT NECESSARILY ROSS PEROT FOR PRESIDENT, SPOT ONE!
BAD PUBLICITY
DOYLE+BAKER
CAN WE AGREE WE'RE NOT RABBITS? I THINK WE CAN.
THEN CAN WE AGREE THAT IT'S ABSOLUTELY UNACCEPTABLE FOR PEOPLE TO GET DRUNK, GET HIGH, GET PREGNANT, AND RUN OUT AND GET AN ABORTION?
AND WE'RE NOT MONKEYS, CAN WE AGREE ON THAT? MAYBE A MONKEY'S OUR UNCLE—BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT.
MONKEY SEE, MONKEY DO, SEE? AND IF A MONKEY SEES THE OTHER MONKEYS SITTIN' AROUND IN A CAGE EATING FREE BANANAS ALL DAY, HE'S GOING TO WANT TO KNOW, "HEY, WHERE'S MY BANANA?"
"PEROT NEVER RODE HORSES AS A CHILD." I CAN PRODUCE WITNESSES THAT WATCHED ME DO IT, BUT NOBODY WANTS TO COVER THAT. THE GREAT STORY IS "THE GUY DIDN'T REALLY DO THAT."
"PEROT NEVER THREW A PAPER ROUTE ON A HORSE IN A BLACK NEIGHBORHOOD." I CAN PRODUCE PEOPLE FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD. I CAN PRODUCE NUMEROUS WITNESSES. I DID IT. THEY JUST RUN THESE ODD STORIES.
THE ONE THING YOU LEARN FROM THIS, FOR EXAMPLE, IN 1993 IT WAS, I WAS RIDING HORSES ONE MORE TIME. A DALLAS POLICEMAN CAME UP TO ME IN THE PASTURE AND HANDED ME A NOTE FROM THE FBI WITH THIS STORY ABOUT THE ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO TAKE PLACE IN A FEW DAYS.
I HAVE GIVEN THEM WITNESSES. I EVEN ONE TIME LAUGHED. I SAID, "WHAT DO YOU WANT—A TALKING DOG?"
BUT LET'S GET SERIOUS HERE. YOU DON'T BUY A PIG IN A POKE. YOU POKE THAT PIG, AM I RIGHT?
YOU MAKE THAT PIG SQUEAL. THAT'S HOW YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF PIG YOU'RE GETTING.
AND THIS IS ALL I'M GOING TO SAY: THERE'S A LOT OF LITTLE PIGGIES IN WASHINGTON.
vote for the reform party candidate for president paid for by ROSS PEROT
E-I-E-I-O!
MR. PEROT, EXPLAIN TO ME AGAIN HOW WE'RE GOING TO BEAM THIS DIRECTLY INTO PEOPLE'S BRAINS?
LOOK, YOU DON'T LOOK A GIFT DUCK IN THE MOUTH, HEAR WHAT I'M SAYING? BECAUSE DUCKS DON'T HAVE TEETH! PEOPLE DO—AND EVERY AMERICAN HAS WHAT IN THOSE TEETH? FILLINGS! METAL FILLINGS! WHY, BECAUSE THEY HAVE CAVITIES. ISN'T IT FUNNY THAT EVERY KID ALWAYS HAS AT LEAST ONE CAVITY? FLUORIDATION. ISN'T THAT FUNNY? AND THE GOVERNMENT SAYS, BETTER FILL THOSE CAVITIES WITH SOME SPECIAL METAL...

PEROT DIALOGUE IN PANELS 2,4,5,6, AND 7 TAKEN VERBATIM FROM AN APRIL 21, 1996, INTERVIEW ON NBC'S "MEET THE PRESS."

“HEAVEN-SENT!”

–*Vincent Canby, New York Times*



“**Almost as timeless as comedy itself,** a glorious old-fashioned farce, the kind of organized chaos that leads to sheer, extremely contagious high spirits. Nathan Lane triumphs, back on Broadway where he belongs, at the top of the bill. **FORUM** should be around for a long time.”

–*Vincent Canby, New York Times*

“‘**Funny Thing**’ **happens to be great!** It’s a great performance, a great show, and one of those few terrific evenings which really can send you home dancing on air. The musical is a delight, and the cast is super. Nathan Lane remains a national treasure.”

–*Clive Barnes, New York Post*

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–*Dennis Cunningham, WCBS-TV*

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–*Pat Collins, WWOR-TV*

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–*Joel Siegel, WABC-TV*

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–*Michael Kuchwara, Associated Press*

“Get your tickets— you’ll laugh your togas off!”

–*Stewart Klein, Fox 5 TV*

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Choreographed by ROB MARSHALL
Directed by JERRY ZAKS

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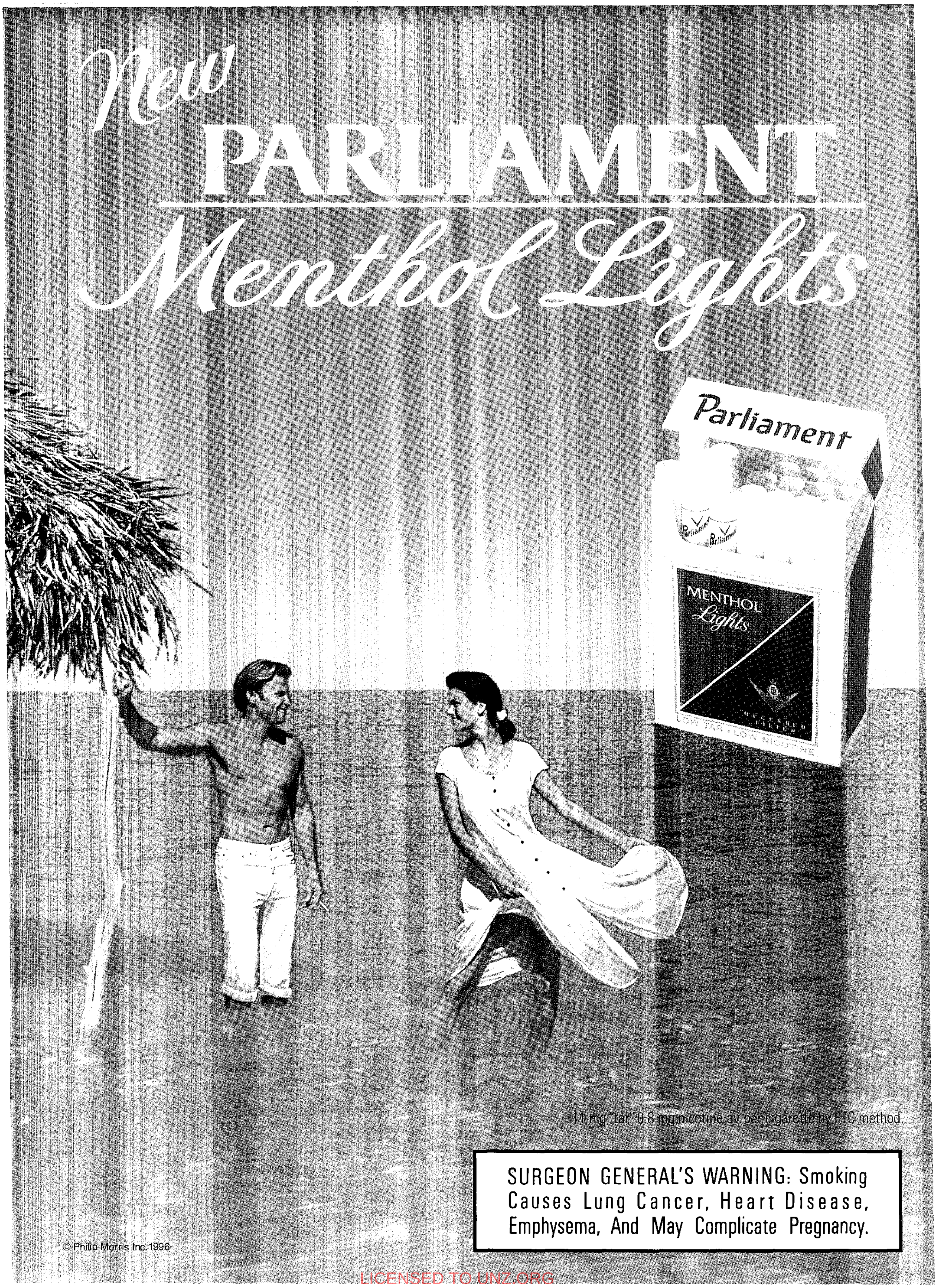
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